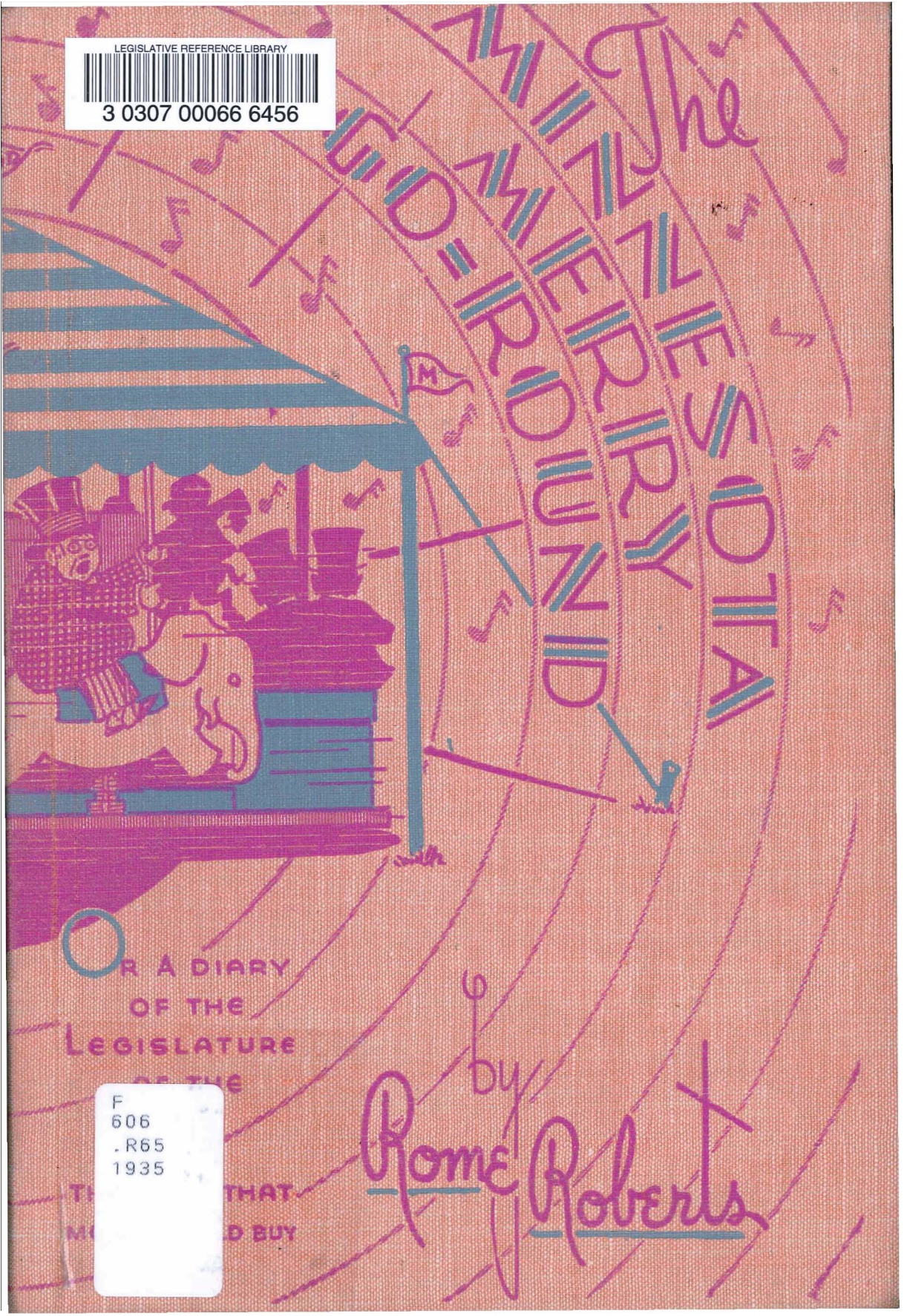


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THE KERNY DIAL

OR A DIARY
OF THE
LEGISLATURE
OF THE

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1935

by
Rome Roberts

THAT
MAY BUY

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—By—

THE MINNESOTA MERRY-GO-ROUND

*The
Minnesota
Merry-Go-Round
or
A Diary of the Legislature
of the Age*

THE BEST THAT MONEY COULD BUY

By
ROME ROBERTS

Dedictory

This book is affectionately dedicated to Patricia Jean, 7, and Diana Jean, 8, in the fond hope that when they reach maturity they may look back upon "The Minnesota Merry-Go-Round" as a strange relic of an age of political barbarism and buffoonery that has long ceased to exist.



Foreword

IT is not our purpose here to detail the contents of this book. The following pages speak for themselves. We feel they accurately describe the antics of Minnesota's prize legislature—a three-ring circus unparelled in the history of the state—one that would perhaps make Barnum turn green with envy were he alive today.

Judged by its accomplishments, the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round feels fortunate indeed that it chose the 1935 legislature as the subject of a long, long ride. It was destined from the start to be a bust—and accomodatingly enough—we have not been disappointed.

Elected as a result of a concentrated drive, centrally directed, at an estimated cost of \$250,000, this legislature has been termed the best that money could buy. The question is,—whose money? The development of this answer will be interesting—and may be found in succeeding pages of this diary.

So that our youth of today may not be forever doomed to disappointment, we suggest that all schools of the state—including the seats of higher learning—adopt the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round as a requisite of its curriculum. We anticipate the results will not only be highly amusing and entertaining to the students, but the information and education derived therefrom will prove a liberal excursion into the higher fields of civics, politics, and good government—such as it is.



At 6:20 p. m. daily, except Saturday and Sunday

MONDAY, JAN. 7 TO FRIDAY, JAN. 18, 1935



THESE days are obviously left blank because it took the legislative gentlemen a good two weeks to get their bearings for the big grind. Most of this period was spent in shaking hands, back-slapping, and staging reunions among old pals—both in the legislature and out. Considerable time, of course, was consumed in looking up suitable living quarters, mostly in downtown hotels; and in search for the right bars and cafes that serve good food, so as to make the session more interesting and as least tedious as possible.

All the legislative preliminaries were staged during this interval, of course, consisting of the selection of the speaker of the house; the majority leaders in both houses, and the jockeying among members for key positions on key committees, to say nothing of the distribution of comfortable jobs, paying not less than \$6 per day to wives, daughters, sisters, nieces, sons, nephews, uncles and aunts, and close friends of the legislators.

On with the Merry-Go-Round!

MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1935

The moon is in apogee; Speaker Johnson comes to the rescue of frogs.



HE big show is on—198 tight-rope walkers, elephant trainers, bearded ladies, and sword swallowers, including several who are proficient on the flying trapeze—are now congregated in two begilded chambers, with a hot dog stand in between, to present to the people of Minnesota its 49th Legislature, and incidentally its 49th circus.



Following the philosophy of the Great Barnum, the principal show is being held in the main tent, with three rings and as many bands, that the public's eye may not remain for any length of time upon any one phase of the proceedings.

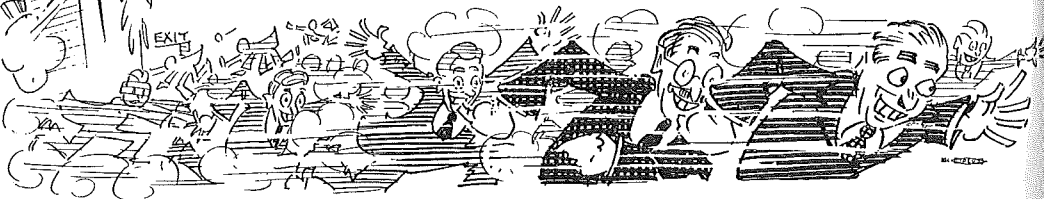


However, like all famous circuses designed to amuse the people, this one also has its side show. The chronological events of the side show will occupy the greater portion of the time allotted to the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round.

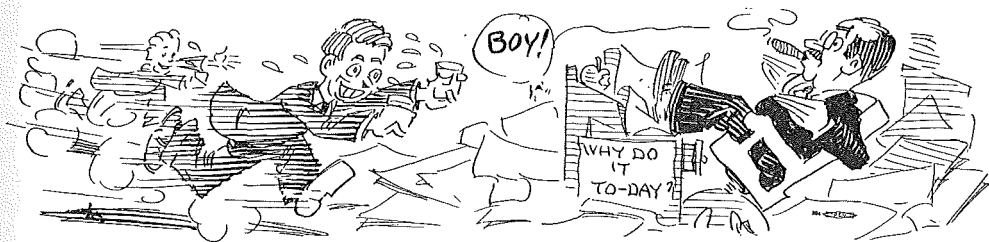
It is not the intention of the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round to take sides for any political party or group in offering this daily review, but we will attempt to present in a lighter vein the sometimes serious task of lawmaking. In other words we shall paint the picture from the viewpoint of the man on the street, or behind the plow, in the factory or the office, and the woman in the kitchen and the business world.

Thirteen days have elapsed since Lieut. Gov. Hjalmar Petersen was given the privilege of hiring his own secretary and since Secretary of State Mike Holm flashed his Teddy Roosevelt teeth preparatory to handing the gavel to Speaker George W. Johnson.

The speaker had just returned from Florida where he acquired a sun-tan in order that he be better qualified to deal with farm relief and avoid catching colds, which in actuality are not as distressing



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among members as the fear that something might go wrong with the vocal chords.

As soon as the members had taken their seats in leather padded chairs, arranged in semi-circle, both houses promptly passed bills paying part of their salaries in advance, as usual.

Some attention was given to parking problems and two men were hired to clear the way for the solons' automobiles as they arrive at the Capitol to open the session at 10 A. M., which is generally followed by a recess. This is effected in order that senators and representatives have time to complete crossword puzzles started the night before. Those who do not work puzzles spend the time reading back-home newspapers, carefully scanning the pages for notes of criticism.

Adjournments are reached with dispatch upon the slightest provocation; when the whole afternoon isn't knocked off, one can look for an abrupt termination of the proceedings any time from 1:30 o'clock on. When adjournments come, chambers are cleared with the rapidity of a school house fire alarm, and the evening's varied functions get off to an early start.

Orators on the floor of both houses always survey the galleries before commencing a speech for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not any of the home town folks dropped in after selling a load of hogs at the South St. Paul Stockyards. Speeches filled with incongruous metaphors, misplaced pronouns, and dangling modifiers are often misinterpreted by the people from back home.

A bill was introduced in the senate by Sen. William L. Roepke of Fari-bault which would abolish the state liquor control commissioner and wipe out private sales of liquor. Mr. Roepke also is the father of the bill to reduce automobile license fees, a thorn in the side of the Farmer-Labor administration.

Tax bills by the hundreds have been read on both floors. The customary presentation of bills calling for the payment of the soldiers' bonus to certain individuals have been introduced by the score. The soldiers' bonus is always a political plum for legislators; it creates goodwill among the folk back home, and is a biennial treat for senate and house members who

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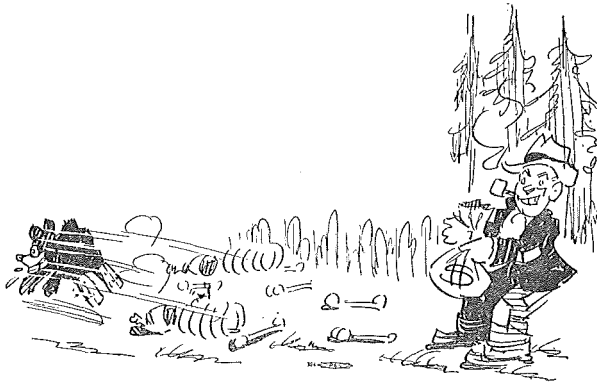
always seem to find someone in their districts who was passed up at the time the big bonus melon was cut up.

Congress has been memorialized to abolish the federal one-cent-a-gallon-tax on gasoline sold in the state. Other bills have been presented memorializing congress for relief in the drouth stricken areas, to pay the soldiers' bonus, and fix prices on agricultural commodities.

Some consideration was given to a bill pertaining to the shipment of frogs, which is now evidently against the law. It appears that a constituent of Speaker Johnson raises frogs—the big, fast leaping kind, with a deep-throated croak—which may be used as a juicy tid-bit, the legs fried in butter, or will serve equally well as a pike attractor, dangling on the end of a fish line. The speaker did not specify in which field of endeavor his frog-raising constituent hoped to get most of the business, should the bill become law.

It appears that an automobile and a buck deer clashed somewhere in the northern woods. What happened to the deer was not made known, but the damages inflicted on the automobile were outlined in a bill introduced by Sen. A. J. Rockne of Zumbrota—calling for payment by the state for repairs to the dented fenders and crushed radiator.

Well, folks, it looks as if the Farmer-Labor administration is going to have lots of explaining to do. The Conservatives will seek to find out, if they can, whether Stalin of Soviet Russia has been dipping his fingers into Minnesota's department of education. Then we have Elsberg and the highway department, Floyd Olson's "Big Three," Dave Arundel's liquor department, Zimmerman's relief activities, the perennially-discussed conservation group, and the rural credit department's \$60,000,000 business.



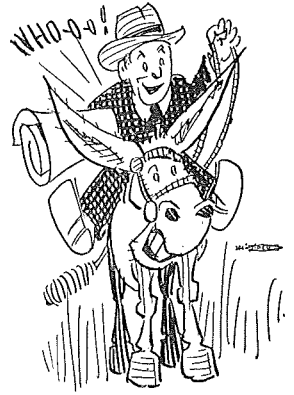
TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1935

Uranus set at midnight; Roepke stood at the bar.



BUCKING mule is scheduled to enter the Minnesota legislative arena tomorrow and upset some of the traditional things that accompany a legislative circus.

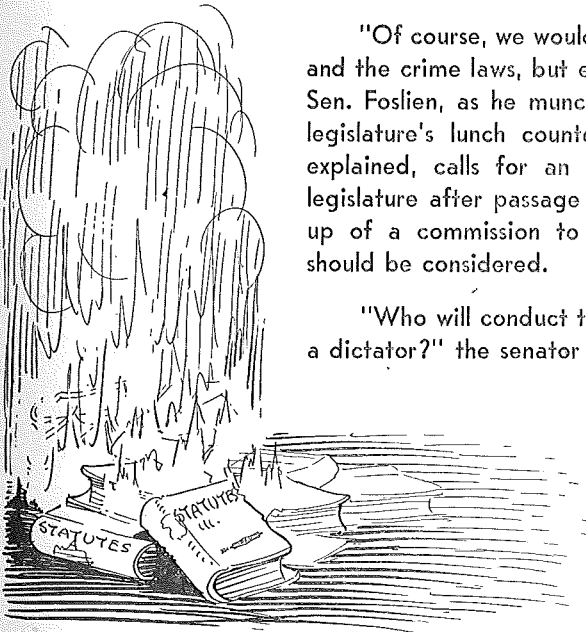
Sen. Fred J. Foslien of Garfield and Rep. Clifford R. Hove of Alexandria will enter their respective chambers astride a bucking mule to place before the troupers a proposed bill which will turn further the national spotlight upon Minnesota's already well-advertised government. North Dakota is not going to steal all the play—no sir-ee.



Exclusive information obtained by the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round reporter has it that both the senator and the representative must have come to a final and lasting conclusion that we are laboring under too many laws. So Sen. Foslien and Rep. Hove, through the introduction of a bill, would wipe out the whole shooten-match and start over again from scratch. The proposed law, scheduled to make its debut tomorrow, would abolish the Minnesota statutes which have been built up over a period of 49 legislative sessions dating back to when the state entered the Union in 1858, and embracing some 11,000 laws.

"Of course, we would have to retain the Constitution and the crime laws, but everything else will be out," said Sen. Foslien, as he munched a hot dog sandwich at the legislature's lunch counter this afternoon. His bill, he explained, calls for an immediate adjournment of the legislature after passage of the act and then the setting up of a commission to determine just what new laws should be considered.

"Who will conduct the government in the meantime, a dictator?" the senator was asked.



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"Why, the government will run itself," said the senator.

Sen. William L. Roepke of Faribault would abolish the state liquor control commissioner and set aside all privately owned liquor dispensing establishments, substituting municipally operated liquor stores instead. The senator's gesture, of course, must have gladdened the hearts of liquor dealers who have invested thousands of dollars in bar equipment.



At this point, it might be added that "off the record gossip" behind the scenes in the legislature take the senator's blue law move with a pinch of salt. They point out, laughingly, that Sen. Roepke could qualify as an expert witness on the liquor subject anytime. As one senator put it, "Roepke's Carrie Nation move is a humorous one, as for the life of me I can't figure out why the senator from Faribault should want to inconvenience himself by eliminating the sale of liquor at hotels, around which institutions he is a frequent visitor."

Sen. Roepke also is the author of the reduced automobile license fee bill, which would set the lower rates established at the last session as a permanent basis of leveling the tax in the future. On the face of it, this looks like an act of goodwill to the automobile drivers. However, opponents of Sen. Roepke's proposed law term it a smoke screen designed to hood-wink the public. As they put it, the permanent reduced auto tax bill, should it become law, will pave the way for passage of higher gasoline taxes. In this respect, it is pointed out, car owners will save five to ten dollars a year in license fees, only to be tapped many times that amount in gasoline taxes, depending, of course, on the amount of gasoline consumed.

Sen. A. J. Rockne of Zumbrota, dean of the senate and arch-enemy of Governor Olson, today struck at the Farmer-Labor administration. He introduced a bill making it a felony to solicit contributions from state employees for political purposes or from business concerns which have contracts with the state.

A violator of this law would be punished by a fine of from \$500 to \$1,000 or from six months to one year in jail.

With this measure, Sen. Rockne seeks to eliminate the Farmer-Labor sustaining fund, which is used to finance the party newspaper, the Minnesota Leader. This was a burning campaign issue.

Rep. John A. Weeks of Minneapolis today proposed a gross turnover tax of one per cent on wholesale and retail sales.

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Sen. Harry Wing of Carlton in a bill introduced today would restore daylight saving for Minnesota from the last Sunday in April to the last Sunday in September. This is a tough one on the late sleeper.

A joint session of the house and senate was held this afternoon for the purpose of expediting the relief problem. Gov. Olson and Howard Hunter, FERA regional representative who just arrived from Chicago, told the legislators that the federal government plans to match the relief which Minnesota provides for the next two years. Gov. Olson also spoke, urging quick action.

In line with the Governor's message, Rep. Mark Nolan of Gilbert asked for an appropriation of \$1,000 to investigate the Department of Conservation by a committee of leaders of sportsmen's organizations. Gov. Olson would prefer sportsmen to the Conservative majority in either house to probe into conservation activities.

Now, that we have given to you the latest news flashes, I wonder how Sen. X feels today.

The senator, feeling quite good the other night, directed some remarks in the wrong direction at a downtown hotel, forgot to duck and caught a hay-maker on the chin. He went down for the count, much to the glee of a St. Paul salesman who now wants to challenge Max Baer.



WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1935

*Neptune rode high in the heavens on this night;
Schall sounded off in Washington.*



IT LOOKS as if the Minnesota 1936 senatorial campaign has already begun, with Sen. Thomas D. Schall, who comes up for re-election at that time and who anticipates Gov. Floyd B. Olson as his opponent, opening the issue on the floor of the United States senate at the taxpayers' expense.

Holding up the machinery of the highest lawmaking body of the country, the blind solon from Minnesota launched a vociferous tirade against the Governor of Minnesota, the result of an unsuccessful attempt of Sen. Schall to read into the record a letter portraying the alleged communistic tendencies of the Minnesota state administration. Sen. Schall was sternly rebuked by Sen. Robinson of Arkansas who referred to the blind senator's remarks as "uttered untruths about Gov. Olson." Schall, on the floor of the senate, compared Gov. Olson with Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin because he used the strong arm of the military to enforce his edicts during the Minneapolis truck drivers' strike.

Not satisfied with talking about Communism, red scares, and Soviet Russia in connection with Gov. Olson, Schall whirled into a series of charges that Minnesota has become a mecca for the underworld, bank robbers, kid-nappers, Dillingers, and assassins of editors. Schall wound up by asserting that Gov. Olson had destroyed \$100,000,000 worth of business in 100 days—a million a day—and, he charged, had increased the tax levy from five to 11 mills. All of which sounds like a campaign speech, and all of which will be reprinted free of charge from the Congressional Record, and franked at government expense to the voters of Minnesota sometime before the next senatorial election—a customary Tom Schall campaign maneuver.

At the same time in the Capitol in St. Paul another attempt was made before the legislature to embarrass Gov. Olson on the subject of administering relief. Howard Hunter, regional representative of the FERA, while appearing before the session, was asked by Rep. George MacKinnon, former Minnesota football star, whether or not the federal government was satisfied with the manner in which the state's relief was being administered. At this point, Conservative representatives hoped and prayed for a negative answer. But they were disappointed. Mr. Hunter replied that with the exception of a few small matters, the federal government was perfectly satisfied with the Minnesota relief set-up.

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Investigation of the activities of various state departments has been proposed by Sen. James A. Carley of Wabasha. This, of course, is an anti-administration move which Conservatives hope will reveal some irregularities. Today the administration boys retaliated. Sen. George Lommen of Eveleth, dapper Liberal leader, decided to give the opposition a dose of its own medicine by proposing a sweeping investigation of Republican-manned departments, namely those of Soldier Stafford King and silver-topped Mike Holm. The boys better hurry if they want to get at Staff King. The recount may slide into his shoes as state auditor, good-natured and affable John T. Lyons, Le Center business man and veteran Farmer-Laborite.

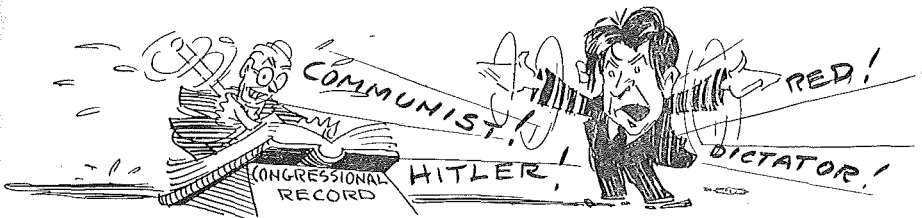
Sen. Lommen wants to know whether the mining companies contributed to Mr. King's campaign, because the senator claims some 20,000,000 tons of good merchantable iron ore under King's control had escaped taxation for years.

On the heels of this charge came the introduction of a bill by Sen. Patrick Farnand, prominent Legionnaire from Hibbing, to force mining companies to pay their full tax assessment in dispute before formally protesting to the court. The senator claims that northern Minnesota iron mining companies have held up \$7,000,000 in taxes, or about 50 per cent of the total due. The mining companies say the assessments were too high.

The emergency relief committee, headed by Rep. A. D. Crissey of Morris, promptly got to work after talks before a joint meeting of both houses yesterday by Gov. Olson, and completed the drafting of a bill calling for a \$10,000,000 appropriation for emergency relief.

The state board of control which spent nearly \$12,000,000 during the last two years today discussed its requirements for the future with the house appropriations committee. The Merry-Go-Round reporter learned that the board wants the amount increased to \$15,000,000 for the next biennium.

Rep. Otto Nellerroe of Minneapolis, whose singing is the life of every party he attends, today proposed creation of a board of examiners in photography. He wants to protect the public against fraud and inefficient workmanship. The honorable representative did not name the photographer who "done him wrong."



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Rep. Neller-moe had lots of ideas today. He introduced a bill calling for a one-house legislature. Under the proposal, there would be 50 legislators, instead of 198, one from each of as many districts. Nebraska has a similar system now in effect. We predict, however, that the cushion-warmers will not legislate themselves out of a job.

Judging from two bills presented in the house today, one would believe that Minnesota had been transplanted to the wilds of Africa. Both measures, proposed by Rep. A. C. Thompson of Duluth, would reimburse some of his constituents whose hogs were killed by bears. For that matter, wild game of different varieties crept into the house routine, all of which amused the audience in the galleries. There are times when the legislators themselves assume the demeanor of wild animals—which also amuses the galleries!

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1935

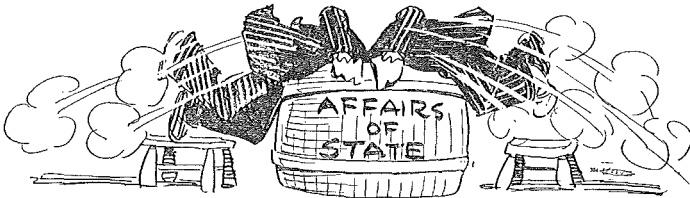
High winds today; the boys became moved over the brutality of wrestling.



HE much talked of Senate investigation of the activities of certain state departments became an actuality today when Sen. James A. Carley's resolution calling for a peep behind the scenes of the Olson administration passed the senate without debate.

Yesterday, Sen. Carley's original presentation was augmented by an amendment offered by Sen. George H. Lommen that Republican-controlled departments be included in the investigation. The senate rules committee retained Mr. Lommen's amendment, omitting, however, a reference pertaining to certain iron ore lands which he claimed had escaped taxation through the negligence of Stafford King, Republican state auditor.

A committee of 11 senators will be appointed to carry on the probe with a \$5,000 appropriation to delve into the operations of the department of education, the liquor commission, the tax commission, the Big Three, the executive council, the conservation commission, the highway department, and the board of control, seven of which departments come under the jurisdiction of the Governor.



To these are added, by virtue of Sen. Lommen's amendment, the office of secretary of state and the railroad and warehouse commission. As the latter two are on the bottom of the list, with the department of education slated for No. 1 position, it is rumored that the probing committee will never get that far. We hope the taxpayers get a run for their money.

The serious atmosphere of the senate was interrupted this afternoon when Sen. Louis E. Berg of West St. Paul took the floor in support of a humane wrestling bill. It appears that the senator's kindly heart is touched by the brutal manner in which wrestlers abuse each other on the mat—gouging one another's eyes, biting each other's ears, kicking, scratching, and otherwise performing a hundred and one novel turns which are now com-

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ponent parts of a match. All these will be eliminated and wrestlers will have to get back to the good old-fashioned Hackenschmidt style of hammer-lock and catch-as-catch-can method, if Sen. Berg's measure becomes a law.

While the senator was laboring over his proposed addition to the Minnesota statutes, 8,000 persons attended one of the new fangled-wrestling matches in the Minneapolis auditorium last night, chuckling with glee and laughter at each cannibalistic lunge of the mighty men inside the ring. The senator is evidently not well posted on modern wrestling, and doesn't know that most of the excruciating groans emitted from the lips of toe-twisting artists are in most cases the sham of an actor amusing a gullible public.

The state crime commission's recommendation for an enlarged state bureau of criminal apprehension to 24 agents with an increased appropriation of \$25,000 was introduced in the form of a bill to both houses this afternoon by Sens. Beldin H. Loftsgaarden and O. J. Finstad of Windom. In addition the bill calls for instruction in modern crime fighting methods to all police officers of the state. It is proposed that such a course of study be affiliated with the university.

Sen. Roepke, the dapper gentleman from Faribault, who has figured in the introduction of numerous bills this session, came out again today as another author—this time a dollar turnover tax. Merchants from popcorn peddlers to piano manufacturers will be obliged to pay a tax on every dollar's worth of merchandise sold, should the legislature follow Mr. Roepke's idea.

The state commerce commission's charges of fraud in the sale of Northwest Bancorporation stock fell flat today, when a jury of 12 Clay county citizens acquitted J. Cameron Thomson, president of the huge bank corporation on charges of second degree larceny, following a lengthy trial at Moorhead. The trial is an outcome of more than a year's investigation into the stock selling activities of the banking chain. There is considerable speculation over whether the Farmer-Labor administration will attempt to inconvenience the 18 other defendants by forcing them to stand trial.

The legislature would abolish the state board of education and consolidate all state educational activities in a single unit under the board of regents of the state university and agricultural colleges. This is believed to be in line with the announced plan of the Conservatives to oust John Gundersen Rockwell, commissioner of education, who recently stirred up a hornet's nest by dismissing one of his subordinates, Oscar Sullivan.

Rep. Arthur T. Gibbons of St. Paul would build a state office building to house the highway department, the liquor control commission, the drivers'

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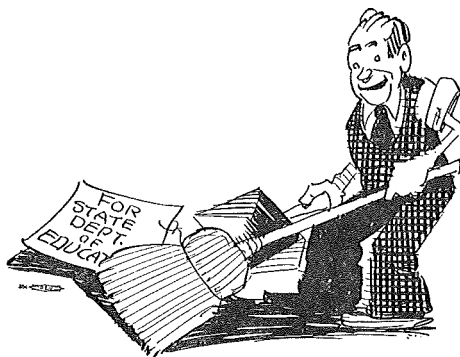
license and income tax divisions and other state units which rent quarters outside of the Capitol and state office building.

Rep. Gibbons asked for an appropriation of \$1,500,000 for this project, which he termed a relief measure, and said the federal government would add \$750,000 through a PWA allotment. The new building would be erected on state-owned property across from the Capitol.

The tourist trade nets Minnesota about \$50,000,000 a year according to George H. Bradley, director of the Minnesota Tourist bureau who today asked the legislature for an appropriation of \$50,000 for the next biennium, the funds to be used for advertising Minnesota's outdoor recreational facilities to the world at large.

Sen. George Siegel of St. Paul, bald-pated and fighting Liberal, would amend the state constitution to permit a state-wide lottery. The proceeds would be used for relief and subscribers would be sure of getting their awards, according to Sen. Siegel, who said the people are trimmed out of several million dollars a year by fake lottery schemes. The lottery, if legalized, no doubt would be confined to the limits of the state as federal postal regulations bar lotteries from the mails.

The prize proposal of the session made its debut in the house when Rep. S. A. Stockwell struggled forth with a bill to reimburse Max Silverstein of Minneapolis for damage to his bedding while working for the state highway department. The strange measure does not explain what happened and your guess is as good as mine, except that the highway department certainly maintains no nursery for infants.



FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1935

*Moon slipped into the last quarter; the Capitol Dome Club
holds sway.*



OR a few moments today, we will take time out in discussing the business life of the legislature and reveal something of the social functions of the wives of the legislators, many of whom journey to the Capitol City during the session, where they remain while their husbands wrestle with problems of state.

Much in the manner of Washington society during a congressional session, only of course, on a minor scale, lacking the diplomats, the foreign ambassadors, and the color and glamour of multifarious military uniforms, the solons' wives, upon the election of their husbands, automatically become members of the Capitol Dome club.

The Capitol Dome club received its name in bygone days—the days of prosperity, when the great majority of the state's citizens, busy and interested in their own personal daily routine, paid little attention to the activities of a legislative session. In those good old days, social functions held sway beneath the Capitol dome. To the tune of the Blue Danube, played by a gypsy orchestra, the legislators and their wives, attired respectively, in dress suits and flowing gowns, danced and made merry beneath the Capitol dome. The gentlemen, in stuffed shirts and swallow tail coats, doffed their silk lids to be-jewelled ladies. But my, oh my, times have changed. The only person to appear in a swallow-tail coat beneath the Capitol dome, in recent years is Gov. Floyd B. Olson who did just that at his recent inaugural.

Since all eyes are now on the legislature and any outward indication of social gayety is quickly detected by a watchful electorate, the Capitol Dome club confines its activities to teas, bridge parties, dances, and get-togethers, for the most part held at downtown hotels or the homes of the wives of Twin City legislators. Of course, these functions always gladden the hearts of the women and afford them relaxation from the monotonous duties of listening to husbands rehearse over and over speeches to be delivered the next day on the floor. However, some husbands spare their wives this ordeal, by rehearsing their speeches in bars, cafes, or wherever good fellows get together.

Since the advent of the depression, swishing gowns, ostrich fans, and jeweled-coronas are out. Consequently, legislators' wives must resort to afternoon dresses, sport frocks, and tailored suits, with an occasional V-necked

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gown tossed in once and awhile. Nevertheless, the ladies are well dressed, especially the younger set, of whom there are a great number in the present session.

Gov. Olson's \$11,000,000 relief bill was presented in the house today by Rep. A. D. Crissey. According to the proposal, the \$11,000,000 will be met through absorption of the liquor and beer tax until 1939, but the amount appropriated will be spent during the next two years. It is understood that the federal government will match twenty million to the state's eleven, should the bill pass.

There is another provision, however, which must be taken into consideration on the question of relief, and that is the pending liquor bill, which would abolish the sale of booze by private concerns, permitting only municipal stores to sell and dispense the product. This bill was introduced in the senate by Sens. William L. Roepke, alleged blue law reformer, and M. J. Galvin, newly-elected Charley Chaplin mustached solon from Winona. Should this bill be acted on favorably by both houses, it would invalidate the Governor's relief bill, as there would be no private sale of liquor upon which to levy a tax. On the other hand, under such a condition municipalities would have the profits on liquor sales, but this would not secure the \$20,000,000 from the federal government.

Well, here's good news to you farmers in the drouth areas. The senate agriculture committee today approved an appropriation of \$2,000,000 for seed relief.

The house public affairs committee today struck a blow at a growing menace in Minnesota and other states—marijuana smoking, a dangerous drug which reacts upon the human system similarly to opium.

The committee recommended that traffic in the marijuana drug be prohibited in the state. It has become a widespread practice in the public schools and is having an alarming effect on young boys and girls, the committee was told. The marijuana weed is found in Mexico, and there is some in Minnesota.

An excise tax of 15 per cent on all textbooks sold in Minnesota was proposed today by Rep. William F. Ost of New York Mills. The tax supposedly would be paid by the book publishers and dealers and not by pupils. This, of course, is a joke—the pupils will be the goats—they will pay the tax. The proceeds of this tax would go to the special state aid fund.

The biennial weighers and graders bill, introduced by Sens. Roy F. Crowley of St. James and William L. Dietz of New Prague, which to a great

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extent would abolish the commission houses in South St. Paul, was presented again today. The bill always brings terrific heat from the packing interests, and an equal amount of heat from farmers, asking for its passage. In sum and substance, it has been before every legislative session for the past 12 years, but always fails. But not before farm senators strain their tonsils to the breaking point, while city legislators lean back in their chairs in a state of apathetic languor.

The principal target of a farm senator's finger during a debate on this measure is usually Sen. Milton C. Lightner, whose constituents reside in the Summit Avenue district of St. Paul. Sen. Lightner, whose appearance is always on a par with the model in the collar ad, appears little disturbed over the plight of the farmer.

As another gesture to the farmer, shiekish-appearing Sen. J. V. Weber of Slayton, newspaper publisher and publicity man No. 2 for the Republican party, is going to call a halt on packing interests buying starved cattle and then fattening 'em up for market. "Fatten 'em up at home," said Mr. Weber, "and then ship 'em."

During the last session Sen. Weber made one speech—a short one, and that was to correct the spelling of his name as printed in the senate journal, the subject matter of which was a letter written to the senator by the Governor. Sen. Weber was highly incensed to think that the Governor didn't know how to spell his name, and said so on the floor.

By the way, the party thrown last night at a St. Paul brewery for certain legislative gentlemen was a peach, we are informed. We're sorry we can't give you the inside details, however, as this was an invitation affair—and the Merry-Go-Round reporter was not invited.

MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1935

*No moon on this night; the weather softened;
many legislators got wet feet.*



THE gentlemen of the lower house, refreshed from a week-end at their homes reconvened today with customary lassitude. Softening of the weather seemed to have a "letting-down" effect upon the solons. Numerous legs rested upon desks, as eyes scanned the epitaphs and mottoes inscribed on the mural-painted ceiling. Apples were frequently removed from desk drawers or coat pockets to be munched on, the gulps punctuating the cadence of the monotonous drones of the house clerk as he read the bills. When a legislator reaches forward and tosses aside his chew of tobacco, it is an infallible omen that he is going to eat an apple.

Unlike the house, the senate decided to take another day off so that the boys would be in perfect shape to meet the first real test of the session, which is expected tomorrow, when the investigating committee will be named to delve into the activities of various state departments, as outlined in the resolution introduced by Sen. J. A. Carley of Plainview. Farmer-Labor members of the senate will make desperate efforts for appointments on this committee, but it is rumored that the chances for administration men are slim. The Conservatives are going to keep this show all to themselves.

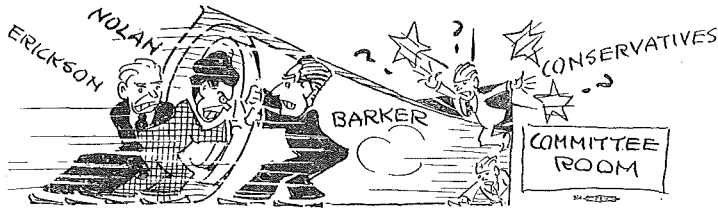
Anyway, the Conservatives have been holding a field meet, taking all the honors from broad jump to the mile run. The Farmer-Labor members, stripped of all powers and inconspicuously represented in all committees, might just as well take seats in the gallery.

However, they are greatly encouraged following their first major victory in the house today. The Liberals, fighting mad, succeeded in turning back to the civil administration committee a bill which would transfer the rehabilitation division from the state board of education to the state board of regents.

This measure is designed to salvage the job of Oscar Sullivan, former director of the division, who was fired by Dr. John G. Rockwell, soft-spoken head of the board of education. The committee got the bill on the floor with a recommendation that it pass, but the Liberals fought its final consideration because Dr. Rockwell had not been given a hearing to explain his ouster action as well as the functions of the division. When the bill did come out, Reps. Harold Barker, Elbow Lake, Mark Nolan of Gilbert and Leonard

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Eriksson of Fergus Falls raised so much fuss that it was re-referred to the committee, on motion of Rep. Harry Wahlstrand, Conservative chairman of the Conservative committee.



The Liberals have tasted blood—and battle is on, faster and fiercer than ever.

Word comes from Washington that a new relief administrator for Minnesota will probably be named this week. Gov. Olson will make his recommendation to Howard O. Hunter, FERA regional representative, who was to have conferred with the chief executive here today. Mr. Hunter is ill in Chicago, however, and won't see the Governor for a few days.

Here's good news for automobile owners! Those who buy their auto licenses late will not pay a penalty until after April 1st, according to a bill drafted by Sen. Frank Sell, Conservative veteran of Adrian. At present, the penalty starts February 15, but Sen. Sell would extend that period to enable the legislature to settle once and for all the question of automobile license fees. For the past two years, a reduced fee has been in effect, but now the legislature must act again as this law has run its course. Sen. Sell's idea is not to penalize the motorist until the legislature has made up its mind what to charge him for license plates. That makes good sense, senator!

If the house committee on civil administration has its way, the state bureau of criminal apprehension will be enlarged, both in scope and personnel to develop a real crime fighting unit. The bureau now has only eight men, and enters a county only upon invitation of the sheriff. Under measures proposed by the state crime commission and now being considered by the house committee, the bureau would be given general state wide police powers, except in labor disputes. Mel Passolt, bureau chief, did a pretty good job during the past year, cutting bank robberies from 33 in 1933 to only five in 1934 in Minnesota.

Stealing a play to the farmers, Conservatives today introduced a bill for the immediate appropriation of \$1,000,000 for relief of starving cattle in the drouth stricken areas. Gov. Olson's \$11,000,000 bill pertaining to



Floyd on his way to address the "common peepul"

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relief also embodied this phase. It is rumored, however, that the Governor's bill will be sidetracked to the last part of the session, and that this move to provide immediate funds for the burnt-out sections is a legislative twist to stem the tidal wave from the rural communities, which is bound to come should delay be encountered in the passage of the Governor's measure. Meanwhile, the Conservatives plan to stage another three-ring circus investigation, this time directed at the state relief set-up.

A new tax commissioner and a new insurance commissioner will be named Wednesday by Gov. Olson. The terms of Gunnar Bjornson and Garfield W. Brown, Republicans who now hold those positions respectively, expire on Feb. 1st. Former Rep. Dewey Johnson of Minneapolis, colorful, curly-haired and corpulent, has been prominently mentioned for the insurance post. And Otto Baudler, unsuccessful Farmer-Labor candidate for Congress from Mower county, and handsome John T. Lyons, who is giving Staff King a run for his money, have been rumored for the tax position. Northern Minnesota got a break with the appointment of Harry Boyle as one of the commissioners—now the Governor is giving Southern Minnesota some consideration.

Gov. Olson has turned columnist. That is, he's writing a daily article at the invitation of a St. Paul newspaper editor. Before launching out on his journalistic career, the Governor said that he carefully scanned the style of the world's famous newspaper writers—Heywood Broun, Mr. Brisbane, and the authors of the Washington Merry-Go-Round, making no mention, however, of the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round.

Should the chief executive find the task of writing a daily column too tedious, he could call in any one of the dozen ex-newspaper men scattered throughout the Capitol. In all likelihood, the Governor's propaganda force will be credited with doing the work by former representative Hitchcock, Hibbing newspaper publisher and propagandist No. 1 for the Republican party. Hitchcock takes delight in publicizing the names of the Governor's press staff and the salaries they receive from the state. We can assure Mr. Hitchcock that it is our opinion that the Governor is writing this column himself—it sounds too amateurish to be coming from even the humblest of his cub reporters.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1935

*Still no moon; drawing near the close of a hard winter;
a scarecrow is seen on the crest of Capitol hill.*



MUCH help is being given to the law-making gentlemen of the legislature, now in session for 21 days, by the lame ducks—defeated senators and representatives—who hang around the corridors, mingle in galleries, peep into committee rooms, and otherwise lend their assistance, in various ways, to the ardent task of building up Minnesota's statutes. Like the baseball player, benched with a bum leg, these defrocked heroes of other days are on hand to lend their moral support to the newly elected younger arrivals who in most cases are rather green on the technique of legislative procedure.

Among these frequent visitors to the house and senate chambers are former Sen. Adolph S. Larson of Sandstone, who this year decided that the mercantile business is more profitable than affairs of state. However, Mr. Larson just can't stay away. Then there's ex-Sen. Gustav Widell, short and rotund Mankato contractor, who like Mr. Larson, is also dethroned—only the decision was made by the people of Mankato on election day. Former Speaker Oscar Swenson, who wielded the gavel in the house two sessions ago, never forgets the days, regrettingly, of course, when he pounded out orders from the elevated rostrum with the dignity of a high ranking pontiff. Like the prize fighter long forgotten in the eyes of the public, former Speaker Oscar Swenson daily casts his eyes across a changed house chamber, looking for a spark of recognition befitting his power and his glory of four years ago.

Last, but not least, of these stars of yesteryear is former Rep. R. W. Hitchcock, Hibbing newspaper publisher, who gave up legislating for propagandizing the Republican party back into power. Mr. Hitchcock is on hand daily to pick up information favorable to his cause. The cognomen of Hitchcock is not inapplicable to his person. He is tall and exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangle a mile out of his sleeves, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. To see him striding along the profile of Capitol hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genus of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield—given, of course, with apologies to the description of Washington Irving's character, Ichabod Crane, from his story, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

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In contrast to the stormy session of yesterday, the house was as quiet as a graveyard today. At a brief meeting, the house received some 22 bills, mostly of a minor nature, and then acting as a committee of a whole, approved them.

The gentlemen of the senate were not to be outdone, however—they saw, they met, and conquered—all in the brief space of 33 minutes. The reason for the abrupt adjournment may be attributed to a spark of fire on the part of Liberal senators, who, following the action of their brethren in the house yesterday, decided it was about time to assert themselves. And they did just that when Sen. Harry A. Bridgeman of Bemidji demanded that four Liberals be appointed on the eleven-man investigating committee, set up for the purpose of prying into the activities of state departments. Bridgeman requested that the names of Sens. Patrick L. Farnand of Hibbing, George Lommen of Eveleth, George Siegel of St. Paul, and Joseph A. Kozlak of Minneapolis, all pro-administration senators, be added to the committee. This, of course, called for an immediate huddle on the part of the Conservatives.

In the meantime the senate committee on elections went into a star-chamber session, with newspaper men barred, for the purpose of determining the fate of Sen. Claude MacKenzie of Gaylord, whose election was contested on charges of violation of the corrupt practices act. The contest was originally started in the courts, but the court decided that the final decision, whether or not Mr. MacKenzie was to be seated, rested with the Senate. The election committee, composed of friends and party associates of Sen. MacKenzie, graciously found some technicality with the manner in which the contest was brought, and gave the contestants ten days in which to file further information.

At the tail end of a dreary session in the house, Rep. L. E. Brophy, florid-faced Minneapolis lawyer, introduced a resolution calling for an investigation into the state's relief set-up through a committee of nine house members to be appointed by the speaker. The resolution, which is considered by Liberals in the house as a plan to block the Governor's \$11,000,000 relief bill, charges gross extravagance in the administration of relief funds, appropriated by the 1934 special session of the legislature.

Rep. Brophy has been dubbed the "Terrible Tempered Mr. Bangs of the house," who explodes on the slightest provocation, and who smokes at least 20 cigars a day, Joe Cannon fashion. He is known as an inveterate poker player, but his terrible temper has barred him from most games. Even the newspaper boys refuse to play with him following a flare-up in which Brophy

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lost the pot and tore up the deck. Just to keep in practice, Rep. Brophy today sent for Dr. Rockwell, commissioner of education, and tormented him for two hours on the matter involving reinstatement of Oscar Sullivan, director of the rehabilitation division of the state board of education, who was recently discharged by Rockwell.

In parting, folks, let me inform you that the Merry-Go-Round has inside information that Hollywood has renewed its offer to Carl R. Erickson, tall, handsome, suave and polished commissioner of purchases of the State of Minnesota.

Mr. Erickson was offered a movie contract a short time ago, but turned it down. Commissioner Erickson, in addition to his physical endowments, has an unusual flare of the dramatic in his makeup, which makes him a natural for the movie capital.

If Mr. Erickson turns down this second offer, it will deny to thousands of fluttering, feminine hearts the opportunity of seeing another potential Clark Gable on the silver screen. And, needless to say, if Mr. Erickson does accept, it will be Minnesota's loss and Hollywood's gain, much to the chagrin of the senate investigating committee.



Brophy tears up the deck

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1935

On this day the zodiac Scorpio play havoc with the boys;

Sen. "T. H." munches on a hot dog.



HE gentlemen of the 49th legislature, having set aside the interests of the people—a customary procedure with most legislatures—have launched into a series of cat and dog fights in which one phase of business wants to abolish its competitor.

The independent merchants want to eliminate the chain store and the chain stores would like to wipe out the independents. Farmers insist that breweries use a larger percentage of barley in the manufacture of beer—the beer barons say nothing doing. Whiskey manufacturers strive for a heavier tax on beer and vice versa. The cement people want more highways; so do the oil top distributors, but they want them to be constructed with oil, while automobile drivers, who pay the tax, take the other side of the question.

The chiropractors want equal footing with physicians and surgeons and physicians and surgeons would be pleased to legislate the chiropractors out of business altogether. The dentists want to taboo their brethren who resort to advertising methods for bringing in customers, and so on.

Ice cream concerns object to the small machines now being used by restaurants, drug stores, and the like. So they immediately toss in a bill setting up elaborate sanitation restrictions for ice cream plants, which, of course, upon enactment, would make it unlawful for Mr. Restaurant proprietor to manufacture ice cream, as he would have neither the funds nor the room to meet the requirements of the law.

No wonder Mr. Business man has the jitters until these august gentlemen of the legislature go back home.

In addition to the biennial run of business vs. business bills, the usual amount of "Mae West" bills—come up and see me some time—have made their appearance. The money lenders are never without legislative worry and some ambitious senator and representative decides at every session to cut the rate of interest, eliminate brokerage fees, commissions, and what not in connection with the transactions of loaning cash. The solons have never failed to present a bill, which if enacted, would cancel the lease on the highway building on University avenue—that is, since the building was constructed over a decade ago.

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And this year is no exception. A bill calling for the remodeling of the old state capitol for highway department use is now before the legislature. This old worm-eaten structure was constructed in 1852, before the Civil war, under the administration of Gov. Willis A. Gorman, a name so unfamiliar to the people of the state that even the Historical society had to take time out to look it up.

Before it, passed the first Minnesota Volunteer regiment on its way to Gettysburg to fight for the nation's cause in the war with the South. Inside, bewhiskered men of the legislature enacted laws dealing with horse stealing, Indian fighting, kerosene lighting and so on. All have passed on, with the exception of Sen. Herman Schmechel of Fairfax, who still wears his whiskers with noble grace in the senate. Yet, a member of the 1935 legislature feels that the old capitol building could house a modern state department dealing with the construction of roadbeds for one of the greatest of modern inventions—the automobile.

Before a packed gallery in the senate today a long overdue volcano erupted, tossing molten lava throughout the chamber. The committee on committees reported the names of members to serve on the senate investigating committee, which will probe into the affairs of certain state departments, with the hopes, of course, that information will be revealed detrimental to the state administration. This is where the pro-administration senators sent back a tidal wave that all but swept Sen. George H. Sullivan of Stillwater off of his feet. When it was announced that only three Farmer-Laborites were included on the committee—pandemonium broke loose. Oratorical outbursts spouted everywhere, and Sen. Sullivan, in not too good a frame of mind over a previous tangle with newspapermen, lost all composure. In fact, everybody lost all composure, resulting in the Hennepin county delegation joining forces with the administration senators on the grounds that no member from Hennepin county was appointed on the committee.

It was pointed out by Sen. Patrick Farnand that only one Farmer-Laborite on the committee was a lawyer, while the Conservatives were represented by eight lawyers. Well, the melee resulted in referring the matter back to the committee on committees.

The Sullivan newspaper incident happened just before the senate convened. The newspaper boys, anxious to secure the names of the appointees, stormed the committee room, only to be ordered out by the stormy petrel of the senate, pipe-smoking Sen. Sullivan from Stillwater.

Sen. Sullivan's weather-beaten countenance turns purplish when he flies into one of his tantrums. His loud voice, raucous and guttural, booms through

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the gilded chambers of the senate like a cannon. The walls tremble and so do his opponents. He spares no man, woman, or child, this pugnacious self-styled parliamentarian. The constitutional expert from Washington county, however, suffered in both reputation and pride, when his own Conservative colleagues handed him to two technical knockouts on two technical points of procedure.

A record number of representatives climbed on the bandwagon today when a bill was introduced to compel use of absolute ethyl alcohol in gasoline. The idea is to stimulate markets for the farmers' grains. Forty-three sponsors, who saw an opportunity to please the rural folk, signed their names to the bill.

A colorful, interesting figure in the present legislative lineup is a newcomer—Sen. "Call Me T. H." Johnson of Fergus Falls. The senator, short, rotund and serious-looking, shies from his legislative handle, and prefers that you call him just plain "T. H." In fact, almost any noon you will find the senator at the hot dog stand, munching a sandwich with the senate pages, the newspapermen and many supernumeraries, just by way of proving his democratic disposition.

T. H. pulled one of the prize upsets of the past season by defeating that Conservative veteran, Sen. Elmer E. Adams, banker and editor of Fergus Falls, in a hard fight. T. H. is known as the "fighting tailor" in his home bailiwick, and was elected with considerable Farmer-Labor support. Asked whether he was a Farmer-Laborite, Republican or Democrat, Sen. T. H. replied, "Well, I'll leave it to you; I can wear a dress suit with the same ease as a pair of overalls."

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1935

*The day being gloomy, Sen. Roepke sent his biennial gift
to the press.*



EXT Monday evening at 7:30, in a brilliantly lighted senate chamber gilded and adorned with murals, a few inscriptions intervening, 11 variously shaped and aged gentlemen of the senate, officially termed an investigating committee, will sound Gabriel's horn for a sitting of the last judgment for the present state administration. At least, such is the opinion of staunch old Republican politicians, who for the past four years have done nothing but lay awake nights, trying to figure out ways and means of discrediting the Governor and eight of his appointed department heads.

First on the list to face the scrutinizing eyes and biting tongues of these old veterans of the senate is the Minnesota state department of education, headed by the suave and soft-spoken Dr. John Gundersen Rockwell, former professor of psychology at the University of Minnesota, and incidentally described by R. W. Hitchcock, Republican propagandist No. 1, as an expert experimenter with mice.

Led by Sen. James A. Carley of Plainview, who is on the long side of 60 and looks it, although he dresses in the height of fashion, this coterie of inquisitors will attempt to drag out of various witnesses information which will substantiate charges that the department of education has a definite hook-up with Soviet Russia.

Mrs. Marion Le Sueur, Gov. Olson's appointee on the education board, will come in for her share of the limelight. In fact, it is reported that Mrs. Le Sueur's past history will be delved into at great length, with object of proving her a disciple of Lenin.

Fishing about for information pertaining to the much publicized textbook situation, the senate investigators will attempt to show that Mrs. Le Sueur and Dr. Rockwell are all for kicking out the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America" from the music primers and substituting therefore the "Internationale" and the "Marsellaise." As long as they might go that far, may we suggest that they add the Merry-Go-Round theme song, "Madelon," which we think is peppier than any of these foreign pieces.

According to the ideas that seem to exist in the minds of these senate committee members, McGuffey's first reader is due to get the works, and interest tables will be abolished from arithmetics, to say nothing of what will happen to compound fractions.

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Histories will be eliminated altogether, as there will be no history; Soviet disciples live in the future only. Geographies will become unnecessary, as the whole world will be one happy family. Well, well, it looks like a soft snap for the kids of the future. Nothing to do but skip rope, play hop scotch and shoot marbles, provided of course, the senate investigating committee's conception of Dr. Rockwell's method of education be adopted in Minnesota.

A well-filled gallery was treated to a "good show" in the house late this afternoon as many representatives unlimbered their lungs and gave vent to melodramatic outbursts of oratory—good and bad—mostly bad, and somewhat funny.

The occasion this time was an unlimited debate on a resolution urging Congress to enact liberal, old age pension laws to cheer up the old folks in the sunset of life. Measures like this are a "natural" for the legislative gentlemen to vociferate and otherwise strut their best statesmanlike style. Many who have been complacently silent for weeks will emerge from their stupor, and burst forth on such an occasion like a volcano, spitting brimstone and fire, splitting infinitives, hurling invectives, denouncing all opposition and otherwise saving the country for the good of the common people. The gallery-ites listen with mingled feelings; alternately they chuckle and sneer; cynical newspapermen at the press table laugh up their sleeves.

Getting back to the session today; the old age pension was introduced by Rep. J. J. White, Liberal auctioneer of Ogilvie. Passage of the resolution was opposed by Rep. O. K. Dahle of Spring Grove, Conservative and patriarch of the house, who said he was afraid of the Townsend plan. The debate grew hot on all sides. White and Dahle grew hotter and indulged in personalities.

Yes, they even became sentimental.

"I have seven grown children and they all vote the Republican ticket," Dahle yelled, shaking his fist at White.

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"Yes, and I have eight children, and they all vote the Farmer-Labor ticket, thank God," White shouted back, a flush of anger overflowing his usually peaceful countenance.

At this point, Conservative Speaker Johnson could stand no more, and shut off debate so the boys could adjourn over the week-end. Dahle voted against the old age pension resolution, as did Rep. Russ Sweitzer of St. Paul and John C. Kettner of Cortland. The vote was 102 to 3. The senate passed the same resolution without a murmur.

Well, the good people of Minnesota finally got a break today. It looks like you might get some relief after all. The Conservatives quit their game of politics, walked arm and arm with the Liberals into the Governor's office and agreed to expedite Gov. Olson's \$10,000,000 relief bill by making it a special order of business Monday. The Governor's \$1,000,000 drought relief bill, originally part of the other relief measure, passed the house today.



Rep. J. J. White, in addition to occupying most of the limelight in today's house session, introduced a bill to abolish the use of pictures of beautiful women in cigarette and tobacco advertisements.

Mr. White would prefer to have tobacco advertisements illustrated with obnoxious demons, which he terms a more appropriate description for Mr. Nicotine.

My, oh, my! After all, a legislature, like business, has a heart. This was shown today when Sen. William (Call Me Bill) Roepke, crusading statesman from Faribault, sent his biennial gift to the gentlemen of the press—a case and 24 glistening bottles. But we feel slighted—the senator forgot the Merry-Go-Round reporter.



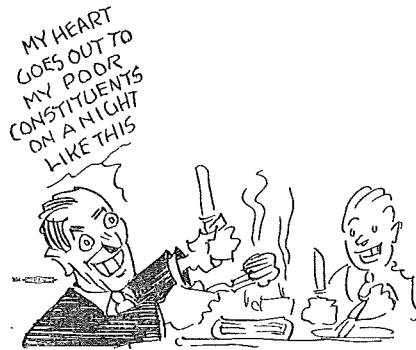
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1935

The new moon bolstered up the boys' appetites, consequently the thick steaks were enjoyed immensely.



FOLLOWING a much-needed rest, members of the Minnesota legislature are once more comfortably seated in leather-padded chairs, equipped with a sufficient supply of apples, cross-word puzzles, home-town papers and pulp magazines to last the whole week out.

Page boys are in their seats ready to answer the beckoning finger of some legislator out of chewing tobacco, or perhaps scamper down the aisle with a glass of water to a member about to launch a vociferous tirade against something or other. Stenographers are at their desks on the way to another week's pay, and everything is hunky-dory. The subject of relief is destined to receive its share of debate on the floor; copies of speeches on that important matter will be promptly mailed to home-town editors for publication in this week's issue. The poor and the downtrodden will be defended and praised to the skies. Anguished hearts will cry out for the children of the needy, in tatters and rags—and hungry. Most legislators delight in championing the unfortunate upon the floor of the senate and house. In this manner they are better able to appreciate the three-inch thick, mushroom-smothered steaks, with all the trimmings, frequently indulged in by the boys in the swanky atmosphere of down-town hotel dining rooms.



Should the gentlemen of the legislature be so inclined to set aside apples, cross-word puzzles, and magazines, the heat will be turned on the Governor and his eight department heads, otherwise this important matter can rest until the lawmakers' temperament is adapted to the task.

Even senate clerks are now chiming in the ceaseless flow of oratory and forensics that generally mark a public hearing in the legislature, to the disgust of tired lawmakers and visitors, who listen apathetically and hear nothing.

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Public hearings are quite common at the beginning of the session. As time wears on, the hearings become more private, with the public barred. Here, Mr. John Citizen can express his views for or against certain proposed legislation which the committee is considering. Often at these public hearings, nobody shows up but the senators; they go through the motions, and another measure is pushed along the blistering legislative trail, marked with shellholes and pitfalls.

As a bit of diversion for the bored lawmakers, youthful Ronald Olson, senate committee clerk, doubled as an expert witness, and told the committee on taxes why a gross receipts tax should be passed. He is the son of Walter E. Olson, secretary of the Minnesota Association for Tax Justice, which organization is sponsoring this levy, a species of sales tax. (The justice of that, however, is debatable). Ronald was quite an orator in his high school days, and he never showed to better advantage than in his forensic triumph before the tax-seeking senators, headed by the silver-topped, sharp-tongued veteran, George Sullivan of Stillwater.

Young Olson is a hero now—in the eyes of his fellow members in the third house—the clerks and pages—but to the senators, well perhaps, just another pain in the neck.

Necktie parties, still the rage in dear old Dixie, would be a more hazardous pastime under a resolution introduced today by Sen. Walter Wolfe of Minneapolis, urging congress to enact an anti-lynching law.

And the folks who want their work spread over the shortest possible period got a hand from Sens. Charles Hausler and B. G. Novak, both of St. Paul, who introduced the thirty-hour week bill today.

Sen. Novak, a first termmer in the senate, also paired with Sen. George Siegel to present a bill to license automotive mechanics so that the boys who get down and under will have to prove that they know a clutch bearing from a gearshift.

Heavens to Betsy! They tap the staggering taxpayer going and coming and now they propose to have him divvy up to pay a chap for going to jail. It seems that one Louis Thorvik of St. Paul was the unhappy victim of Minnesota justice and did a stretch in Stillwater for robbing a bank, which the pardon board has decided, was erroneously charged to Thorvik in the box score. And that little mistake will cost the state just an even \$25,000 if a bill introduced by Rep. Henry Horwitz, St. Paul innkeeper, becomes a law.

A public gesture was made today by a man who knows how—Sen. William Roepke, father, author, and champion of the reduced automobile license bill.

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In reply to many queries as to what happened to the reduced automobile license bill, Sen. William L., who, by the way, has occupied a prominent place in the Merry-Go-Round reporter's notebook, rushed the bill out on the floor and then rushed it back again to the committee, where it will be discussed some more—pro and con—and later acted upon. The good senator has proved to his Farbault constituents—and to the state at large—that he still has his hands on the bill, and can move it about with the greatest of ease, just like the man on the flying trapeze.

Well, well! Lady Nicotine is due for an awful trimming—that is if the legislature follows the appeal of Rep. J. J. White of Ogilvie, tobacco hater. Rep. White is out to penalize tobacco smokers from every possible angle. First, by abolishing pretty girls from billboard and newspaper ads; second, by taxing cigarettes 20 per cent, cigars 10 per cent; and even snus, which will be subjected to a 10 per cent tariff. Reformer White, heavy-paunched son of the soil, is about 20 years late in introducing the doctrines of Voliva to the state.



Back in 1915, the Anti-Tobacco league, at that time almost as powerful as the Anti-Saloon league, inaugurated a crusade against Demon Tobacco in all forms. Through hired propagandists, paid speakers and crusaders, this movement, like the steady advance of a glacier, began to creep slowly across the land. But about that time also, tobacco magnates instituted the use of pretty girl illustrations in their advertising copy, first by inference, and then by direct appeal, until the women of the country took to wooing Lady Nicotine in a big way. The Anti-Tobacco league, like the Arab, folded its tent and silently stole away.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1935

*Venus set at 6:55, which hexed Sen. Rockne;
he blew up today.*



HIS session of the Minnesota legislature has developed into a political battle royal, with Gov. Olson and a handful of pro-administration legislators on one side, and adherents of Republican conservatism, who predominate in both houses, on the other.

Both the senate and the house of representatives have launched investigations into operations of state departments, where state officials will be subjected to the gruelling cross-examination of seasoned parliamentary experts who know how to wiggle a biting tongue or point an accusing finger at an embarrassed witness.

Chief of these unmerciful legislative prosecutors is Sen. A. J. Rockne, Zumbrota lawyer, newspaper publisher, farmer and mortgage holder, who has been either in the senate or in the house since back in 1903, when brown-derbied and long-moustached legislators convened in the old capitol, which still stands, tottering and worm-eaten, in the City of St. Paul.

Sen. Rockne is described as the watchdog of the senate, which is very appropriate for the senator, both figuratively and literally speaking, for he is so physically constructed as to remind one of the sinuous forelegs of the most ferocious of Boston Bulls, which never give, but always take, especially in the seat of the pants. With the alertness of this famous canine species, Sen. Rockne sits nervously in his seat, twitching and twisting, with roving eyes and turning head, catching every little detail that transpires. And when the occasion calls for action, and when the prerogatives of conservatism have been stepped on by some Liberal debating the co-operative commonwealth, this grey-haired, rough-faced descendant of some ancient Norwegian fisherman springs to his feet, thrusts forth his sturdy arm, and with jaws snapping, charges in to meet the foe, resembling a bulldog defending the threshold of his master.

Through these investigations, the Conservatives hope to prove that the Governor's appointees to high state offices have been derelict to the good old people. At least, if nothing important shows up, opponents of the Governor will be able to gather important looking data and statistics which might prove valuable to them in coming campaigns. We have our great doubts about the inherent good of these investigations, which may or may not be for the purpose of gathering political ammunition, at the good taxpayers' expense. Anyway, we shall see.

THE MINNESOTA MERRY-GO-ROUND

On the other hand, it is expected that Gov. Olson will handle his adversaries—blow for blow. This tall, blond viking, who would rather fight than eat, has become nationally famous—all on account of the free advertising given him by Sen. Rockne, and the Republican state central committee. Those close to the chief executive say that he is prepared to walk into the whole mess, project his lower lip, point his exceedingly large index finger at Mr. Rockne, and shout at the steel trust, chain banks, and timber looters—accusations Sen. Rockne has heard before. And of course—public sentiment—the Governor's ace in the hole, will again rally to his support, and then perhaps the legislature will recall that it is sitting for the express purpose of tending to the interests of all the people—not just a privileged few.

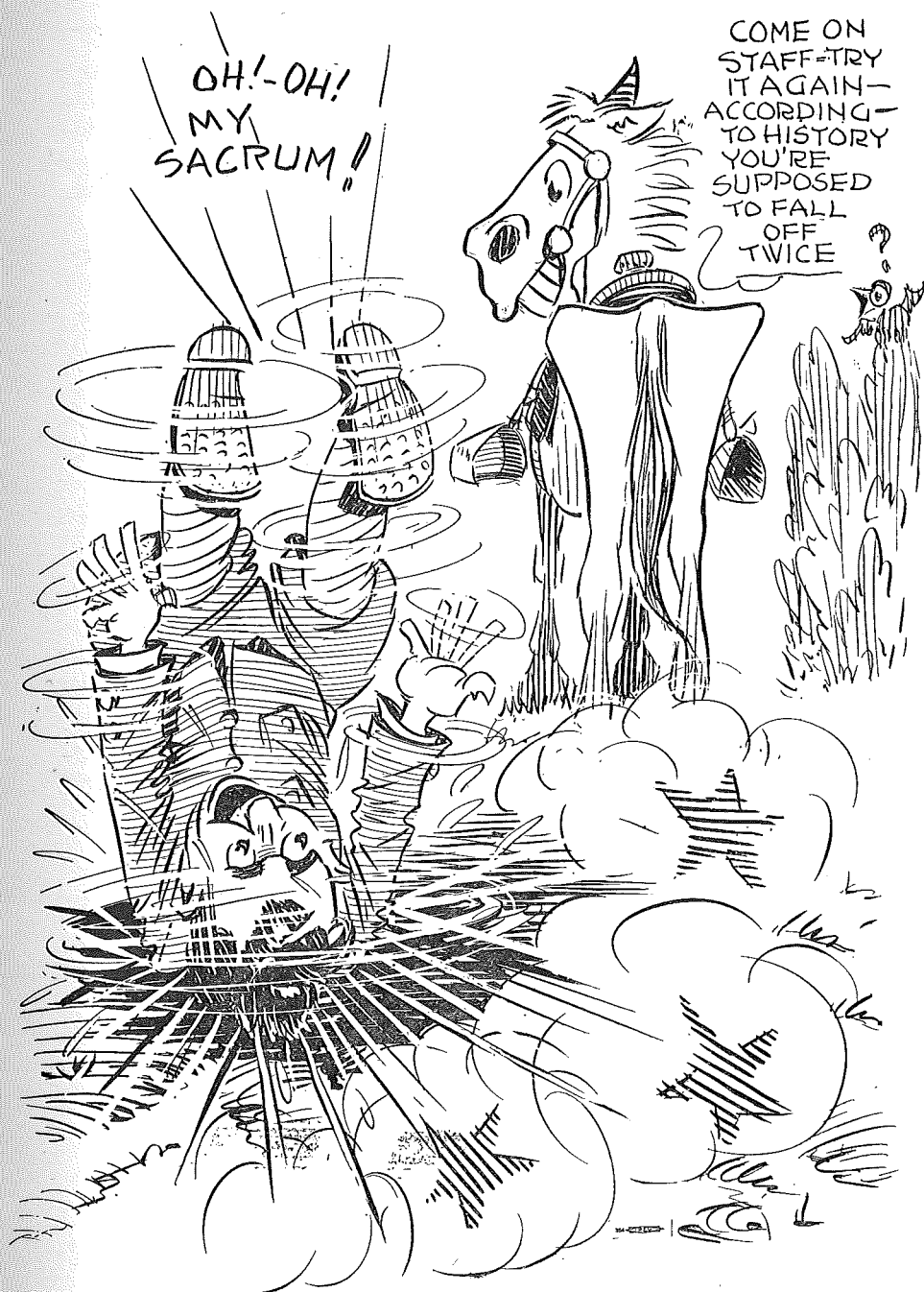
Well, tonight, the investigation fireworks start when a joint committee from the senate and house headed by Sen. James A. Carley and Rep. C. A. Dahle tee off from No. 1 green in the relief inquiry tournament. Now ladies, if you want to see the legislature at its best, cancel all dates and drop down to the capitol this evening.

The lawmakers are always top-flight when investigating somebody and tonight's the night. It will be more entertaining than a romance, more stirring than a drama and perhaps in spots funnier than a Walt Disney comic, including the Three Little Pigs.

Witness No. 1 to be called this evening, it was learned confidentially by the Merry-Go-Round reporter, will be Stafford King, state auditor, professional veteran, and heroic and courageous soldier from the World War, who was injured only twice while serving his country in San Francisco in 1918. Both times he fell off a horse in mounted drill, one injury which he describes in his own terms as fracturing a small bone in his spine and jamming his sacrum over to one side so that it has pained him ever since.

However, this report of Mr. King's war record does not coincide with the interpretation the public receives upon listening to his campaign speeches. Tonight Mr. King will discuss with the committee the question of figures, lots of them, and in a manner in which only a state auditor can command.

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bangs of the House, Rep. L. E. Brophey, is on the warpath today. Last week Mr. Brophey introduced a resolution calling for an investigation into the department of relief. Upon being the author of the bill, Rep. L. E. naturally expected to be appointed chairman of the committee. However, the powers that be evidently decided that the representative would not fill the bill, and appointed a more stable legislator to hold the position—Rep. C. A. Dahle, Duluth lawyer. Consequently, Rep. L. E. Brophey became peeved, took his bat and ball and went home.



Soldier King in training in the Rose Bowl

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He was seen this afternoon, slouching in the corner of the retiring room, sulking like a little baby who had just lost his lollypop. This act of Mr. Brophey's was preceded by a vocal volcanic flare-up in the speaker's office last night. The honorable gentleman had then been informed that he would not sit at the head of the table during the investigation. This annoyed him. In characteristic Brophey style he exercised his vocal chords so vociferously that the sounds shook the walls until they penetrated the reporters' room. But apparently, from the conversation, the Merry-Go-Round reporter gathered that Speaker Johnson wasn't a bit affected by the Minneapolisian's argument.

The senate finance committee performed a major surgical operation upon the governor's \$1,000,000 drouth relief bill today. The measure originally provided that the money be expended in the drouth-stricken areas in the western and southwestern sections of the state. The committee changed the bill today, making the drouth relief available to every county in the state, which is not much of a break for the distressed farmers in the actual drouth areas.

The question of automobile license fees popped up again today. Anticipating delay in settling the question as to whether the reduced fee should be continued, the senate passed a bill to extend the deadline for paying fees without penalty from Feb. 15 to March 15. By that time, the legislators expect to make up their minds how much you automobile drivers should pay for 1935 and 1936. This decision is a tough one because while reduced taxation in all forms is desirable, there is the problem of maintaining highway revenue to the point where needed federal aid can be matched, dollar for dollar.

The sacredness of the senate lounging room—that gorgeously appointed nook behind the senate chamber, equipped with richly upholstered divans, and thick-cushioned carpets, is now an established fact. The privacy of this inner sanctum sanctorum has become so emphasized that mere reporters are barred, the theory apparently being that the repose of the weary legislative elite should not be disturbed. These gentlemen, good taxpayers, are your public servants.



WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1935

Mars rose at 10:39, making feminine hearts flutter;

Carl R. Erickson receives an offer.



T this date the 1935 session of the Minnesota legislature has run the gamut of meddling in the affairs of practically every phase of human endeavor. The birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, everything upon the earth, above the earth, and under the earth, within the territorial limitations of the state, will be influenced or affected by legal restrictions, should all the bills now before both houses be enacted into laws.

The habits, the customs, the prerogatives of the citizens of this state now rest within the hands of the 198 inexperienced salonic sculptors, who purport to mold the glorious figure of a Utopia by the application of deft fingers on moistened clay. But, who like the 14-year-old high school student assigned by his modeling instructor to create a facsimile of a bust of the poet Schiller, upon viewing his inartistic reproduction of the poet's nose, gave up in disgust and spent the remainder of the term throwing about clay balls and otherwise annoying members of the class. The 1935 legislature has already reached the clay ball-throwing stage.

The joint senate and house investigation of the department of relief last night turned out to be more or less of a flop—that is as far as excitement is concerned, and the large crowd which journeyed to the Capitol in expectation of witnessing a great send-off appeared more or less disappointed.

While suspicious senators and representatives questioned witnesses regarding the operations of the SERA, most of the audience spent its time counting light bulbs in the ceiling or reading the mottoes inscribed in gold on the ornate dome. On one occasion, however, a stir swept through the chamber, when one witness was asked about a certain hail storm that inflicted considerable damage to crops.

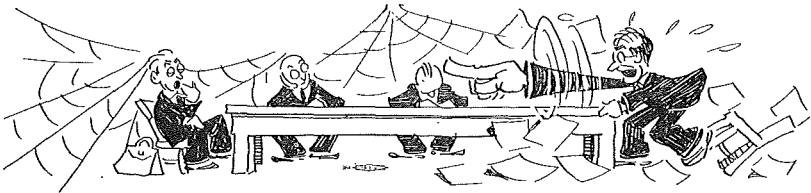
It took a half hour to discover that the witness was talking about a hail storm that hit the southeastern part of the state, while the investigating committee had in mind a hail storm which struck the southwestern part of the state in an entirely different year. At this point the audience resumed its previous occupation of counting light bulbs in the ceiling.

The \$1,000,000 drouth relief bill passed the senate today after being amended to cover all counties of the state. The amendment feature requires

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that the bill be sent back to the house for reconsideration, but the house refused to concur. The bill passed without debate in the senate and all senators seemed to agree that immediate action is needed in the drouth-stricken areas.

If Sen. George Lommen's proposal is acted upon favorably by the legislature, oil companies operating chain filling stations will be obliged to pay a flat tax of \$155 for each station, plus a percentage of business done which, the senator described, with the cockyness of a bantam rooster, as running into millions.



And then Sen. Charley Hausler, St. Paul architect, undertaker and man of multifarious vocations, demanded that prison-manufactured merchandise be so labeled. "If a man buys a pair of trousers made in the prison at Stillwater," Sen. Hausler shouted, "let him advertise it to the world." The senator did not specify where the label should be placed—front or back. It is hoped that Mr. Hausler's bill will be properly amended to take care of that little detail.

The name of Pig's Eye, that tough old character of a half century ago—squatter, bootlegger, and all-around bad man about town, is once again before the public spotlight. This time in relation to the metropolitan sewage disposal plant to be constructed on the island where the elusive bootlegger 50 years ago was driven from his squatter's home to disappear on the road to Duluth in a blinding snowstorm, never to be heard from again. The successors to persons who dethroned Pig's Eye through due process of law are faced with the enjoyable prospect of selling their property at fat prices to the sewage disposal commission. But not without objections from Sen. Beldin H. Loftsgaarden of St. Paul, who the other day introduced a bill which would permit the sewer commission to build outside of the city, thereby circumnavigating Pig's Eye island. Today the senator went a step further by presenting another bill which would limit the price to be paid for the property.

Speaking about real estate brings to our mind an act of Sen. M. J.

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Galvin, newly-elected member from Winona, who has been nicknamed the "Charley Chaplin of the Senate." Sen. Galvin would create a real estate board and require all real estate agents to be licensed to the tune of \$5 a head.

Well, good people, sad to relate, I have some bad news for you, especially for the thousands of fluttering feminine hearts I described last week.

Carl R. Erickson—suave, well-groomed, handsome commissioner of purchases of the State of Minnesota, has turned down his latest offer to enter the movies—this time, alas, maybe for good. Carl made some special film tests on his recent trip to Hollywood, immediately after election. He screens well; so well, in fact, that a cinema future was virtually assured—but apparently Carl prefers politics to Hollywood, politicians to screen beauties, and hard-boiled business to recreational dramatics—unless he changes his mind.

It was on the occasion of these screen tests that Mr. Erickson was offered a leading role in Harold Lloyd's recent picture, "The Catspaw," but Mr. Erickson reluctantly turned it down.

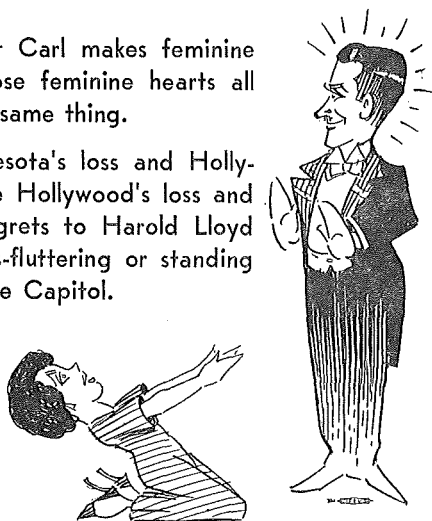
Mr. Lloyd would still like to land Mr. Erickson for the movies according to a telegram I received from Mr. Lloyd today, which reads as follows:

"Carl R. Erickson is type that makes feminine hearts stand still but he regards Gov. Floyd B. Olson too highly to think of leaving him for a career in pictures STOP We talked it over but Carl is happy and satisfied where he is."

(Signed) HAROLD LLOYD.

I note where Mr. Lloyd says that Carl makes feminine hearts stand still, whereas we had those feminine hearts all aflutter; but I guess we both mean the same thing.

Anyway, what appeared as Minnesota's loss and Hollywood's gain last week—today looks like Hollywood's loss and Minnesota's gain with our personal regrets to Harold Lloyd and those thousands of feminine hearts-fluttering or standing still. Business may go on as usual at the Capitol.



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1935

*Love blooms on this day for the legislators who give jobs
to wives, sweethearts, cousins and aunts.*



IT'S a tough life, that of a legislator, swept into office by the acclaim of the people, hyphenated with a distinguished title, and delegated with the responsibility of affording law book publishers the opportunity of printing another supplement to the Minnesota statutes. All of which makes our friends in the circus feel important, indeed.

This is manifested by the pompous and aristocratic airs displayed throughout the main tent, including stenographic rooms, where members attend to the business-like task of dictating letters to be transcribed by pretty stenographers and mailed to the folks back home. As ability to dictate a letter has no bearing upon the ability of being elected to the legislature, and the ability to take dictation has no relationship with securing a job in the session, the stenographic rooms are a sorry sight. Filled with sisters, wives, sweethearts, cousins, aunts, or just close friends of legislature members, Gregg shorthand and the touch system are as foreign to the stenographic rooms as electric fans to the Arctic circle.

On the other side of the fence, fluent dictation is also conspicuously absent. It is a pitiful sight to witness a rough and ready self-made member struggle with the construction of sentences, dictated to another member's niece, who fills note book page after page with curly-cues, dots, dashes, horizontal lines, and loops, only to find out upon sitting down to her typewriter that she might as well have been assigned to the task of transcribing sanskrit from the ancient Hindu lore. Which is probably just as well, as then some member's niece thereby is spared the embarrassment of putting into operation the hunt and pick system of typing, acquired by the niece shortly after she had received notice of her appointment as a legislative stenographer. On the other hand, the dictating solon has by this time forgotten what he had dictated, and it would be futile to complain to her sponsor, for somewhere in the legislature a relative of the dictator would be doing a similar job for some other member. Consequently, the whole matter is dropped and the state saves the postage.

Well, tonight, the senate investigating committee continues its task of peeping behind the scenes of operation of state departments. In order that the evening may be a success and not a flop as was Monday's, Sen. James A.

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Carley, bush-league Tea-Pot dome inquisitor, has subpoenaed Mr. A. I. Harris, 243-pound propagandist for the state administration, to appear before the committee at 7:30. Mr. Harris, former heavyweight boxing champion at the University of Minnesota in 1913, who, by the way, was managed and advised at that time by Floyd Bjornstjerne Olson, is going to be asked something about newspaper releases issued by his press department. However, there is a question as to whether or not Mr. Harris will be put on the witness stand this evening, as the committee is now engaged in checking into the department of relief. Rumor has it that Mr. Harris had contemplated running off to Cuba for the length of the session, so in order to avoid any such elusive act on the part of Mr. Harris, the committee subpoenaed him for tonight's meeting. However, while the investigating committee is at it, the Merry-Go-Round suggests that they also subpoena R. W. Hitchcock, propagandist No. 1 for the Republican party. In that manner, the public will hear both sides, and then be able to determine which has the best method of fooling the public.

The doctors of dental surgery who yank out your molars at 50 cents a head and up, and who advertise those attractive, unbreakable plates at prices to fit the pocketbook of the most humble victim—without pain, of course—may be legislated out of business.

That is, if the house committee on public health has its way. The committee today recommended for passage a bill which would bar corporations or similar concerns from the organized practice of dentistry. It requires that dentists practice their profession under their own individual names and prohibits testimonials or advertising of any kind under a penalty of a \$1,000 fine.

The committee also approved a measure that would bar dental hygienists from practicing with so-called dentistry companies. These bills are being backed by the Minnesota State Dental association and are similar to model laws enacted in other states.

Should this bill pass, it will probably make a pain in the jaw as expensive and luxurious as a pain in the appendix region, without some of the surgical refinements.

Sen. Val Imm of Mankato is a newcomer to the senate, but there's nothing novice-like about the measure he proposed today. Sen. Imm would reduce the size of the legislature at least one-third, from 67 to 44 members in the senate and from 131 to 88 members in the house.

Although he is Conservative, Sen. Imm's plan is similar to the one proposed by Gov. Olson in his inaugural message, although the governor asked for a single body—or only one house—as recently adopted by the State of Nebraska.

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Under the senator's plan, the state would be re-districted into 44 legislative districts instead of 67; Hennepin county would be reduced from 9 to 7 and Ramsey county from 6 to 4.

Ignoring the governor's claims, the legislature, in joint session, went ahead today and balloted on eight members of the board of regents to guide the destinies of the University of Minnesota. The vote will be counted tonight. Six of the eight men will be reappointed. They are: George W. Lawson, St. Paul; Frank W. Murphy of Wheaton and A. E. Olson, Duluth, all for four-year terms; Dr. W. J. Mayo, Rochester; Fred B. Snyder of Minneapolis and John G. Williams of Duluth for six-year terms. The new members who will probably be appointed are Albert Pfaender of New Ulm, for six years, and Ray Quinlivan of St. Cloud for four years.

Gov. Olson is expected to contest these appointments in the supreme court because he claims the appointive power lies in him. The legislature gave him only three appointments—that is, it approved three men whom the governor had originally appointed—Lawson, Murphy, and Olson. This gives the governor only minority representation on the board, whereas, if the supreme court sustains his contention that only he can make the appointments—the governor will be sitting in the golden chair.

A new tax commissioner and a new insurance commissioner will be named Wednesday by Gov. Olson. The terms of Gunnar Bjornson and Garfield Brown, Republicans, who now hold those positions respectively, expire March 1. Former Rep. Dewey Johnson of Minneapolis, colorful, curly-haired and corpulent, has been prominently mentioned for the insurance post. And Otto Baudler, unsuccessful Farmer-Labor candidate for congress from Mower county, has been rumored for the tax post.

The Governor's \$11,000,000 relief bill is still waiting final action. The chief executive says he'll be happy if the conservative-controlled legislature shows the same speed on the relief bill as it did on the regents. But, the Governor can't understand why the legislature picked the regents ahead of relief. So are the trials and tribulations of politics!

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1935

*The stars shone brightly on this night, so did legislative
bald heads, especially Sen. Carley's.*



AN indication that the Republican party is already anticipating return to power in the state is indicated by the domineering and autocratic manner in which the present legislature is being conducted.

With the control of all of the committees and a majority in both houses, a handful of old-time experienced Republican war horses has set about to conduct the procedure of the law-making body as it sees fit.

Hard rules of discipline have been inaugurated, which to some extent even affect the spectators in the galleries, who are barred from smoking, while down on the floor members puff on 25-cent perfectos, nonchalantly and frequently; the cigars, of course, furnished by the numerous lobbies hovering around the corridors in the interest of certain legislation.

Even Sen. Charles N. Orr of St. Paul, who for the past four years has conducted himself on the floor much in the manner of a Dickens character in David Copperfield, slow, word-weighting, apologetic and humble, has awakened, sensing a restoration of his party's lost power.

Last night at a joint meeting of the senate and the house at which the question of the election of university regents was discussed, Sen. Orr, casting aside the agreeable-to-everything character, flew into a tantrum, his voice booming like a cannon, demanding that his will be done.

Then there's the senate investigating committee, eavesdropping, autocratic, and dogmatic, headed by arrogant Sen. James A. Carley of Plainview, which, also, touched with a perception of reanimated power, has instituted a peeping Tom party into everything and anything, including the activities of the federal government.

It is an awe-inspiring sight to witness the investigation committee in action—with parrot-nosed Sen. Carley sitting upon the chairman's throne, his bald pate glistening in the reflection of electric lights which illuminate the chamber. Reviewing a chart of some state department while questioning a witness, he may be likened to Long John Silver, in Treasure Island, about to pry the secret of the hidden gold.

While all of this is going on, both in the investigations and in the regular sessions, Farmer-Labor members, piqued by loss of power, sit back apathetic,

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langorous, and visibly defeated. Once in a while, one of the Farmer-Laborites lets out a peep in protest, which is quickly smothered by vociferous roars from the other side, like the wails of a weeping babe lost in the howls of a tempest.

Today the weather-beaten face of Sen. George Sullivan turned purple with rage when he attempted to put over a resolution memorializing congress to abolish tax-exempt securities and eliminate state income taxes. The gentlemen of the senate, evidently recalling a speech of Sen. Sullivan's two years ago in which he described resolutions to congress as mere scraps of paper destined for the waste paper basket, gave the senator little support on this question. However, a little later the Stillwater statesman introduced another resolution for congress, this time to permit the state of Minnesota under a proposed sales tax plan to levy upon merchandise sold in interstate trade. Advocates of the sales tax have just discovered that the interstate trade feature is an obstacle in the path of a system and delegated Sen. Sullivan to present the memorialization of congress. This time his colleagues agreed, as the majority of the senate favors the sales tax plan—so the resolution was advanced to the calendar.

Gov. Olson signed two bills today pertaining to the sewage disposal plant designed to be constructed at Pig's Eye Island, but which recently has met with serious objection on the grounds that the property owners have boosted the price. One of the new laws will permit the sewage commission to build outside of the city limits, the other calls for limiting the price to be paid for the land. Sen. Beldin Loftsgaarden of St. Paul, who introduced both of these bills in the senate, today decided to take another step by presenting a measure calling an investigation of the whole sewer plant mess.

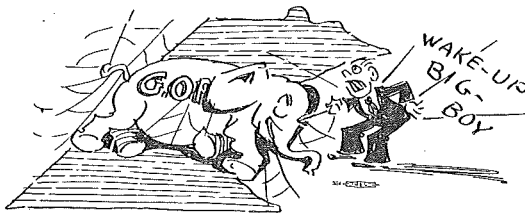
Now for a few snapshots at last night's hearing. Sen. Herman Schmechel of Fairfax, whose long whiskers would be the envy of the Smith Brothers, sat immovable in his chair, intently smoking a pipe . . . Sen. George Siegel of St. Paul, with his characteristic grin, leaned heavily on his left arm trying to get it all, and Sen. Patrick L. Farnand of Hibbing tilted back in one of the comfortable, heavily-padded senate seats, puffing viciously on a cigar. Of course, Sen. A. J. Rockne of Zumbrota, silver-topped dean of the senate, was there, as well as Rep. L. E. Brophey of Minneapolis, that aggressive and stormy member of the investigating committee. Sen. Burt Kingsley of Minneapolis, personable and pleasing, and the only senator who won his seat on a recount, stroked his chin with his fingers and reached over across the table for a note from Rep. Andrew Finstuen of Kenyon, who voted for the Conservatives when they lost two years ago and who voted for the Liberals when

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they lost this time. Mr. Finstuen just can't pick a winner. Rep. Mark Nolan of Gilbert, young, dark and good looking, former professor of history at Notre Dame and one of the minority leaders in the house, fighter and good orator, paid a visit to the gallery because he couldn't get into the exclusive senate chamber downstairs. Sen. Milton Lightner of St. Paul, dignified, reserved and aristocratic—he comes from the most exclusive district of the city—daintily smoked a cigarette, while Sen. Roy F. Crowley of St. James, tall and handsome behind his dark, horn-rimmed spectacles, drew up at the rear, far away from L. P. Zimmerman, the witness. Rep. Henry Horwitz of St. Paul peeped in. Henry would like to see the race horse bill pass.

The administration scored a tremendous victory just a few minutes ago—quite unforeseen and unexpected. The conservative house, which had kicked around the \$10,000,000 relief bill, finally yielded to the persuasion of Gov. Olson and shortly before six o'clock passed the measure which goes a long step toward assuring Minnesota substantial relief allowance for the next two years, with a generous share of federal funds.

Well, well, propagandist No. 1 of the Republican party, R. W. Hitchcock of Hibbing, has given us the opportunity of attaching to his description another likeness to Washington Irving's character, Ichabod Crane. Previously we commented on the physical likeness of Mr. Hitchcock to that of Crane, using, of course, the language of the author, Washington Irving. Now we find that Mr. Hitchcock has assumed the role of Ichabod Crane's profession—that of a schoolmaster, willow rod and all. He is greatly alarmed over a sentence used by the state department of education for parsing by school children—the sentence being namely, "the Governor spoke and the hall was filled to capacity." Horrors of horrors, Schoolmaster Hitchcock has parsed that sentence to imply "red propaganda for school children"—as realistic to Hitchcock as was the Headless Horseman to Ichabod Crane of Sleepy Hollow.



MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1935

Jupiter was ninety degrees from the sun; always remove false teeth from the mouth of a person knocked unconscious.



OUR hard-working Minnesota legislature took cognizance of Abraham Lincoln's birthday anniversary by taking off an additional day to observe the occasion, so loyal are they. The gentlemen are now in their home communities, relaxing and storing up energy for a strenuous week of activity, scheduled to begin Wednesday, when once again they will return to the Capitol, equipped with their customary accessories—cross word puzzles, apples and home town newspapers. These three factors are an important and integral part of the daily routine of every legislator, for without them, life would be dull and monotonous, indeed, sitting there day in and day out listening to the harangues of some speaker, who himself knows little about what he sayeth.

This year's legislature is an ideal subject for practical study of human nature, for there is no body of men, wherever men might congregate, that offers such a diversification, both mental and physical, of nature in the raw. Here you will find men of all types and sizes—tall, rangy men, little squatty men, fat and rotund, corpulent and paunchy, diminutive and insignificant, overbearing and domineering—all gathered together in two elaborately furnished chambers, to attend to important affairs of state.

The mental twists of the members are equally well assorted, ranging from the first degree of humbleness to the nth degree of egotism, the latter of course, predominating by virtue of the dignity and the importance of the offices they hold. Persons suffering from inferiority complexes should spend a day or two in the galleries where they will witness with their own eyes superiority complexes at their best—quite noticeable on the faces of many legislators—even while the chaplain is offering the opening prayer.

However, there are times when these apple-eating, crossword-puzzle working legislators lay aside their weapons of peace, don full regalia of war, and sally forth upon the floor to hurl promiscuously at each other's throats rankling spears of poisoned words. At such times, sides are taken, banners are unfurled, and it is foe against foe, do or die.

It is expected that this session will develop a battle royal such as no Minnesota legislature has seen for many years, when the anti-administration forces sally forth with numerous bills pertaining to the abolition of state departments, or absorption of the Governor's department by the Republican officers—the secretary of state, state treasurer and state auditor.

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The antis in both houses, who by the way, control the procedure, have decided that the governor must be stripped of his political appointments. Consequently, they have set about to transfer the drivers' license bureau to Mike Holm's department, and they seek to eliminate the liquor control commissioner, and have Julius Schmahl collect the tax. In addition, the antis would like to abolish the Big Three, and have Mr. Stafford King take care of that phase of state administration.

Of course, these moves are purely political. It seems to the Merry-Go-Round that the whole shooting match is much ado about nothing, with the only question involved being, who wears the coat, the Farmer-Laborites or the Republicans. As far as the people are concerned, they don't care a hill of beans who wears the coat, but they wish that members of the legislature would take care of their interests for a change—at least once in the history of the state.

Here's an interesting bit of news for the 500,000 automobile drivers in Minnesota. It looks as if there may be some action for sure this week on the burning question of making permanent reduced fees for automobile licenses.

Only a few days ago, Gov. Olson signed a bill extending the penalty date from Feb. 15 until March 15, so motorists would not be assessed extra costs while the gentlemen of the legislature were making up their minds.

On Wednesday, both the senate motor vehicle committee, headed by Sen. William L. Roepke of Faribault, and the house committee, directed by Rep. F. F. Moore of Wheaton, will hold final hearings on the bill. Both committees are expected to approve the permanently reduced fees, after which the bill will go to a vote in both houses, probably before the week is over.

The state highway department, among others, is opposed to the bill because it will curtail revenues to the point where Minnesota will lose \$7,000,000 in federal road aid because it cannot match this sum with its own funds.

Gov. Olson is believed to be in favor of lower license fees for the smaller cars, but is said to favor increased charges for autos in the higher brackets to take up the slack and restore highway revenues to the pre-1932 level to insure an adequate road construction program and to reduce unemployment.

Sen. William Richardson, chairman of the senate committee on elections and Rep. Walter Campbell, head of the house group, today received a peti-

THE MINNESOTA MERRY-GO-ROUND

tion asking that the legislature pay the cost of the Lyons-King recount for state auditor.

The petition was signed by several persons who participated in the recount, including Curtis Johnson, one time candidate for governor on the Republican ticket, and one of Mr. King's inspectors.

It was pointed out that information acquired in the recount would be valuable to the election committee in revising our state laws to minimize human errors and fraud in forthcoming elections. The state will derive the real benefit from the recount, the petition stated, and neither King nor Lyons should be required to pay for the errors of election officials and for inherent flaws in the election machinery.

It appears that King is the winner. The recount recalls the hoary past of the kerosene and lamp days and furnishes conclusive reasons for bringing our election machinery up to date. This legislature can start right now, and perform a real, constructive job.

Gov. Olson, addressing the Mid-West Youth conference held in St. Paul Saturday, said that proverbial tales of the messenger boy and the cabin boy becoming bank presidents and so on are now regarded with contempt by youth. The Governor spoke in the afternoon. In order that the complete cycle of the left wing be taken in at the conference, John Strachey, eminent English writer, with a strong list toward communism, spoke before the gathering in the evening. Mr. Strachey, a died-in-the-wool disciple of Lenin, is appearing about the country attired in soup and fish and talking for a fee. As a former member of the English labor party in the House of Commons, Mr. Strachey decided to give capitalism the air—with the exception, of course, of his own fortune, which is described as "well-heeled." So Mr. Strachey joined forces with the Communist party and is now increasing his fortune by denouncing capitalism at \$300 a speech.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1935

The boys celebrated Abe's birthday by going home.



HERE has been so little accomplished in the present session of the Minnesota legislature to date, that both political parties have increased their activities on the air to inform Mr. and Mrs. John Public how their respective party members in both houses are dying and bleeding to revive a collapsed economic system.

Radio commentators have become as numerous as flies around a cookie jar, each pounding away on his own drum. We except from this statement the Merry-Go-Round reporter, who believes in the policy of letting the chips fall where they may, and if no other good comes out of a legislative session at least the people may have a good laugh.

Radio Commentator Rufus W. Hitchcock, propagandist No. 1 of the Republican party, who paints himself as timely and interesting but who has been described differently in previous Merry-Go-Round programs, has doubled up his sallies against Radio Commentator H. G. Creel, editor of the Farmer-Labor Leader. Commentator Creel, dull, dry and prosaic, believes in the principles of the Cooperative Commonwealth and has set about to so educate the people. He clashes weekly with Commentator Hitchcock. Since Commentator Hitchcock is about as animated as Commentator Creel, the results are as lively as a mid-summer afternoon's conversation between two sleepy darkies in front of a small town general store in Dixie.

It appears that Commentator Creel is getting the better of the deal so far, for his opponents have called in reinforcements by placing on the air twice weekly in the role of another commentator, Speaker of the House George W. Johnson of Duluth. Speaker Johnson, who spent some time in Florida acquiring a sun tan before taking on the arduous duties of wielding a gavel, will give his versions of what the legislature is doing for the people. We are sure that the people will be intensely interested in what Mr. Johnson has to say, as we learned from reliable authority that the speaker's daily messages will be prepared by his secretary, Jerry Koehen of Montgomery—part time editor of the Montgomery Messenger, and part time undertaker—offering a diversified service to the people of that community. Mr. Koehen is a man of much flexibility and efficiency, as you will most likely agree, when you consider the alacrity and promptness with which he is able to procure material for the obituary column of his newspaper.

Although he has continually boosted Herbert Hoover, he always wore a

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Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, which made the Irish in Montgomery sore—in fact, so sore that they ordered Mr. Koehen to give up one or the other—either quit praising Hoover or stop wearing the token of Irish fidelity. It is said that Mr. Koehen dropped the former as he not only appeared on the streets of Montgomery on the 17th of last March, an extra large three-leaf shamrock, clay-pipe and all, tucked snugly in his coat lapel, but he also changed the political complexion of his newspaper from Republican to Democrat. This, of course, happened before the election of President Roosevelt and immediately after the question of selecting a new postmaster for Montgomery popped up.

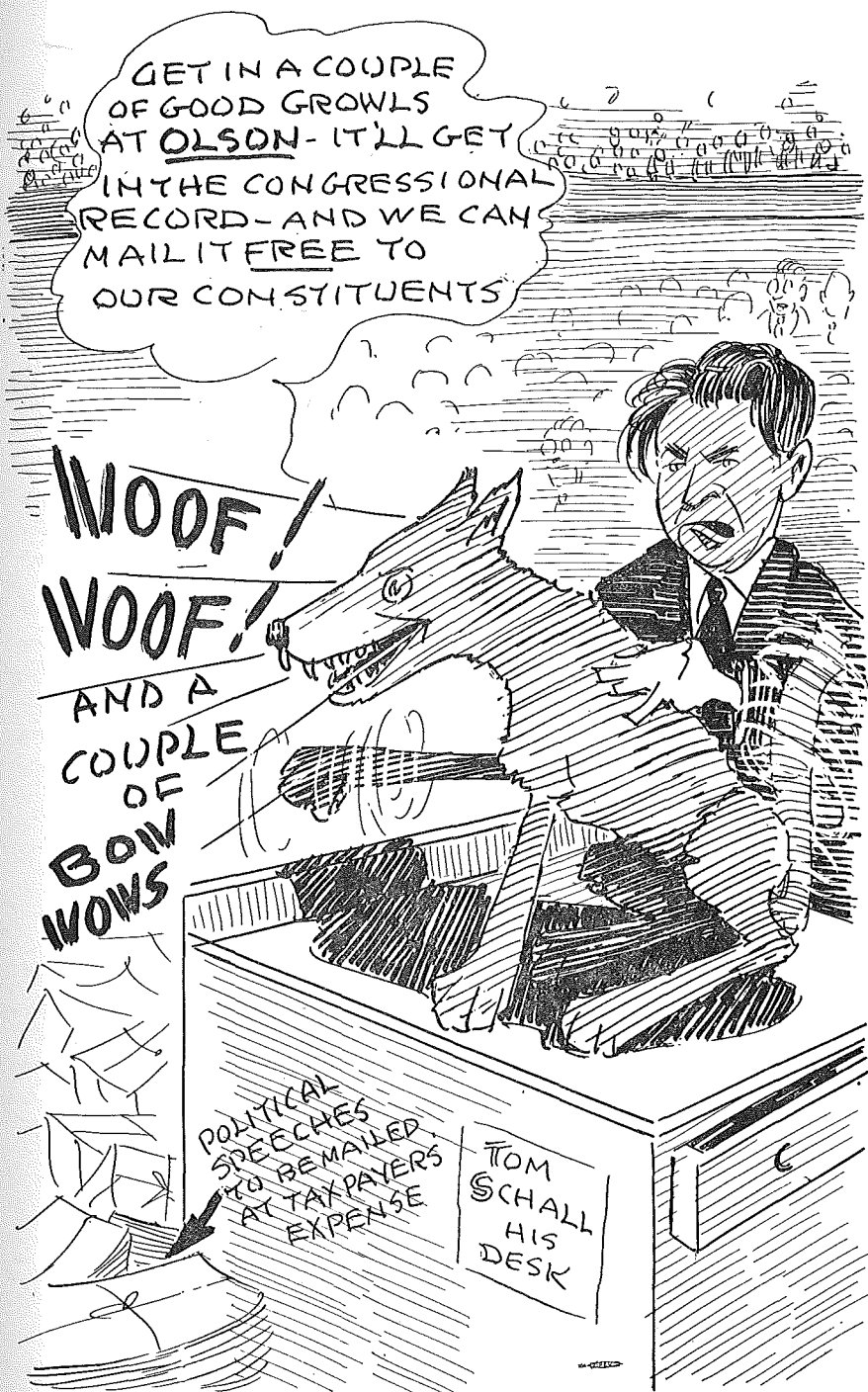
Sen. Tom Schall's palatial mansion in Maryland located at Berwyn Heights, 10 miles from Washington, was destroyed by fire last night, the senator fleeing from the flames in his night shirt. A lodge, which adjoined the main building, and in which the senator entertained distinguished Washington guests, also was destroyed, causing an estimated damage of \$25,000. Seven automobiles were stored in the garage, five of which were burned beyond further use. The people of Minnesota are wondering who owned the seven automobiles—the senator or his servants. Sen. Schall, the self-confessed underpaid servant of the people, always does things in a big way. In addition to his Maryland estate, he is the proprietor of a somewhat pretentious mansion on the west shore of Lake Harriet in Minneapolis. When it comes to campaign, the senator also assumes a scale of magnitude. He spares the taxpayers no expense in dictating campaign speeches into the Congressional Record and publishing and mailing them free to the voters of Minnesota.

Anticipating a severe campaign when he comes up for re-election in 1936, the senator is already filling the Record to capacity with denunciations of Gov. Olson, his probable opponent. When the proper time comes, the people of Minnesota and all the people—for no one is overlooked when the government pays the bill—will receive their printed copies—a gracious favor from the state's fearless representative in Washington.

Speaking of Democracy, the regal, pompous and unbending House of Lords of Merry Ol' England, has nothing on our senate this year. Perhaps never in the history of the state has the senate been more jealous of its official prerogatives than at the present session.

Eighteen sergeant-at-arms, assistants and second assistants, all wearing large, bright, shiny stars, guard the sacred confines of the senate chamber to protect and preserve those senatorial prerogatives.

For Mr. Plain John Citizen to call on his favorite senator, within the



Schall on the job as usual in Washington

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sacred portals, is a task akin to cracking Minnesota's great football line single-handed.

The 18 well disciplined guards patrol the outer doors, the inner doors and the side doors of the chamber, to say nothing of the doors leading to the galleries. Even entrance to the senate retiring room via the hot dog stand is now blocked off by no less than four guards. Of course, crashing this sacred chamber is like attempting to call on King George at breakfast in Buckingham palace. Even the lowly newspaper man is barred.

The customary procedure now, if you wish to enter the chamber, is to formally present your calling card at the front door. Then you might see your senator, if he is not blasting away on the floor at the moment for the good old common people. Of course, being a Conservative helps your chances considerably, because the Conservatives, you know, are running the show, ably directed with the prime assistance of Senator Charles N. Orr of St. Paul, chairman of the rules committee.

The senate guards don't mind absorbing public barbs for the sake of maintaining strict discipline, but even the guards are rebellious this year because they can't smoke anywhere—inside or outside the chamber. The senators who made this rule for the guards have reserved the smoking privileges for themselves, as they recline in the soft, heavily-padded chairs, their feet outstretched over their desks, a typical picture of comfort and ease. Incidentally, unless you are the wife or a relative of a senator, you can't even enter the sacred chamber at night when public hearings are held. Being plain Mr. or Mrs. Citizen entitles you to a place in the high-lofted galleries, if you're lucky, and where you can hear or see practically nothing of what is going on in the three-ring circus below.

Sen. Orr not only directs the destinies of the rules committee, but also is the outstanding dry leader of the senate. Bald, of medium build and near-sighted, the senator's myopic affliction has no relation to his ability along political lines. He is a keen, able strategist, whose big ambition is to put Herbert Hoover back in the White House.

Today the Governor devoted his daily newspaper article to a recital of the virtues of that great Emancipator — Abraham Lincoln. The Governor observes, in effect, that Lincoln, too, was a great man.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1935

A Leo legislator will sock a Saggittarius in the eye upon the slightest provocation on this day.



IS apparent that the Minnesota legislature is about to wend its way down a long and weary road, full of pitfalls and jugged rocks that will ultimately lead to tyrannical despotism fastened upon an unwitting people through the passage of a sales tax law. This act would have a stamp tax that would extract its pound of flesh with the purchase of every loaf of bread, or bottle of milk, or whatever people need and buy.

The mere mention of a stamp tax recalls the tumultuous days of the revolutionary war, when the British Crown imposed its toll, through the historical stamp tax act of 1765 upon everything purchased by the American colonies.

The lengthy document of over fifty sections was carefully planned and skillfully drawn. By its provisions duties were imposed upon practically all papers used in legal work—inventories, deeds, mortgages, college diplomas, playing cards and advertisements.

In fact, the dragnet was so closely knit—scarcely anything escaped. The Stamp Tax Act of 1765 was the spark that ignited the new world into a flaming, seething mass of revolt. It was the impetus that accentuated the Boston Tea Party, the Boston Massacre, and Paul Revere's Ride, two by land, one by sea. It was the impetus that conceived the embryo of a new and free people, crying out against the shackles of tyranny and despotism.

Taxation without representation was the cry of those early days. Taxation without consideration should be the cry of 1935 against a legislature which is now considering empowering the state to collect a tax similar to the one that created all of the fuss in 1765.

It is true that sponsors of the proposed Minnesota tax system do not refer to it as a stamp tax, or sales tax for that matter. It is politely called a gross income tax, the appellation having been designed in all probability to confuse it with the income tax, which has become popular, especially with the majority of the people whose incomes are below the tax limit.

However, a gross income tax is nothing but a sales tax. When a loaf of bread is sold for ten cents—the ten cents is the amount of the gross income, and a convenient way to levy would be to affix a stamp upon the commodity sold. Gov. Olson refers to this measure as a move on the part

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of large corporations to place the burden of taxation upon the underpaid laborer. He terms it a system of taxation for the rich.

It would seem to the Merry-Go-Round that the present system of taxation, with added modern auxiliaries such as the income tax and the inheritance tax, has served the country well. Through it our schools have reached a point of perfection unheard of in the world's history. Modern equipped fire apparatus speeds with the swiftness of the wind to come to the rescue of those in distress. Fast-moving ambulances are at hand at a moment's notice to aid the injured or the dying. Police protection is everywhere, and streets are well lighted and paved, to say nothing of the winding miles of concrete highways that run here, there and everywhere—a decided contrast to the days of yesteryears—and all developed by taxes.

Well, sometimes we abuse government too harshly. In the hustle and bustle of our daily lives we have grown accustomed to the things provided by taxes. We squeal and we holler when assessed a dime, but we would hate to think of going back to kerosene lighted streets and mud mired highways.

The legislative move to reduce automobile license fees permanently took another step forward late today when the senate motor vehicle committee recommended that the bill pass.

Under provisions of the measure, license fees that prevailed for the past two years, with a minimum of \$7.50, will become permanent. The house motor vehicle committee will meet tomorrow night to take final action. It is expected to recommend passage, after which a lively fight is due on the floor of both houses, although final passage is considered certain.

The United States bureau of public roads yesterday wired Highway Commissioner Elsberg that the state must match federal aid dollar for dollar, or otherwise go without government money. If the bill recommended by the motor vehicles committee passes, Minnesota will lose \$7,000,000 in federal aid, but apparently the committee was unimpressed or unaffected by this warning.

The senate rules committee approved resolutions for two more investigations today—one to delve into the Pig's Eye land purchase mess—and the other to inquire immediately into the affairs of the liquor control commission. Sen. A. J. Rockne of Zumbrota is sponsoring the liquor sift investigation. He wants to know just how much Minnesota can expect from beer and whisky taxes to finance relief activities in the state and desires the commission's books to guide him.

Three cheers for Attorney General Harry H. Peterson who scored another victory—one that directly affects two thousand Minnesota families—

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with the decision of the United States circuit court of appeals upholding the constitutionality of the Frazier-Lemke mortgage moratorium act. Mr. Peterson personally took the leading role in defending the validity of the act, together with Congressman Lemke, at Cincinnati a few months ago. Fifty thousand families in this nation will be pleased by the high tribunal's verdict.

Happy visions of sleek and speedy thoroughbreds, roaring down the home stretch, neck and neck, urged on by daring, colorfully-garbed jockeys, to the deafening roars of thousands of mad devotees of the Sport of Kings, crowded along the track rail and in the grandstand, were given a slight setback today.

More than 75 members of the Fairmount Avenue Episcopal church of St. Paul signed a petition urging the legislature not to pass the pari-mutuel bill. The petition, which was read before members of the senate, stated in part:

"We believe that this form of legalized betting is pernicious to character, inimical to the business interests of our city, and an invitation to an undesirable element to enter the borders of our beloved state."

Yes, it looks as if this measure faces a stormy trail of rocks and thorns, just as it has in past sessions. The closest this bill ever came to being passed was two years ago when it was approved by one House only to die a natural death in the other.

Of course, certain business interests, horse lovers and sportsmen and sportswomen would like to see the sport of kings legalized in Minnesota, as in many other states, notably Kentucky and New York—but there are many obstacles.

The race horse bill is being sponsored by dapper and diminutive, himself remindful of a fighting jockey, Sen. George Lommen of Eveleth, asking the creation of a state racing commission to supervise the sport and pari-mutuel wagering. The pari-mutuel system is the machine-method of betting on a nag; it definitely eliminates the ever-present possibility of dishonesty and gives each backer a square shake for his money.

Well, well, now who do you suppose came to Minnesota, all the way from Louisiana to address the legislature tomorrow on St. Valentine's Day? No, you're mistaken—not Huey Long, but Huey's right-hand man, Kingfish No. 2, Gerald L. K. Smith of Shreveport, who is going to explain Huey's Share-the-Wealth plan to our legislators. And who do you suppose invited Kingfish No. 2—none other than Conservative Speaker George W. Johnson of the conservative-controlled house. Perhaps Speaker Johnson is serious; or maybe, he's just presenting the legislature with a comic Valentine.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1935

*Legislators influenced by the sign of Cancer will burst forth
with great eloquence today.*



HE state senate today protested to official Washington against selling Minnesota short. Minnesota's manganese ore industry, running into several millions of dollars and employing thousands annually on the Cuyana range, may be ruined unless the state department at Washington revises a reciprocal trade agreement between the United States and Brazil. Under the terms of this agreement, the tariff on manganese ore would be substantially reduced. This would permit Brazil to dump the metal on the American market at considerably lower prices and virtually cut out Minnesota competition, among others.

People in northeastern Minnesota are up in arms over the possibility of losing their livelihood, and we don't blame them. If Latin-American relations are to be improved, we suggest they be bettered at the expense of the industrial East, richer and more powerful, and not make agricultural Minnesota foot the diplomatic bill.

The resolution of protest, introduced by Sen. F. J. Miller of Little Falls, was passed unanimously, and immediately sent to Washington.

Here's good news for the majority of telephone subscribers in Minnesota who feel they are paying too much money for the monthly use of their telephone. And if three certain senators have their way, these rates will be substantially reduced. They are Sens. George L. Siegel of St. Paul, Walter P. Wolfe of Minneapolis and William B. Richardson of Rochester, who introduced a bill today asking for an exhaustive investigation into the activities of the American Telephone & Telegraph company, the Northwestern Bell Telephone Co., the Western Electric and Electrical Research Products Co., four major utilities serving most of Minnesota.

The inquiry would be conducted by the state railroad and warehouse commission. It would sift rates first; it would delve into the inter-corporate and interlocking activities of the companies; it would dig into the probability of regaining refunds for subscribers; it would throw the searchlight on the far-flung propaganda systems employed by the companies, and would investigate, among other things, the failure of the utilities to give subscribers the benefits of profits from other fields. The resolution also will be introduced in the house tomorrow.

Loan sharks get too much interest now and should be drastically curbed in their business, according to Sen. N. A. Pederson of Milan, who would send

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all money lenders who charged more than 25 per cent to jail. The maximum for first offenders would be six months and for second-time violators, one year. The senator has considerable public sympathy in his efforts, because instances have been cited where loan sharks charged as high as 100 per cent—a vicious practice, not only immoral, but illegal.

Things are humming at the Capitol once more! Major Maurice Rose, short and stocky, breezy and snappy, whose cute little mustache is the envy of many would-be sheiks, is back from California to resume his duties as Gov. Olson's chauffeur, mascot, and aide de camp. The good Major flew both ways; he says the weather was bad, and the pilot had only six forced landings, four going out and two coming back—happy landings for Mr. Rose.

The inevitable storm which has been brewing in the legislature for some time is destined to sweep through the floors of both houses with the fury and velocity of a hurricane, very shortly now, when the question of automobile license fees will be voted upon by members of both the senate and the house of representatives. Dark clouds are gathering upon the western horizon and the wind already has reached the stage of a "steady blow," an infallible omen that something is going to happen.

This is manifested by the events of yesterday when the senate committee on motor vehicles voted out the reduced license fee bill, recommending that it pass. Tonight the same committee in the house will discuss the bill pro and con, and it is expected that its final action will acquiesce with that of their brother colleagues in the higher house.

The problem of automobile license fees has drawn sharp lines in the legislature. Pro-administration members are fighting it tooth and nail, and the antis are for it, hook, line and sinker. The administration members claim that the whole plan is a scheme on the part of Conservatives, who incidentally control both houses, to cripple the highway department, stagnate road construction, throw men out of jobs and otherwise bring about a state of languorous inactivity in one of the most important state departments. They further emphasize that the bill is out of line with the plans of the federal government, namely, increased construction of public projects, with the consequent increased amount of employment. As an added obstacle to the bill, it has been pointed out by the federal government that unless Minnesota matches federal aid dollar for dollar, there will be no federal aid. It is obvious that Minnesota will be unable to match Uncle Sam's offering without a restoration of the auto license fee to the former scale.

N. W. Elsberg, commissioner of highways, informed the members of the legislature that many communities and localities throughout the state are

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continually pleading for the construction of highways in their vicinity. These requests are being made both from the viewpoint of an added utility and convenience and the employment of local labor.

Mr. Elsberg's statement made little impression, falling upon the deaf ears of the Conservative majority of the senate motor vehicle committee, charged by administration leaders as being insincere in their gesture to the automobile owner.

On the other hand, Conservatives hurl charges that there is waste and extravagance in the administration of the highway department, such charges, which of course, at this writing not having been proved, must be considered as hearsay.

It would seem to the Merry-Go-Round that especially now, with business on the upturn and optimistic smiles everywhere, it is no time to retrench any movement likely to put men back to work or aid business on its slow, grinding march, down the road to recovery. Certainly, automobile owners, those who have retained their jobs, or those who have secured new jobs, or the business man, whose business is slowly showing improvement, as most businesses are doing at the present time, are not going to complain about spending a few more dollars for a car license. This is particularly manifested when one considers that the fee spent will give someone else a job, speed up someone else's factory and put money into circulation, to be enjoyed by all, from the butcher to the baker and the candlestick maker.

This is all the more convincing when one considers the amount of good that has accrued from the automobile license—the hundreds of miles of winding ribbons of concrete that reach out to all corners of our state as compared with the conditions of just a few years back. Who can not recall the automobile journeys of a decade and a half ago—mud and mire, gumbo and ruts, unpleasanties, imbedded in the minds of all. But these things have all changed, thanks to our system of highways, financed by the automobile license fee. Today, winter or summer, spring or fall, in sunshine or rain, one may enter his automobile, step on the starter button, release the brakes, and whiz away over winding ribbons of concrete—to satisfy the greatest of human emotions—traveling to a destination, swiftly, comfortably and surely.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1935

*Mercury had its greatest heliocentric latitude, which made
Capricorn legislators act strangely.*



HE perennial suggestion that the state construct another building loomed up in the legislature today when the senate and house committees on public institutions recommended a second office building—this one a \$750,000 project to be erected on a site northeast of the Capitol.

The contemplated structure would house the departments of highways, income tax, liquor control and so on, thereby giving the employees of these divisions a decided advantage over workers in the main Capitol and the state office building. This advantage, of course, would be the nearness of a collegiate atmosphere as the proposed building would be flush up with Mechanic Arts high school, where pepfests are held regularly, glee clubs burst into song—something Capitol employees have been trying to attain for some time.

While the boys and girls engaged in attending to the affairs of state have not yet reached the stage of entering a football team into the field, a glee club has been organized under the direction of Carl R. Erickson, state purchasing commissioner, himself a warbler of no mean ability.

The glee club has been rehearsing the same song daily for the past year, and most likely will be in a position to make a public appearance any time now—grand opera style. Then again, inspirations can be switched back and forth should the new building become a reality. A freckle-faced high school lad of 15, leaning wearily over his drawing board, dreaming about fishing and waiting for the recess bell, will be consoled to the fullness of his heart by glancing across the watch to watch a highway engineer doing the same thing.

Gum-chewing stenographers in the liquor control office could acquire better and more appropriate jaw distortions by watching carefully through the windows gum-chewing seniors in the modeling class. And, of course, ten o'clock scholars in both the high school and the proposed office building will meet daily to extend to each other the greetings of the day.

However, then there is the academic inspiration to be considered should the gentlemen of the legislature decide to venture on this expansion project by constructing a building adjoining Mechanic Arts high school. This would

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bring closer to the hearts of the students the great possibilities of future political careers; especially so when considering that several of the school's alumni are holding high positions in steering on the ship of state.

As example No. 1, Mr. Tony Conroy, Mechanic Arts hockey player and a four-letter man of a couple of decades ago, may be alluded to a miracle of transformation—the broad jump from a lithe, sleek, agile athlete to a plump, red-faced, cigar-smoking politician, who shakes hands with everyone he meets as purchasing agent for the board of control. Then there's Harry Oehler, who played football at Mechanic Arts in the days of nose guards and canvas vests, now deputy attorney general, pleasingly corpulent and pleasing of disposition. To say nothing of diminutive and good-natured Roger Rutchick of the class of 1918, who kept out of all forms of athletics, including prize fighting, to evolve by the scholarly route from a student of Latin to the office of assistant attorney general of the State of Minnesota.

Rumor has it, persistent but unconfirmed, that the ferocity of the senate investigating committee, which started out a few weeks ago with the fury of a wild beast from the jungle to investigate several of the state departments has spent its force.

It is reported that members of the committee have become disgusted with the lack of evidence to substantiate the unusual amount of ballyhoo that preceded the formation of the committee. It is said also that even Sen. James A. Carley, committee chairman, is ready to throw up the sponge, as the only information revealed so far consists of ordinary criticism likely to be found in any organization or business. Looks like L. P. Zimmerman, acting relief administrator, and among the first witnesses, was altogether too fast for Sen. Carley. Everyone—even Sen. Carley himself—conceded that Mr. Zimmerman was an excellent witness and knew all the answers too promptly.

Accentuated by political leaders opposed to the Governor, the investigation orgies have been described as a political fiasco to embarrass the administration. Reports coming from authoritative sources close to the investigation committee indicate that the committee would prefer to drop the whole mess, rather than to continue throughout the remainder of the session, running down a lot of loose gossip and hearsay, which in the end would react against the Conservatives, making them a legislative laughing stock. Perhaps Gov. Olson was not far off when he referred to the investigation committee as a "Kangaroo court."

At the same time, the house committee on motor vehicles deferred action on the reduced license bill, which would set the fee for car licenses at

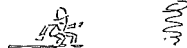
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the level authorized by the legislature two years ago as an emergency measure. Strenuous opposition against this measure is being hurled by the highway department and the federal government. The federal government has informed the gentlemen of the legislature in no uncertain terms that if they fail to match federal aid for highway construction there will be no federal aid.

It is reported that the house committee is approaching the subject of a vote on this bill in a timid manner, and indications point to the conclusion that leaders pushing the bill in the committee are fearful that they will be unable to vote it out favorably. While, on the other hand, should it be recommended to pass by the house committee, it is destined for a battle royal on the floor. Many members have come to understand that passage of the bill is a direct slap at the relief program of the federal government, with the consequent slowing up of work relief and the increase of direct relief, with property owners paying the bill. Incidentally, property owners are pouring plenty of heat on the legislators on this subject. They say let the automobile owners pay their own tax, property is being assessed too heavily as it is.



THERE
IT GOES-
JUST A
LITTLE WHIRL
WIND



Well, four gentlemen of the legislature will take time out from law-making duties for a junket trip to Washington to secure more feed for starving livestock and, incidentally, be fed at the expense of the state. The trip will cost the taxpayers the sum of \$800, which, of course, will be funds well spent provided the solons bring home the feed.

Originally, two senators were scheduled to make the journey, but the house, feeling slighted, decided to send two representatives along to watch the senators. At the offset, Sen. Roy F. Crowley was destined to ride the cushions to the nation's capitol, but when Sen. Victor Lawson, crusading Willmar prohibitionist was named as the other member, Sen. Crowley withdrew. No reasons were given and Sen. F. J. Miller of Little Falls took Sen. Crowley's place. Reps. F. F. Moore of Wheaton and Bert Costello of Wabasha, from the lower house, will keep their eyes on the upper house representatives—or rather Sen. Lawson will, in all probability—keep his eye on all

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three. It is needless to add that the functions of the legislature will proceed as usual, despite the absence of the gentlemen in question.

After a brief session this morning, the senate adjourned until Monday out of respect to Sen. George H. Sullivan of Stillwater, 67 years old, who died in his sleep early today. Sen. Sullivan, a Conservative, was one of the outstanding leaders of the senate, and one of the oldest in the point of service, having served continuously since 1907.

An appropriate tribute was made to the deceased veteran by Gov. Olson, who said:

"Sen. Sullivan was a formidable fighter, and our political differences often caused us to clash, but unlike many other politicians, he always fought in the open. His rather crusty exterior really concealed a pleasant, genial, and kindly nature."

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1935

The moon was full on this night, so were many of the solons.



SO FAR, the 1935 session of the legislature has proven rather dull and uninteresting for the wives of the legislators, who, by virtue of their positions, automatically become members of the Capitol Dome club. This exclusive organization sets up the social whirl for the season—balls, bridge parties, teas and what not—those things that women love to do and talk about. It is reported that low-backed gowns and silver slippers remain packed in wardrobe trunks—a serious disappointment to the ladies who hoped for big things to happen in a social way upon embarking from the various hamlets, villages, burgs and small towns throughout the state to take their positions in the realm of dignified society beneath the Capitol dome in the City of St. Paul.

It is reported to the Merry-Go-Round reporter that a pall of gloom hangs over the heads of the ladies because of an alleged lack of systematic social management on the part of society leaders. Upon this point, however, the Merry-Go-Round reporter refuses to comment, other than to say that we sympathize with the legislators, knowing the situations that are likely to arise when a wife possesses a low-necked gown and silver slippers and is unable to find a festival worthy of the attire.

However, considerate husbands in the legislature should not give up too soon. Opportunities will present themselves before the session is over which will effect their two-fold duty to the state—that of enacting a multitude of laws, and that of initiating the wife duly, properly and fittingly, into the Capitol Dome club. Next Friday evening the members of the legislature will attend a gigantic ball to be held in the Coliseum, in St. Paul, sponsored by the Ramsey County Veterans of the World War. At this time, legislators will trip the light fantastic, and V-necked gowns and silver slippers will emerge from wardrobe trunks. Stout and paunchy lawmakers of 50 or over will unwittingly tread, promiscuously and often, upon dainty feet, clad in dainty slippers. But the ladies won't complain—their prerogatives will have been granted, and all will be well that ends well.

As an official spokesman for the legislature, Speaker George W. Johnson, Duluth dandy, is keeping the public posted, via the radio, as to the activities of the legislature, particularly the activities of Speaker Johnson. While Mr. Johnson has covered considerable territory on the question of law-making, he has neglected to publicize his outstanding achievement in the session—that of introducing a bill pertaining to frogs—the big, croaking kind, that

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serve equally well as a tidbit, fried in butter, or as a bass attractor, dangling on the end of fishing line. It appears that Mr. Johnson has a friend at the head of the lakes who raises frogs in such large numbers that he's looking for a market. Consequently, the speaker obliged his friend by introducing a bill legalizing live frog shipments, probably in refrigerator cars or oil tanks. And it looks like the frog raiser's desires will be satisfied, as the game and fish committee in the house recommended that the bill pass today.

Gov. Olson suspects a political plot in the recently announced move to halt present legislative investigation of some 10 state departments, and turn it into a leisurely interim inquiry. That is, the investigation of the Governor's departments would be carried on after the legislative session, and at the expense of the taxpayers. The chief executive raps the idea in no uncertain terms in his daily newspaper article, in which he said:

"The maintenance of a Republican investigating committee paid by the taxpayers to watch the Farmer-Labor administration for the next two years would be an excellent political move on the part of the Republican party.

"The Republican members of the interim committee could hold secret meetings, take hearsay testimony and issue reports to be broadcast through the Republican press, denouncing the acts of the Farmer-Labor administration.

"These reports could be carefully timed for release during the campaign period of 1936. The members of the interim committee would receive \$10 per day for each day of service. A job paying \$10 per day, the only duties of which would be to investigate and denounce political opponents, would indeed be a political plum."

These developments over the week-end confirm the inside information made public the other day by the Merry-Go-Round reporter, who informed you that the Conservative-controlled joint senate and house investigating committee, headed by Sen. J. A. Carley of Plainview, was just about ready to throw up the sponge. The committee has been sifting the affairs of the state board of control and the state-federal relief setup, but thus far there have been no sensational revelations—everything has been found to be in fine order. The legislative gentlemen fear a boomerang—and they want to drop the burning end of the hot poker.

The committee is going to try it again, however. The relief inquiry will be resumed tomorrow night, with Sen. Carley in the principal role, and probably L. P. Zimmerman, acting relief administrator, on the witness stand.

Crusaders against the most dangerous enemy of mankind—accidents—are meeting tonight in a downtown St. Paul hotel to award the Governor's

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trophy for safety to three cities and three counties for the lowest number of traffic accident fatalities in proportion to population during the past year. This is the culmination of a state-wide safety program conducted by the Safety division of the SERA. The safest spots, according to the awards, are Wright, Swift, and Clearwater counties, and in the cities, Minneapolis, St. Cloud and Eveleth.

Another sign that the Conservatives are trying to steal the play from the Liberals in proposing legislation for the good ol' common people developed today when Sen. Vin Weber of Slayton, dapper and well-groomed, former propagandist No. 1 of the Republican party and a thorn in the side of Gov. Olson, introduced a bill in the senate to abolish chain banking.

According to Sen. Weber, the bill is designed to relieve farmers and small town merchants from the perils of absentee dictatorship. It bars individuals and corporations from owning stock in more than one bank.

Explaining the purpose of the measure, Sen. Weber said:

"The bill aims to maintain home ownership and control of the banking business of the states; to curb chain banking; to stop the outside racketeering banks, which have been growing at an alarming rate; to prevent promotion of banks in various villages and cities throughout the state by outside people having no interest beyond dividends; and to encourage a larger participation in banking activities by local business men in the various communities of the state."

Very well said, Sen. Weber. Your bill would have done justice to the most rabid, radical Farmer-Laborite. We just hope it's not an idle gesture, and that you follow it through to final passage.

The liquor interests are fighting it out tooth and nail, the off-sale dealers are after the on-sale dealers and vice versa. It appears that the on-sale boys, that is those who sell liquor by the drink over a bar, want to take in more territory and dispense booze by the bottle to late and thirsty purchasers who arrive in establishments after the off-sales places are closed.

As the law now stands, off-sale places of business are permitted to sell by the bottle only, and on-sale by the drink only. When the on-sale boys attempted to invade the prerogatives of the off-sale boys, brimstone and potash flew all over the legislature. When Frank Crotty of Duluth, representing the on-sale crowd, said that he had a fund of only \$200 to fight a proposed bill through the legislature, A. J. Longstreet, also of Duluth, but on the other side of the fence, charged Crotty's crowd had a fund of over \$4,000. Well, two years ago, the dries fought the wets and the wets fought the dries, but now we have the wets fighting each other. But such is life.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1935

Venus had the same celestial longitude with Neptune, which indicated a fight. It happened in the legislature.



HE Wheeler-Woolsey Kentucky colonel feud of Minnesota has flared up once again, this time to reach the customary degree of pitch heat, when the two arch enemies in state government—Gov. Floyd B. Olson and Sen. A. J. Rockne, Zumbrota storm cloud, are at it once again. Like the cat and bull dog, it means a fight and a rip snorter every time these gentlemen meet. Diametrically opposed to each other, politically and personally, each a leader in his particular field, Gov. Olson and Mr. Rockne have become as synonymous with give and take as Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. Mr. Rockne just loves to hear the Governor launch a tirade against big business—in fact, he loves it so much, he can't wait for an opportunity to answer him. Every time Rockne speaks in behalf of big business, the Governor points his exceedingly large index finger at Rockne and cries, "Steel trust, and big banks." And every time the Governor shouts about some legislation for relief, Rockne hurls back insinuations of Communism, red scares and what not. When the Republicans want to put the Governor on record on a certain subject, Rockne takes the air and calls the Governor a few names. No time is lost until the Governor appears over the radio with an answer. And so it goes.



The latest blow-up between these two stormy petrels happened today when the Governor charged that Rockne and other Conservative senators were holding up relief legislation in connection with the \$10,000,000 relief bill, which is gathering dust in a pigeon hole of the senate appropriations committee. As Rockne is chairman of that senate committee, the Governor accuses the senator of being responsible for the collection of dust on the bill, which, of course, called for immediate action on the part of the Zumbrota tornado. With his customary bulldog characteristics, Rockne braced his legs, snapped his jaws, and flew at the pants of the Governor, removing a

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portion of the broadloom therefrom, with the verbal assault of telling the Governor to take care of his end of the state government and he would do likewise, adding that he was not in the habit of being sandbagged by propaganda. Round two will be continued tomorrow when the Governor will patch his ripped trousers and sally forth to meet the senator in a new skirmish, which will be forthcoming just as sure as the sun rises in the East.

Well, there are tricks to every trade and Barnum was right; people like to be fooled, even legislators. Some time ago a resolution was introduced into the house calling for a request to address that august body by one Rev. Norman Thomas of New York. In appreciation of the reverend gentleman's offering, that of a public spirited man who is willing to journey all the way from New York to Minnesota just to say a few words to the house members, the resolution was passed unanimously. However, it appears that some of the legislators put over a fast one on their Conservative colleagues; for the gentleman of the pulpit appeared before the house today, and was none other than Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President in the last national campaign. In the early days of Mr. Thomas' career he was a member of the ministry, but the handle has long since been dropped. This little sleight of hand trick on the part of mischievous house members brought quite a little concern to some seasoned old reactionaries, but Mr. Thomas appeared, Mr. Thomas spoke, and the house listened. He said that Minnesota was setting the pace of leadership for the establishment of cures that will abolish the curses of the land and he hoped that the country at large would not be disillusioned by lack of action of the legislature.

The present session, as far as news is concerned, is becoming dried up, like a shriveled-up prune. Looking for accounts of action in either of the marble chambers is about as difficult a task as searching for a ten-round knockout story in a funeral procession. All of the excitable events of other sessions are buried in pigeon holes in some committee, and both houses are marking time.

Minnesota is out to get its share of the \$4,800,000,000 public works program now being pushed through congress. Its a big, juicy plum, and its only fair that our good state receive a nice, lucious portion.

If the plan goes through, Minnesota will have an ambitious \$4,000,000 state building program, 30 per cent of which will be financed from the federal pork barrel. This program contemplates a new \$1,500,000 state hospital for the insane at Morris; \$300,000 worth of repairs at the state fair grounds; \$650,000 for two new structures at the University of Minnesota, and \$1,500,000 for new buildings and permanent improvements under the

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supervision of the state board of control. Thus, Minnesota would construct public improvements worth \$4,000,000 at a cost of only \$2,800,000, thanks to benevolent Uncle Sam.

The building program is being worked out by the house appropriations and the senate finance committees, both controlled by Conservatives who would set up a new building commission to direct construction work. If a new commission is not created, supervision may be delegated to the Republican-controlled executive council. The new \$750,000 state office building recently proposed is not included in this program, so it looks extremely doubtful at this time that there will be a new structure to complete the Capitol mall plan.

Here's good news for the old folks of Minnesota. The old age pension bill, providing for a \$45 monthly income for persons of 65 or over, was introduced in the house with 52 representatives listed as authors of the measure. It takes only 67 votes to pass a bill.

Other old age pension bills of varying degrees have been introduced at the present session. Final action by our legislature, however, will depend in a large measure on what congress does with the host of pension bills now before it for consideration, including the much-debated Townsend plan. In any event, the old folks will probably get a break—a much deserved one.

It's O. K. for the State of Minnesota to insist on Minnesota products first in its purchases and contracts—but to enact such self-preserving principle into law, is another thing that leads to retaliatory measures and black-listing on the part of other states. Minnesota would lose in the long run, with local industry the heavy sufferer.

This is what industrial leaders told members of the house committee on general legislation considering the proposal to give Minnesota products a preference. The argument apparently was a convincing one—for the committee turned thumbs down on the bill. The products of other states, some cheaper, others higher, are free to compete with Minnesota's own.

Gov. Olson today set March 5 as the primary date and March 12 for the general election to elect a successor to the late Sen. George H. Sullivan of Stillwater. Candidates for the vacant post must file at least seven days before the primary, according to a ruling from the attorney general.

The chain store tax must be doubled to save the independent merchant of Minnesota, according to Attorney General Harry H. Peterson, who told 1,000 members of the Minnesota Grocers and Retail Merchants' association "to put the heat" on their representatives in the legislature to vote for the bill. The tax brought in \$400,000 in the last two years, Mr. Peterson said, and drove 100 chains from the state.

The senate met today for the lengthy period of 45 minutes, and passed



Sen. Carley in a passive trance—ala Gandhi

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18 insignificant bills that mean little or nothing to anyone. However, Sen. James A. Carley, chairman of the senate investigating committee, evidently has become charged with courage despite the thorough lashing handed him by the clever L. P. Zimmerman, acting relief administrator. For the past week Mr. Carley has been faltering and hesitating with the investigation procedure, which is to plunge into the affairs of the administration departments.

Mr. Carley hopes to uncover something that will make the public gasp or laugh, either one, as it is generally understood that the probe is designed to dig up campaign material to be used against the present administration when it steps out for re-election. Reports around the Capitol have it that Carley was sold on the idea of leading the investigation by Sen. Rockne, and that Carley was assured by Rockne that plenty of hot stuff would be uncovered which naturally would make a great hero and patriot out of Carley. So Carley launched into the investigation with a vengeance and held a couple of hearings, both of which turned out to be complete flops. Hence, Mr. Carley's ardor for the task became softened and he was ready to quit any time. However, Mr. Rockne cracked the G. O. P. whip once again and the investigation proceeds, to be aided, it has been learned, by a half dozen sleuths engaged by the committee to snoop around and see what they can find.

So tonight the galleries will have another opportunity to observe the battle between the whole committee on one end, and Relief Administrator Zimmerman at the plate. There is hardly any doubt that the committee will be bested by Mr. Zimmerman, if his testimony at the previous hearing is any criterion, but probably more interesting will be the sheikish-looking Clark Gable type who will walk into the senate chamber as Mr. Zimmerman's body-guard. He is none other than Rudy Hoffman, tall and handsome. Zimmerman has proven that he doesn't need any help, as the investigating committee is no match for him, but Hoffman, who will be the cynosure of, at least all feminine eyes, is too loyal to his boss to let him go unguarded into the enemy's territory.

We are pleased to announce that the junket quartet of two senators and two representatives sent down to Washington to bring home the feed for starving cattle arrived safe and sound. The boys wired back that everything is "hunky-dory." We don't know whether they mean they had a successful trip or whether the farmers are going to get feed for the cattle. Well, we will wait and see the results of the efforts of the four Gopher crusaders. Upon their return we shall know whether this trip was just a junket or an errand of mercy.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1935

Solons born under the sign of Capricorn are likely to go nuts on this day.



FOLLOWING current rumors that the legislative investigating committee had blown up on account of lack of developments, Sen. Jim Carley's peepers sidetracked the relief probe long enough last night to add a little spice to the proceedings.

This happened when Donald G. Clark, St. Cloud tombstone and granite fabricator, took the witness stand and testified that Carl R. Erickson, beau brummel state purchasing agent, set the qualifications under which Clark's firm might secure a contract for supplying granite for the state office building, at that time under construction. Clark swore that Erickson informed him in the presence of Walter Magee, holder of the general contract on the building, that in consideration of a \$10,000 contribution to the party, his firm would be given the \$245,000 office building granite order. Clark said that his firm did not get the job, as he was only willing to donate \$7,500 to the cause.

To add further ginger to the already well-spiced hearing, Clark was queried by Thomas Mouer, Minneapolis attorney, regarding certain accessories at a series of social meetings held in the St. Francis hotel, at the time the sub-contracts were being awarded for the state office building. Mouer dragged out of Clark with the greatest of ease, testimony that Erickson apparently was in charge of the social meetings at which great conviviality and jollity prevailed—this, of course, in the language of the street, meant hoisting 'em up promiscuously, frequently, and with great alacrity—not the granite, but the drinks.

Today both Erickson and Magee vehemently denied Clark's accusations, Magee asserting that he dealt with the state office building commission exclusively on the question of state office building sub-contracts and that he had no dealings whatsoever with Mr. Erickson.

Erickson termed Clark's testimony that of an idiot, false, ridiculous, malicious and fantastic. He said that following the charges he checked up on the records of the building commission, which disclosed that Clark had offered to furnish the granite at a saving to the state of \$10,000, but that the contract already had been let to the Cold Springs Granite Company upon specifications of a certain colored stone, so ordered by the building commission. Erickson asked: "Isn't it rather strange that the \$10,000 figure

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was used by Clark as the amount which he says was to go to the party, but before the commission he said that it would be a saving to the state?" inferring, of course, that the investigating committee grasped at a straw in lieu of substantial evidence against the administration. It was further pointed out that the building commission consisted of four members appointed by former Gov. Christianson, and three by the present Governor.

Gossip circulating through official circles at the Capitol point a finger of scorn at United States Sen. Thomas D. Schall, as the prime mover behind the scenes. This is indicated, it was pointed out, by the fact that Thomas Mouer, associate of Tom Davis, has been engaged by the senate investigating committee, on a salary, of course, to be paid out of the \$5,000 appropriated by the senate for the purpose.

Those close to the turn of events say the investigation had about fallen flat, much to the dismay of Inquisitor Carley, who hoped for great things in the way of glory in the public's eye. However, that was not to be for Mr. Schall, himself busy in Washington dictating 1936 campaign material into the Congressional Record, to be franked out free at government expense to the voters of the state. Hence, the entrance into the field of Mr. Mouer, friend of Mr. Tom Davis, and Mr. Davis, friend of Mr. Schall, all three intent upon softening the 1936 senatorial race, at which time Mr. Schall and Gov. Olson will oppose each other. Then, on the other hand, the more facetious persons have it that as the senate appropriated \$5,000, it might as well be used up in attorney's fees, and there is no one more deserving than Thomas Mouer, campaign manager for Tom Davis, both of whom drove the opening wedge into the Farmer-Labor party and, as Republicans hope, started the party down the hill to defeat.

Mr. Mouer, with great alacrity and political acumen, immediately found something that would liven up the investigation. However, he made one mistake, that of bringing out evidence that Carl R. Erickson conducted a series of booze parties where all imbibed freely, for if he had carefully checked into Mr. Erickson's career, he would have found the gentleman to be a rabid dry, one who abhors liquor as did the late Carrie Nation. The Merry-Go-Round can conceive of no more misplaced picture than that of Carl R. Erickson, suave and handsome as he is, standing behind a bar, attired in a white apron and a towel upon his right arm, ministering to the parched throats of the granite fabricators. Pussyfoot Johnson would be about as applicable.

The public shouldn't take these so-called revelations of political patronage too seriously. It is old as the Constitution, and it's nothing new to

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any party, and when one party accuses another party of receiving campaign donations, its like the pot calling the kettle black.

Well, looks like the Merry-Go-Round was right when it predicted that the relief investigation blew up. To make things look good—as though the investigation was continuing—Relief Administrator L. P. Zimmerman again was called to the stand. The hot stuff centered around a furniture bill of \$795 for 2,500 SERA employees, who are directing a business running into millions of dollars. Maybe it is Mr. Carley's thought that the SERA ought not to use typewriters, desks, chairs or spittoons. Handsome Rudy Hoffman, Zimmerman's chief lieutenant, got so disgusted (we observed while watching the testimony), he walked out of the senate chamber.

Two important administration measures were hurled into the legislative hopper today—one to increase the state income tax, sponsored by a Conservative, and the other to establish a state bank of deposit, sponsored by three Liberals.

Sen. Vin Weber of Slayton, nattily attired as usual, stole another one on his political enemies—the Farmer-Laborites—when he introduced a bill increasing the income tax in amounts ranging from one-quarter per cent on \$1,000 to three per cent on incomes over \$10,000. The increase is staggered from one-quarter per cent to three per cent on all incomes up to \$10,000—and three per cent over that figure.

The other measure, creating the State Bank of Minnesota, was introduced by Sens. Victor Lawson of Willmar, Nels Pedersen of Milan, and Fred Foslien of Garfield, Liberals. This is a major administration bill, and its enactment was urged by Gov. Olson in his inaugural message.

The state-owned bank would function somewhat as the federal reserve bank. The state bank would be the only legal depository in Minnesota for state funds and for the funds of any local subdivision of the state. It would act in the same capacity toward the independent banks of Minnesota as the federal reserve bank acts towards its member banks—except no money would be loaned to private enterprise. The state bank would be capitalized at \$3,000,000.

The broad purposes behind this bill are to preserve the integrity of the state banking system, the existence of which is being threatened and encroached upon by the federal government—and to safeguard the independent banks which are rapidly being engulfed by the gigantic chains.

Sens. Fay Cravens of Milaca and T. H. Johnson of Fergus Falls believe in equal rights for women—equal social, legal and political rights. The artificial

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distinctions between the sexes, a survival of age-old superstition and ignorance, should be eliminated in no uncertain terms, they said, in introducing a bill today that would give Minnesota a novel one-house legislature, composed of 60 men and 60 women. It would be the first and only one of its kind in America. The state would be redivided into 60 legislative districts, and a man and woman would be chosen from each district—120 in all—sitting as one body.

Well, this is not a bad idea. Minnesota's novel legislature would probably accomplish more than the present large and unwieldy aggregation—not only on important legislation, but in a social way. Apples, home town newspapers and crossword puzzles would readily give way to afternoon teas and dances, a charming lady companion for every legislator. Such a legislature may sound fantastic now—but it may come to pass some day—just like women on juries became a reality.

If Mrs. Bloomer, the founder of the suffragette movement, and after whom the famous bloomer pants were named, were alive today, we are sure that she would jump with glee, embrace Sen. T. H. and plant a motherly kiss on his rosy, pudgy cheek—each one of them—a fitting token in answer to such a noble gesture for the welfare of womanhood.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1935

The sun rose at 6:48, but not the legislators; they slept late.



HE perennial political question, that of taxes, loomed up again in the legislature today when Gov. Olson presented his plan for lowering taxes on homes and farms. In order that the tax burden of the small home owner and the farmer be lightened, the Governor would increase the levy upon incomes, inheritances, utility gross earnings, iron ore royalties, and so on. He estimated that the shift would bring an increased revenue to the state of over \$20,000,000, to be used, of course, as a replacement against real estate.

It may be assumed, however, that the Governor's suggestion will be dealt with lightly, as the Conservative-controlled legislature has a tax plan of its own, which in all probability will be enacted in part before the session is over. The tax situation is the foremost thing in the minds of every politician. It is the basis of most campaign speeches and is on the lips of every orator running for public office, from a small town alderman to the President of the United States. The cry, "Cut taxes and relieve real estate," has reverberated throughout the land for so many years that public is beginning to demand a reduction in real estate taxes. Propaganda is taking hold, and even the politically-minded Conservatives have swung into line in favor of tax reduction on real estate.

During the last decade, so-called political liberals have been the chief sponsors of real estate tax reduction, based principally upon a system of income tax, often termed, placing the cost of government upon the backs of those able to pay. Income tax laws have been enacted by both the federal government and any number of states, including Minnesota.

However, it is conceded that the present legislature will not entertain higher tax laws on inheritances and incomes, but will substitute a gross earnings tax, more properly called a gross income tax, which will place a levy upon practically everything sold, from a bag of peanuts to an automobile. Several obstacles confront the placing of such a tax system into operation, and the legislature already has taken steps to remove them.

First of all, merchandise sold in interstate commerce, naturally comes under the supervision of the federal government. Consequently, such gross sales would not be available for taxation by the state. This feature alone would bar millions of dollars of business a year, and would open an avenue of bootlegging to evade payment of the tax. The state senate sent a reso-

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lution to Washington asking that congress pass a law to permit states to tax merchandise sold in interstate trade which, of course, is a far-fetched proposition, and it may be assumed that the Minnesota resolution has already found its position of rest in a waste basket. It is generally assumed that the legislature will enact a law this session, asking for a referendum vote from the people on the matter of limiting the amount of real estate taxes, and then follow through at the next session with the passage of the gross sales tax.

A gross sales tax may be properly called a stamp tax, the mere mention of which will recall the Revolutionary war, when the British crown imposed its toll. It would seem to the Merry-Go-Round that a stamp tax enacted at this time would be a dangerous procedure. It appears that the proposed stamp tax is an empty gesture—a sham and a fraud, designed by scheming politicians to beguile an unwitting people.

The sub-building committees of the house and senate, which recently decided to construct a 13-story state office building, are now back to the ground floor again. It is reported that the committees met without a quorum, legally making their actions null and void.

Sen. William Roepke, Faribault thunderbolt (the description applies, of course, when Mr. Roepke is off duty) rallied his bill, Senate File No. 1, upon the floor of the senate today. The senator became highly incensed when a colleague, pompous Sen. Bridgeman of Bemidji, asked the gentleman from Faribault to explain the nature of the bill. Mr. Roepke was under the impression that everyone in the senate knew that Senate File No. 1 was the reduced automobile license fee bill, which was placed on the calendar to be voted upon in due order.

Once again the senate elections committee tossed out a contest against seating Sen. Claude MacKenzie of Gaylord. The contestants claimed that the Gaylord solon violated the corrupt practices act at the last election by spending \$6,000 for beer, sandwiches, and what not. The committee did not pass judgment on the violation of the law, but found a technicality, namely, that the contestants were too late in filing the petition. The decision was reached with due solemnity when Sen. William Richardson of Rochester removed his pince-nez fastened to his left ear with a heavy black band, and asked that the committee cast its vote, all cut and dried long before the lorgnette was removed from the senator's ear.

Having tasted blood for the first time last Monday night, the senate investigating committee is out to make some "kills" next week, having called meetings for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

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The appointment of Thomas Mouer, Minneapolis attorney, and bosom pal of Tom Davis, appears to have given the senate inquisitors a new lease on life. Not only did the committee uncover some sensational revelations following Mr. Mouer's appointment at a fat fee, but they promise more next week.

Carl R. Erickson, state purchasing commissioner, has asked to appear before the committee, and his request will be granted, according to Mr. Mouer, who tried to inject a little humor into the situation by handing a subpoena to Mr. Erickson. Thus it looks as though Mr. Erickson has been asked to appear, whereas it was Mr. Erickson who made the request.

Attorney Mouer said that he also had issued a subpoena for Fred A. Ossanna, Minneapolis attorney for the Minnesota Liquor Dealers association. Mr. Ossanna chuckled heartily when told that the subpoena was given him to forestall a trip to Florida, which Attorney Mouer said was rumored.

Innocent men who serve time in prison would be paid at the rate of \$2.00 a day under the terms of a bill introduced today by Rep. H. L. Wahlstrand of Willmar. The bill is an echo of a measure to have the legislature pay \$25,000 to one Louis Thorvik, who was sentenced to life imprisonment, served several years, and later was found to be innocent. A convicted man, sent to prison and later found to be innocent, has no recourse. The state owes him a big debt, but there's no way of collecting unless the legislature appropriates some money.

All endurance contests, such as walkathons, dance marathons, sit-athons, talk-athons, and others of the same ilk, are not only unhealthy and degrading, but a violation of good taste, according to Sen. George Siegel of St. Paul, who is author of a bill to place a statewide ban on such contests. The bill was approved by the senate committee on general legislation, and its passage is considered certain. Minneapolis has already barred such contests, but under the terms of Sen. Siegel's measure, the ban would extend throughout the state.

The expansive lunch room and cafe in the basement of the state Capitol, with its rathskeller slogans in German, has been turned into a co-operative enterprise. Capitol employees share the profits, if there are any, derive the benefits of cheaper prices for meals, and more employees have been put to work in the cafe. This is all very fine, according to Mrs. Ina Forsman of St. Paul, who asks the legislature to reimburse her to the tune of \$3,000 for food and equipment which she said was taken over by the co-operative enterprise, without paying her. Mrs. Forsman owned the restaurant for several years, and paid no rent. Sen. Milton Lightner, aristocrat of the senate, is sponsor of the measure.

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Rep. S. A. Stockwell, fiery Farmer-Laborite of Minneapolis, failed again today in his perennial fight to have the legislature appropriate the small sum of \$50,000,000 to purchase and develop waterpower sites. The house committee on public domain turned down Rep. Stockwell's proposal, but he brought the bill on the floor of the house, precipitating a fight that lasted most of the afternoon. The bill was finally defeated 88 to 36.

The legislative gentlemen have adjourned for a comfortable week-end holiday—but the social affairs go on just the same. Tomorrow night they will take their ladies fair to the Coliseum ballroom and there trip lightly to sprightly tunes as the guests of the Ramsey County War Veterans.



MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1935

*Saturn was invisible to the naked eye, so were many solons
who were out late the night before.*



FOLLOWING seven weeks of languorous inactivity, the 49th Minnesota legislature embarked upon its eighth week today, indicating no change of pace. The customary accessories of cross-word puzzles and apples, home town newspapers and plugs of chewing tobacco were ushered into the gilded chambers today by 198 ambassadors of the people, refreshed from an extra long holiday week-end spent at home.

So far little has been done; one or two insignificant bills have been enacted into law, while the grave problems of the people remain where they were. In the meantime, Sen. James A. Carley of Plainview, bald-headed chairman of the senate investigating committee, carries on his probe into the affairs of the various state departments. Farmer-Labor members of the legislature refer to Carley as a snooper, meddlesome and prying, who is out to make a name for himself by digging up irregularities in the management of state departments.

According to A. I. Harris, propagandist in the Olson administration, Carley and his cohorts have organized an espionage system by engaging Capitol employes to act as snoopers for a fee. Harris asserts that this system is demoralizing state departments and that employes are looking each other in the face with suspicion and distrust. He said that the fee ranges from \$7 to \$10 a day, regular salaries continuing, and that he knows of at least one person engaged to spy on state and federal officials on a \$10 per diem basis. Harris charges that Carley is guilty of spying on the federal government—which he has neither the power nor the privilege of doing as a Minnesota senator—constituting in times of war, the crime of high treason, punishable before a firing squad. Perhaps Propagandist Harris could go a step further and reveal Pussyfoot Carley as Operator 13 in the employ of Emperor Hirhito, reigning monarch of the Japanese Empire and direct descendant of the sun.

However, as ambitious as Inquisitor Carley may be in the pursuit of glory and fame, he was knocked out of the pitcher's box a half dozen times last week by a home-run hitter—Relief Administrator Zimmerman—who came to bat at the investigation hearings, took healthy swings at Carley's offerings and cracked several balls over the fence into the weeds.

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It appears that this resulted in the benching of Pitcher Carley, with the consequent substitution of one Mr. Thomas B. Mouer, friend of a person in high places in Washington intent on smashing up the Olson administration. Mr. Mouer, properly coached by a coterie of well-seasoned politicians, which include Sen. Thomas D. Schall and Mr. Thomas Davis, Minneapolis attorney and perennial pacemaker in elections, took the box and hurled a few spit balls, striking out an easy batter, a granite manufacturer who made insinuations regarding campaign contributions and the Governor's purchasing agent, Carl R. Erickson.

The members of the ball club were so pleased with Mr. Mouer's form that he was engaged as permanent and exclusive pitcher; Twirler Carley to remain on the sidelines, sign subpoenas and otherwise make himself useful.

It is said that Twirler Carley, immediately after being benched, became so flabbergasted in drafting a subpoena for Mr. Erickson, that he set the date of the purchasing agent's appearance at the end of the session. Erickson accused Carley of avoiding the issue and afraid of calling him to bat, fearful, of course, that Erickson, like Zimmerman, would knock Mouer's pitch over the fence, thereby breaking up the game. However, ex-Pitcher Carley recanted, regained his composure, and called Batter Erickson for tomorrow night's hearing, at which time the suave and handsome commissioner of purchases will step up to the plate with a Louisville slugger, look over Mr. Mouer's curves and slants, and, as he himself puts it, knock out something besides a slow infield grounder.

While the baseball game is in full session and senators and representatives are having the time of their lives making whoopee, farmers in the drouth areas are beginning to wonder where they are coming off at. This was manifested today when Octogenarian Sen. C. I. Oliver of Graceville, whom his constituents know to be too old to play baseball and therefore most likely to be on the job, received a telegram from back home.

"Eighty per cent of the farm horses are not able to start work on account of the feed shortage and cattle are dying of starvation," the telegram read. It wound up by saying that a militant movement was afoot and that if the legislature did not provide feed in a hurry, truckloads of dead cattle and horses would be dumped on the Capitol steps.

The political feud between two Farmer-Labor officials—Attorney General Harry H. Peterson and Knud Wefald, member of the state railroad and warehouse commission, flared up again today.

It appears that after Mr. Peterson asked the legislature for an appropriation of \$67,000 to investigate the telephone situation, Mr. Wefald came

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to life, appeared on the scene and asked for \$40,000—for the same purpose. No, siree, he wouldn't let the general steal any glory from him.

It was merely an after-thought on the part of Mr. Wefald, who evidently hadn't given the matter much attention until the attorney general brought forth the question. Meanwhile, while these two Farmer-Laborites are throwing brickbats at each other, the legislative gentlemen in charge of the people's purse strings are studying both financial requests—with the result that probably neither department will get anything.

Sen. Vin Weber of Slayton, dapper and debonair, will lead a legislative excursion to Washington to discuss state and interstate problems at the annual American Legislators' Assembly to be held in Washington, D. C. He will be accompanied by two members of the house—smiling, bald-headed Johnny Weeks of Minneapolis, and that handsome Englishman from Elbow Lake, Harold Barker, who wanted to be speaker, but couldn't make the grade. There were too many Conservatives. So that other members of the senate would not misunderstand the mission of these gentlemen who are going at the taxpayers' expense, a St. Paul senator, his eyes glued on the gallery, admonished Mr. Weber in loud, unmistakable tones to check up on the federal seed loan situation.

Last week four legislative gentlemen went to Washington to speed up drouth relief. Nothing like a little trip to relieve the boredom that creeps into every legislator's life.

Our genial Governor is losing all patience with the senate investigating committee—which he terms a very impolite bandit, or words to that effect—because the committee is "pulling a gun on Santa Claus." The federal government spent \$32,500,000 for relief purposes in Minnesota last year, and the senate committee finds itself in the paradoxical position of asking Santa Claus when, where, and how he got his gifts and why he passed them out, according to the chief executive.

The investigation is purely political, the Governor says. "Just how the investigation of a federal department can aid a state legislature in drafting legislation is something only the senate's eminent constitutional lawyer (meaning Mr. Rockne) can explain," the Governor declared.

If Sen. Alfred Solstad of Fisher has his way 500,000 Minnesota automobile drivers will pay reduced automobile license fees, but get socked in another fashion by paying one cent more in gasoline tax. The senator today introduced a bill to raise the gas levy from 3 to 4 cents.

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The tempestuous tumult connected with the senate investigation of state departments is believed to be advance rumblings of the 1936 senatorial race, at which time Gov. Floyd B. Olson probably will oppose Sen. Thomas D. Schall. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that the campaign is already under way. Sen. Schall is busy in Washington dictating campaign material against the Governor in the Congressional Record, which his opponents claim will be published and franked at government expense to the voters of Minnesota when the time comes—a customary Schall maneuver.

Farmer-Laborites accuse Schall of being one of the instigators of the senate investigation. This is indicated, they say, by the activities of Tom Davis in Republican campaign circles, both during the last election and in connection with the present legislative session. It is further emphasized, it has been pointed out, by the appointment of Attorney Mouer, friend of both Davis and Schall, as chief cross-examiner of the investigating committee.

Last spring, shortly before Tom Davis filed as a candidate for the U. S. senate on the Republican ticket, it was common gossip that a wide breach had been developed between Davis and Schall over Davis' split in a court case in which Schall's son recovered several thousand dollars for personal injury. Davis handled the case. The word now is that the breach never existed, or if it did, at least it has been healed.

Strange bed-fellows, these politicians.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1935

*Last quarter of the moon. For insect bites apply
spirits of ammonia liberally.*



ALTHOUGH there is great abstract excitement in the legislature regarding the reduction of taxes, there is at least one concrete manifestation of tax-reduction—the first substantial one in the state's history, circulating into the homes of the people today. Thousands of farmers and home owners are now receiving their tax statements, 20 to 25 per cent less than the amount paid last year. Usually it is the custom of political officeholders and those running for office to shout from the roof tops and to the four winds: "Down with taxes." But that is usually the end of it—a mere shout, an open gesture, to flutter away into thin air.

No matter what people may say about the present Governor of Minnesota, no matter how much they may dislike or disagree with him politically, socially or otherwise, he is the one man responsible for this huge saving to the home owners and the farmers of the state, and it might be added that he's the only chief executive in the history of the state to bring about a reduction of taxes on small farms and homes. These reduced tax statements which are being mailed to homes at the present time are the result of the Homestead tax law, passed by the last special session of the legislature. At that time Conservatives in both houses vigorously opposed this measure, aided, of course, and spurred on by corporate interests. It is estimated that the law effected savings of approximately \$15,000,000 to home owners and taxpayers, the average reduction ranging from \$25 to \$40 per home.

Well, it looks like Sen. J. A. Carley's investigating committee will avoid questioning Carl R. Erickson, state purchasing commissioner. Erickson has been subpoenaed for this evening's meeting, but reports from the Capitol say that he will not be called to the stand. These hearings, which by the way, seem to constitute the only activity on the part of the legislature, have reached a degree of white heat, the thermometer rising from a cool below-normal driving speed to the boiling point. This is especially true since Inquisitor Carley was replaced as chief questioner by Thomas B. Mouer, former campaign manager for Tom Davis, who is always attired in a frocked coat and a waving mane. If Mr. Davis had his way, the barbers might as well close up shop.

But getting back to the hearing; last night A. L. Sanford of Minneapolis, statistical engineer for the SERA, testified that the transient relief camps constructed out of federal funds in the Minnesota river valley were sort of

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de luxe. Mr. Sanford objected, it seems, to the elaborate plumbing, insulation material, logs and what not, that were used in construction of the camp. All of which, of course, pleased Mr. Carley and his cohorts immensely.

The Minnesota river relief project has been a political hotbed for some time. Originally designed by the Governor as a place where transients may find an abode, its ultimate utility is to be that of a rest camp for underprivileged mothers and children, something that the state sadly lacks at the present time. While the Merry-Go-Round does not wish to take issue with Mr. Sanford's testimony, it would seem to us that plumbing is considered an integral and important part of every building, certainly a feature unworthy of the distinction de luxe.

On completion of the relief questioning, Roy A. MacDonald, attorney for Carl R. Erickson, demanded that the committee call a number of witnesses relative to the charges made by Granite Manufacturer Clark last week. MacDonald demanded that he be given the right to cross examine Clark, and that the minute books of the state office building be presented as evidence. In addition he asked that a complete airing of the charges against Erickson be made for once and all.

At that point fiery-tempered Carley flew into a rage, his bald head reddened, and he promptly denied MacDonald's request. However, shrewd and diplomatic Sen. A. J. Rockne stepped into the breach to pour oil on the troubled waters and restore once more the tranquility of the scene. The old wheel horse of the senate, astute as he is, assured Mr. MacDonald that his client would receive proper consideration at the proper time. It developed today that the committee will refuse to call witnesses desired by Erickson's counsel, which leads observers to believe that the Clark-Erickson incident is a mere soap bubble, unfounded, unsubstantial, and meaningless—a cock and bull story designed to heap public condemnation on an honest state official.

Legislators from the rural districts have expressed fear that the Minnesota State Fair has developed into a big circus, with the trumpets and fanfare of the sidestreet carnival, instead of enhancing its prestige as a true agricultural exposition—with consequent loss to the farmer.

These legislators are fighting attempts to cut legislative appropriations for county fairs to \$1,000 for the next two years. The annual allowance to the county was as high as \$1,700 at one time, but this was slashed two years ago to \$1,260. Now the legislature again wants to trim the allowance for county fairs, while keeping up the appropriation for the state fair.

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This money is in turn paid out by the counties to the farmers in the way of premiums. The county premiums get right home to the farmers, the legislators argue, but the state fair benefits only the large producers and breeders, who can easily afford the expense of bringing their produce and livestock to St. Paul for exhibition purposes. If the legislature is really sincere about protecting home industry, it can start right here by increasing the allowances for the county fairs—instead of cutting them.

Well, well, it appears that the threat of farmers from the drouth area in Minnesota to dump dead and dying cattle on the steps of the state Capitol, is more than an idle threat. The farmers are not joking, it seems, according to C. J. Benson, county attorney of Big Stone county, who said a truckload of carcasses will be brought to St. Paul Wednesday morning and deposited at the heels of the golden horses that adorn the front steps.

St. Paul police officials will probably be on hand to guard against any possibility of violence and to enforce public health laws—after our legislators absorb the psychological benefits of the display.

Gov. Olson today swung his big stick and condemned the tax limitation and gross income tax plans, fostered by Conservative groups, in no uncertain terms. He called these plans a contemplated tax on poverty, while wealth, as usual, would escape.

"A constitutional provision for a fixed tax limitation would mean the future cutting of wages of firemen, policemen, teachers and other public servants," the chief executive declared. "It would probably mean the break-up of the educational system we have labored so long to bring to its present high standard."

Assailing the so-called gross income levy, the Governor declared:

"The best way to effect the capitalists' purpose is by the passage of a sales tax. This sales tax may be disguised under such names as gross income tax or dollar turnover tax; but notwithstanding any name, it may properly be called a tax on poverty."

Believe it or not, the legislative gentlemen today made a gesture to cut out a few of their jobs, and reduce the expense of taxpayers. The senate reapportionment committee recommended for passage a bill sponsored by Sen. Val Imm of Mankato, Conservative, reducing the size of the senate from 67 to 44, and the size of the house from 131 to 88. This is a step in the right direction, but when the bill hits the floor, the tune will be different.

Sen. George L. Siegel of St. Paul, Liberal leader, would establish a state NRA code to complement the federal code, and make Gov. Olson the chief

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enforcement officer. Sen. Siegel introduced a bill to this effect today, designed to eliminate unfair industrial practices, and to promote the right of collective bargaining among employees.

Speculation is rife and political tongues are wagging loosely over the senate's surprise action today when it confirmed 18 appointments sent up by Gov. Olson and refused to act on four others. The senate turned back to respective committees the appointments of Melvin Passolt, head of the state bureau of criminal apprehension; Frank Yetka, Carleton, as commissioner of insurance; A. H. Kleffman, unsuccessful Farmer-Labor candidate for state treasurer, as actuary in the insurance department, and R. B. Manuel, as a member of the state osteopathic board. The senate gave no reason for its action but the four are expected to be confirmed before the session is over.

At last, the national administration is showing signs of recognizing Democrats in Minnesota. The United States senate today confirmed the appointment of John J. Farrell as United States marshal. Mr. Farrell waited three years for a job, while Republican Walter Newton of Minneapolis, Hoover's former secretary, quickly waltzed right into a fat position. Well, 1936 is another presidential election.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1935

The moon slipped into perihelion at 8:56; while many legislators slipped into the bar.



SOLEMN warning to the legislature that it quit dilly-dallying and get down to the real purposes for which it is called, was manifested today when drouth-stricken farmers sent a practical demonstration of the dire needs of agriculture to the state Capitol. Corralled in a picket fence on the spacious Capitol grounds, are the victims of hot, drying winds and a blazing sun—victims of a drouth unprecedented in Northwest history—one boney, half-starved nag, his ribs sticking out like a washboard; one boney long-horned cow, whose hips elongate to both the larboard and the starboard in exact proportions to the length of the horns; and one shrivelled up little pig with meat enough on its gawky frame to manufacture a half dozen little sausages of the kind served with flapjacks at the morning meal.

Irate farmers from the western part of the state, where feed is as scarce as a hen's tooth, are responsible for the delivery of the pictorial message, aimed and directed at apathetic legislators who are charged with holding up passage of the drouth and seed relief measures now pending. Hoary old sons of the soil, half-crazed with mental agony over their plight, assert that Sen. Rockne, financial wheel horse of the legislature and generally acknowledged boss of the situation, is playing politics at the expense of their misery. They charge the Zumbrota solon with trying to pass the feed relief obligation to the federal government, and that in doing so, so much delay is being encountered that work horses will be unable to stand the strain of spring plowing, and that milk cows have not only ceased to give milk in many instances but are caving in for lack of feed.

Seven weeks is time enough for deliberation upon this serious problem, farmers charge, and promise that more action will follow should the first token fail to impress the legislature. It is said that another load of livestock is scheduled to arrive at the Capitol tomorrow. This shipment, it is reported, is in such terrible shape, that splints had to be applied to the legs of the animals before they could be placed in trucks. Should this also fail, dead ones will be dragged in and laid to rest on the front steps. This shocking demonstration apparently shocked the legislature into action. With a display of speed that surprised everybody, including the visiting farmers, the senate rushed through a temporary \$500,000 feed relief fund by a vote of 60 to 0, and a few hours later the house passed the same bill by a score of 120 to 0.

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The measure will go to the Governor, who will sign it immediately. This is only a drop in the bucket, however.

Very few parts of the state escaped last year's drouth, which raised havoc with agriculture. By virtue of this arid atmosphere the state has suffered a loss of over 500,000 head of cattle and over 1,000,000 hogs. Butter fat has decreased to the extent of 26,000,000 pounds and, according to R. A. Trovatten, genial and well informed Minnesota commissioner of agriculture, the standing of Minnesota's herds is in great jeopardy. Commissioner Trovatten points out that Minnesota tops the list of all states in the Union in the production of butter fat. He attributes this position to the quality of the cattle herds built up over a period of time, and warns that should relief not be forthcoming for starving livestock, the state's herds will be so substantially reduced that it will take several years to rebuild them to the blue ribbon standard. It is estimated that the existence of over 200,000 animals depends upon the passage of feed relief legislation. The \$500,000 emergency relief fund approved by both houses today is said to be insufficient to provide for the 20,000 farm families now demanding livestock feed relief.

Gov. Floyd B. Olson has been launched for the high office of President of the United States twice within the last month—by Dr. G. O. Orr, St. Paul Republican, an enthusiastic admirer of the chief executive.

Dr. Orr in introducing the Governor as guest speaker before 300 members of the Men's Club of St. James Lutheran church, asserted that Olson was presidential timber, a man tailor-made for the problems of the day, a second Washington, and a second Lincoln, destined to rise to the highest position of trust and honor which this nation can confer—that of President of the United States. In a melodramatic voice, full of pathos and fervor, the good-natured doctor traced the Governor's life back to his boyhood days, back to poverty and a self-acquired education. He scorned the Governor's enemies as blasphemers. He poo-pooed the cries of Communism, and red scares frequently hurled at the Governor, asserting that Olson, because of his fine record as Governor, is front page news from coast to coast and already an outstanding national figure.

Well, it appears as if the senate investigating committee has become involved in another entanglement, following a meeting last night. With noses on the scent for administration irregularities in management, Sen. Carley's bloodhounds traced a number of disgruntled or fired SERA employees, delving into the routine of making purchases for relief purposes.

According to one Verne W. Martin, employed for ten weeks in the



Dapper Maxie Sloan gets senate "Cold Shoulder"

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SERA's purchasing division, the Sloan-Pettibone Co. of St. Paul, walked off with a sweet order for 500 raincoats at a fat price, over Martin's protest, who charged that better coats could have been purchased elsewhere. Martin, self-styled merchandise expert in textiles, swore that the Sloan-Pettibone raincoats had only one back, and were old stock, salvaged from some antiquated factory, long since closed. However, it appears that parrot-nosed Carley has got himself once again into something that he can't finish. For Max Sloan, diminutive and excitable president of the Sloan-Pettibone Co., is hot on the trail of both Carley and Martin. Sloan was seen today wandering around the Capitol, a sample raincoat in his hand, uttering unpleasant sayings about the two gentlemen. Sloan says that he never received an order for 500 raincoats as charged by Martin, but that he did sell the SERA two raincoats for which he was paid the total sum of \$4.65, and that he was given the order only because it was raining that day and the two coats could not be secured anywhere else. He says that he is going to walk in on the senate investigation hearing tonight, raincoat in hand, and wave it so all can see, at the same time shouting, "Boys, I only received an order for two of these, what do you think of that?"

It would seem to the Merry-Go-Round that Carley's search so far is built upon pretty flimsy and contradictory evidence—evidence that won't hold water or bear the light of day. It appears that the procedure as outlined by Carley is that of a Kangaroo court, recording damaging statements, unsound and unwarranted, and then ducking the issue by switching to something else. If Carley can't find witnesses who know what they are talking about, why put them on the stand. The leaks in the entire inquiry have been bared twice, once when a wild and loose charge against Carl R. Erickson was made before the committee by Granite Manufacturer Clark, and the one last night by Martin. The fact that Carley fears the falsity of Clark's statement is evidenced by the fact that he refused to put Erickson on the stand or hear from other witnesses upon the subject.

In contrast to its lax attitude on general relief, the senate today passed a bill appropriating \$200,000 for soldiers' relief in Minnesota. The measure has already been approved by the house, and will be sent to the Governor for his signature.

A dark-horse candidate—Sen. Frederick J. Miller of Little Falls, a first term, was elected chairman of the important senate tax committee late today, to fill the place left vacant by the death of Sen. George Sullivan of Stillwater. Sens. Claude McKenzie and Charles Orr, veterans, were candidates for the post, and were believed to have the inside track on the job—so the election of Sen. Miller came as a surprise.

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The senate today delayed action until tomorrow on the mortgage moratorium bill, which provides an extension of the act for two more years. There has been considerable unrest among farmers because of the legislature's delay on this measure—so action is being speeded to relieve the uncertainty surrounding the situation.

The house motor vehicles committee today recommended for passage an automobile license bill which provides for the maintenance of the minimum \$5 and \$7.50 fees, but increases the basic rate back to 2.4 per cent. This, it is estimated, will give the highway department \$1,300,000 more revenue—not enough, however, to match federal aid.

Owners of 37 on-sale liquor establishments in Minneapolis, situated beyond the old patrol limits, are in a desperate plight. They have been advised by Mayor Bainbridge that sale of liquor after March 1 will mean arrest and prosecution unless the legislature acts, permitting the city council to issue licenses beyond the patrol limits. Unless the legislature does act, these business men will not only lose thousands of dollars in trade and depreciation of equipment, but hundreds of men and women will be thrown out of work.

Maybe it was the sight of the starving animals outside, or public pressure, or whatever it was, the legislature was in a progressive, charitable mood today. In addition to the soldiers' relief and drouth aid, the senate public welfare committee approved the old age pension bill, providing \$45.00 a month, one-third to be paid by the county, one third by the state and one-third by the federal government.

Well, perhaps the legislative gentlemen will forget politics long enough now to give the people a break; it's about time.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1935

The depressing weather is beginning to tell on many of the solons born under the zodiac of Cancer; they are liable to blow up any day now.



ESPITE the fact that federal relief appropriations may be cut off at midnight for lack of action on the part of the Minnesota senate in providing the state's share of relief, the investigation of state departments still goes on.

Headed by Sen. Jim Carley, the investigation is fast developing into a three-ring circus, with the committee members, including Mr. Carley, appearing in the roles of various laugh makers found only in a good big top performance.

Last evening's entertainment was a dazzling, brilliant affair, perfectly staged and timed, much to the amusement of a packed house, which came early and stayed late, and many of whom brought their knitting, in anticipation, perhaps, of dry, dull proceedings. The audience cheered lustily and often, as the bars have been dropped on usual courtroom dignity. In fact, cheers and applause are welcomed, and with considerable graciousness Ringmaster Carley and Band Leader Mouer rise to take a bow to the lusty roar that comes from the gallery following some sharp execution of repartee—in either Mouer or Carley's favor—of course. While, on the other hand, as both sides have fans at the circus, the ringmaster and band leader frown with the scorn of contempt when a bum note is blown on the cornet or the jackass fails to respond to the crack of Carley's whip. This was evidenced last night when Band Leader Mouer raised his baton to swing into a stirring victory march, only to have Musician Zimmerman blast out a lot of blue notes on the trombone, throwing the whole scene into one of discord. The discord was such a howling success and received such an ovation from the fans, that Mr. Mouer attempted to prove that Zimmerman had stacked the house.

Knitting was set aside with dispatch, for no sooner had the crowd been seated and the committee of clowns taken their respective positions, than Tiny Max Sloan, president of the Sloane-Pettibone Co., who was used by the circus as a midget the evening before without his consent, rushed in to disrupt the whole scene. Dapper Sloan, his poke-ee-dot tie bristling in the breeze, dashed into the senate chamber, a raincoat dangling from his arm,



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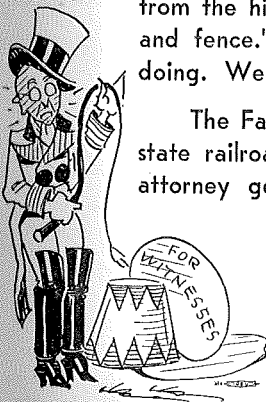
and with a threatening fist aimed at Chairman Carley, demanded that he be called to the witness stand to clear up what he termed false charges made against his company the night before.

At that time Sloan's firm was charged by Verne Martin, a disgruntled SERA employe, with having an inside track on purchases from the relief department and of selling antiquated raincoats at high prices. Last evening Martin again took the stand and levied more accusations against Sloan, which brought Sloan to his feet on numerous occasions, only to be ordered down by Carley, who threatened to have him ejected from the chamber. Today it was learned that Sloan is threatening to sue everybody and anybody in connection with the investigation, on grounds, he says, of maligning his name and business.

As long as the investigation has reached the stage of a circus performance, it has been suggested that a concessionaire be installed in the chamber. At this concession, cigars, balloons, pink lemonade, pop corn, peanuts and cracker jack, as well as an assortment of pop should be on hand for the spectators. The Merry-Go-Round reporter was particularly impressed with this idea last night, while seated on the cold stone steps of the rostrum, directly below Propagandist Hitchcock, whose long and lanky frame lay slouched in the President's chair, perched high at a very advantageous point. It was with much restraint that we witnessed senators light up fat 25-cent perfectos and nonchalantly puff blue smoke rings into the chamber air, while we had not the access to a 5-cent stogie.

The investigation has taken on so much theatrical glamour that most everyone wants to be called to the witness stand. State officials are frothing at the bit, for to be called to the glittering chamber is a start on the road to fame, a place of prominence in the public eye. A. I. Harris, administration propagandist, has removed his bathrobe, dipped his toes in the resin, and says "Let me at 'em." Carl Erickson, seconds standing ready, does likewise, but the committee apparently says "No." Even the Governor, sword drawn from the hilt, feet braced at the proper stance, shouts, "Come on and fence." But again the committee apparently says, "Nothing doing. We're running the show."

The Farmer-Labor feud between Knud Wefald, member of the state railroad and warehouse commission, and Harry H. Peterson, attorney general, has reached such bitter proportions that Mr.



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Wefald has been accused of engineering a move to eliminate the attorney general's legal services from the commission by cutting one man from his staff.

Rep. Leonard Eriksson of Fergus Falls, a Liberal, has introduced a bill giving the commission power to appoint its own attorney, thereby dispensing with an assistant attorney general regularly assigned to the commission.

It was charged today that Mr. Wefald is behind the move to eliminate one of Peterson's aides and it is believed that it cannot be done, inasmuch as the attorney general is the constitutional legal advisor for all state departments. "Just another example of cheap politics," Mr. Peterson commented.

Here's good news for thousands of stores throughout the state which sell cigarettes. Both the house and the senate have passed a bill, introduced by Sen. B. G. Novak, militant Farmer-Laborite of St. Paul, extending the penalty date on the payment of the annual \$12 license fee from Feb. 1 to April 1. The penalty is 50 per cent of the fee, so thousands of merchants will save \$6 as a result of this measure, which gives them another month in which to pay.

Five candidates have tossed their hats into the Washington county political ring, seeking the state senate seat left vacant by the death of Sen. George Sullivan of Stillwater. They are H. O. Peterson, newspaper publisher, Farmer-Laborite; Carl Neumeier, Reuben Thoreen, J. P. Pfeffer, and Chester Wilson, former assistant attorney general, and Republican. The primary will be held March 6 and the finals on March 13.

Apparently alarmed at the prospect of 30,000 farmers invading the Capitol, the senate put full steam ahead today and passed the mortgage moratorium bill, which had been previously approved by the house. The vote was unanimous and extends the moratorium until March 1, 1937. The bill now goes to Gov. Olson for his signature. If the senate can do as well now on the \$10,000,000 relief bill, which has been kicked around the gilded chambers—much as a political football—it will prove to the people that the legislators really mean business, and have only been foolin' for the past seven weeks.

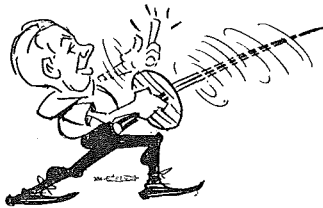
Two major administration measures, sponsored by Gov. Olson were hurled into the senate hopper today. One raises the gross earnings tax on telephone companies from 4 to 8 per cent; and the other bill boosts the gross earnings rate on railroads from 5 to 7 per cent. There has been considerable falling off of revenue from these tax sources lately, and the plan is to bring it back to normal.

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A reprisal bill, hitting back at drug stores, was introduced today by Sen. (Charlie Chaplin) Galvin of Winona, prohibiting all drug stores from selling food and light lunches. Sen. Galvin said his measure is in retaliation to the bill sponsored by the druggists' association, seeking to bar sale of drugs by country stores. Sen. Galvin said four large patent medicine companies in his town would go out of business if the druggists' bill became law.

A public hearing will be held at 3 p. m. Monday by the senate liquor control committee to consider the qualifications of Dave Arundel, state liquor control commissioner, whose appointment is up for senate confirmation. Mr. Arundel has established an outstanding reputation as an administrator and was recently honored by being named vice president of the National Association of State Liquor Control Commissioners—but apparently the senate does not want to know about it.

It looks as if the legislature will save the situation for on-sale liquor dealers beyond the patrol limits in Minneapolis. Just as Mayor Bainbridge threatened to arrest every dealer tomorrow, March 1—the senate committee approved a measure temporarily extending the present law permitting liquor sales beyond the patrol limits until Feb. 1, 1936. Efforts will be made to push the bill through tomorrow under suspension of rules to save hundreds of people from being thrown out of work, and costly establishments from shutting down their doors.



FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1935

The moon is in perigee. You may expect rain when a cat sneezes or wipes himself behind the ears.



IN THE heels of the issuance of rain checks on the senate investigation of the department of relief, and the sight of little Max Sloan, St. Paul raincoat specialist, running wild with threats of bringing suits against everybody and everyone connected with the committee on the grounds of slandering his business, the state legislature resumed its customary state of apathetic languor today and accomplished practically nothing.

However Chief Inquisitor Carley, domineering lord of the inquiry, touched off a few Roman candles today, aimed and directed at the Governor's office when he soft-soaped a demand on the part of the Governor that his excellency be called as a witness before the committee. Inquisitor Carley informed the Governor, in language befitting correspondence between two duelists on the eve of a battle, that the demand will be fulfilled when the committee so concludes. Which, of course, may never come about.

The Farmer-Laborites charge that the only witnesses to be summoned to testify in public are those who have so testified in private, and rehearsed such testimony a dozen times before in order that no mistakes may be made. It is a shame, however, that innocent and struggling clerks, fathers of families, should be dragged before the committee as witnesses to become political footballs to be kicked around for the benefit of a few glory-seeking politicians, in the end to wind up with nothing but a blackened character, which is bound to be a hindrance to them in whatever gainful occupation they might seek. Nobody likes a stool pigeon or a distrusted employe, and once that reputation is attained, it takes a long time to live it down.

In the meantime, while the legislature is pussy-footing around, Washington has informed Minnesota that further federal relief aid will not be forthcoming unless the solons get busy and pass a relief appropriation measure. This does not seem to worry Sen. A. J. Rockne, Zumbrota storm cloud, whose greatest ambition is to start a verbal war with Gov. Olson, and who usually succeeds as the Governor needs little provoking before he sallies forth to meet the senator in the center of the ring, catch as catch can method, with all rules barred.

Mr. Rockne, often termed the watchdog of the state treasury, as head of the senate finance committee, is bearing the brunt of the heat for the

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delay in acting upon the relief measure. He says that the appropriation can just as well be cut down in view of his prognostication that a good crop might fall upon the land this year and the corner, in which prosperity is supposed to be creeping around might be located and plotted upon the map. However, the senator says, should the prosperity corner not be located, he is sure that the legislature will be willing to convene next winter without pay, and at that time appropriate further funds for relief.

At the same time further delay was encountered today in connection with a proposed bill which would extend a temporary measure passed at the last special session, granting an extension of the patrol limits in the City of Minneapolis. It seems that the old be-whiskered Minneapolis city fathers of a half century ago decided that all the whoopee to be made in that bustling young city was to take place in a certain restricted district, bounded by Sixth street and the river. The selling of liquor out of bounds was taboo, and such a law was recorded upon the statute books of the state.

With the repeal of prohibition, it was necessary to amend the law, which was done in a temporary manner, such amendment expiring at midnight tonight. As a result, 37 Minneapolis liquor dealers will have to close up shop or be subjected to arrest, according to Mayor Buzz Bainbridge, former Minneapolis theatrical man, who never lost sight of his vocation even while seated in the mayor's chair. A bill was rushed into the Senate today to take care of the emergency, but the senate with its customary stubbornness, kicked over the traces and refused to pass the bill on a suspension of the rules. It would seem to the Merry-Go-Round that such delay is silly and idiotic. Thousands of dollars have been invested in equipment by these liquor dealers. They are business institutions, doing business in a reputable manner, entirely within keeping of the law. Why should some cob-webbed statute, dust-covered and moth eaten, designed solely for the horse and buggy days, be permitted to raise such a fuss and a rumpus, when a little activity on the part of the legislature could correct the situation, business-like and in keeping with common sense. The Merry-Go-Round reporter certainly would hate to be floundering in an open sea, waiting for a life line to be tossed by the Minnesota legislature. We are fearful that sea water would long before saturate our entrails, and sharks nibble at our feet, while the legislature would still be considering the kind of a line to throw overboard, or whether to throw one at all.

Following an appearance of a scrawny cow, a spare-ribbed horse, and a shriveled up pig on the Capitol lawn, the legislature rushed drouth relief action and passed a \$500,000 feed bill, following up today with favorable action by the house on a \$2,000,000 seed relief act.

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The last of Gov. Olson's tax bills, designed to raise \$19,000,000 additional revenue through indirect taxation, and thereby relieve the growing pressure on real estate, was introduced in the senate today by Sen. A. S. Mellon of Waverly. The bill contemplates an increase in the monies and credits tax from 3 to 5 mills.

The Governor's tax program is diametrically opposed to the plans sponsored by the Conservative groups. They favor a gross income or sales tax, with the burden falling on the poor consumer, while the Governor is aiming at the mining companies, public utilities and chain stores. The chief executive has proposed measures to raise the income, inheritance, and chain store tax; the gross earnings tax, ore royalties, occupational and corporate excess levies.

The fight on these respective tax programs, sponsored by two different schools of political thought, promises to be one of the most vicious and interesting of the entire session, once the legislative gentlemen tackle the problem with a view towards final action.

Two important units of the state government may be eliminated if not permanently crippled, unless the legislature snaps out of it and comes to the rescue with legislation necessary to permit these bureaus to carry on their normal functions. They are the income tax and the drivers' license departments.

The income tax division is practically at a standstill because it has no money for expenses. It can't even buy a postage stamp, according to George E. Wallace, chairman of the state tax commission, who announced that time for payment of the income tax—due March 15—has been extended indefinitely.

The reason is that the last legislature, which established the bureau, provided that all expenses be taken out of taxes collected until Feb. 15, 1935—which date is now passed. So the legislature must pass an emergency measure, providing funds, or empowering the income tax department to take their expense money out of revenue collected. In the meantime, the whole machinery is out of gear, thanks to a dawdling legislature.

The same situation virtually exists in the drivers' license bureau, which has no more money to go on. The 1933 law left out the word "annual," so the drivers' licenses issued to date are good forever, unless the legislature acts to place a yearly limitation on the licenses at the same fee of 25 cents or higher. The bureau needs an immediate appropriation of \$155,000 to be taken out of license revenue, once the law is amended, or it must fold up on May 1, according to Commissioner Gil Carmichael.

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Death claimed another member of the legislature today. Albert J. Samec, 51 years old, a state representative from the 39th district, St. Paul, since 1921, died suddenly early today. Rep. Samec was a Liberal and a champion of labor, and was the second oldest member in the house in point of service. Suffering from a decided physical handicap from early youth, Rep. Samec had a brilliant mind and devoted his life to the interests of labor.

The special election to determine a successor to the late Sen. George Sullivan of Stillwater will be held Tuesday with five candidates in the field. H. O. Peterson, well known newspaper publisher, has Farmer-Labor and Democratic support, and is considered certain to be nominated. Chester Wilson has strong Republican support.

If Sen. Harry Wing of Carleton had his way, the sale of 3.2 beer would be barred in the state. Sen. Wing today introduced a measure asking the legislature to redefine intoxicating liquor to mean all liquor containing over one and one-half per cent alcohol. This is designed, the good senator explained, to protect dry counties, which sell 3.2 beer but no hard booze. Sen. Wing also has proposed to cancel all the licenses of 3.2 dealers found guilty of selling the hard stuff.

Here's a dry bill that really gives the hard liquor dealers a break, believe it or not. Maybe without 3.2 beer, more whiskey would be consumed.

MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1935

*You may expect rain when chickens huddle together outside
the coop; for worms use Parson's Bitters.*



MINNESOTA'S official three-ring circus, the 1935 legislative session, began its ninth week today, at the expense, of course, of the taxpayers of the state. This galloping menagerie of experts on the flying trapeze, attended and assisted by 227 circus hands—stenographers, clerks, page boys and so on, is costing Minnesota citizens a pretty penny—nothing less than a half million dollars, that is, judging from the pace of financial extravagance, which jumped from a walk to a trot in the early part of the session, and which has now reached a dead gallop—approximately \$41,000 a week, \$7,000 a day or \$2,333.33 every time the hand of the clock reaches the hour mark, while both houses are in active session.

In the meantime, while little headway is being made with laws of general public interest, propaganda specialists of both parties are at it hammer and tongs. Herr Glessner Creel, editor of the Minnesota Leader, Farmer-Labor organ, and Rufus W. Hitchcock, former house leader and Republican information expert, have embarked on a radio debate over their respective political interpretations of the activities of the legislature.

Hitchcock, long and rangy, distinguished by his marked resemblance, physical and otherwise, to Ichabod Crane, with the punctilio of an old Yankee schoolmaster, which, incidentally, he used to be, drops his willow stick on the seat of Herr Glessner's pants, while at the same time, Mr. Creel, pedagogic and stern, at the first sign of a spitball coming from Rufus' way, removes the ruler from the drawer, to spank the Republican propagandist squarely and firmly across the knuckles. Hitchcock says the present session of the legislature is a great one—God-fearing, patriotic citizens giving up home and business, to come to the state Capitol and attend to the needs of the people. Creel says they're a lot of bums, doing nothing but holding investigations and jumping at the crack of the whip of the chain banks, the steel trust, and big business.

In answer to delay in passing relief legislation, H. L. Hopkins, FERA chief administrator, today notified the senate finance committee that the federal government expected the state to supply \$10,000,000 a year for the next two years, the balance of the needs coming from Washington.

This apparently awakened the senate finance committee, particularly

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its head, A. J. Rockne, Zumbrota thunderbolt and often referred to as "the watch dog of the treasury." For immediate action was forthcoming today when Sen. Rockne set about to redraft certain phases of the bill. With his customary astuteness and dexterity, the senator wished to remove that phase of the bill which would give the state board of control jurisdiction over relief funds, and add a specific mandate that the monies be turned over to the Republican-controlled executive council, and then be diverted to the SERA.

After wrangling all day, Rockne's committee late this afternoon voted out the bill favorably, with a count of 10 to 7. It is expected that the bill will be brought on the floor of the senate early tomorrow, to be passed under a suspension of the rules. The house previously passed the bill, which calls for an appropriation of \$5,000,000 in 1935, and \$5,000,000 in 1936. The balance of the \$10,000,000 a year demanded by the federal government will be met with local funds.

Once again tonight, at the beckoning of blaring trumpets, barking hounds, and neighing steeds, Sen. Carley and his red-jacketed fox hunt troupe of a dozen burly senators will ride over hill and dale in search of the pesky but elusive fox—some purported irregularity in the operation of state departments. No less than a half dozen times, Trouper Carley, reins in hands, and with horses' hoofs pawing impatiently, has given the signal to dash madly in the direction of the pointing hounds, only to wind up with a cornered squirrel and an announcement that the fox, once again, had broken through the lines and escaped. In tonight's hunt, it is understood the fox of the evening is destined to be Oscar Behrens, former secretary to ex-Mayor Anderson of Minneapolis, now head of the transient division SERA. In addition, Maxie Sloan, raincoat, mitten, and woolen sock jobber, will be on hand to offer his services as the fox. But he probably will be turned down as usual.

With 30,000 Minnesota farmers scheduled to march on the Capitol Wednesday, the good old common people, whom the legislative gentlemen are supposed to represent, will have their say at the legislature this week. The senate public welfare committee has set a public hearing for 3 p. m. Friday, on a legislative resolution memorializing congress to pass the much-debated Townsend plan. Several hundred people are expected to attend this hearing, which promises to be replete with fireworks, and which will be held in the senate chamber, to make room for the crowd.

Here's good news for hunters. The senate game and fish committee today recommended for passage a bill providing an annual deer season

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for the next two years. The measure provides six days of buck hunting this fall, and five days of buck and doe hunting in 1936. Heretofore, deer hunting has been confined to a 11-day period once every two years. To give the working man a break, the bill specifies that the hunting season open on the third Saturday in November, so he can shoot over the week-end—and not risk loss of his job.

The senate liquor control committee, much impressed by his demeanor on the stand, today voted to confirm the appointment of David Arundel as state liquor control commissioner. Mr. Arundel has been on the job for the past two years, during which time he has established a fine record as an efficient executive. The committee asked Mr. Arundel many questions—some important, others silly and meaningless—and the commissioner acquitted himself well. One senator questioned Mr. Arundel's citizenship—but it developed that the commissioner had gone to Canada during the World war, joined the Canadian forces before America's entry, and came through with a creditable service record.

The much-disputed bill on automobile license fees reached the floor of the house today after considerable wrangling and delay in the committee—and prospects point to a long and bitter fight on the question of reducing the fees. The house is to set the bill on the calendar as a special order of business for Tuesday.

The house motor vehicles committee has voted to keep the minimum rates of \$5.00 and \$7.50, but increases the basic taxation rate back to where it was two years ago—2.4 per cent. This, it is claimed, will increase highway revenue \$1,300,000 a year and will provide a saving of \$2,100,000 from the 1932 fees.

Rep. Roy E. Dunn, bald and be-spectacled majority leader in the house, will fight this compromise measure, he has announced, and will insist that the house override the committee's recommendation and pass the bill approved by the senate motor vehicles committee, which retains the reduced fees in effect for the past two years, including the basic rate of 1.2 per cent.

The senate has the bill on the general calendar, and probably will await action by the house, before it acts further. There is considerable sentiment against reducing the license fees, because of the danger of losing \$7,000,000 in federal aid, which must be matched by Minnesota funds. On the other hand, motorists fear that if the fees are slashed, the gasoline tax will be increased—which may cost them more in the long run.

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A dark horse compromise candidate may walk off with the Farmer-Labor indorsement in the coming mayoralty campaign in Minneapolis, following a hopeless deadlock at the convention yesterday.¹⁴ The convention was virtually split in half, giving Andrew G. Cooper 128 votes and Fred Ossanna 119 votes. The delegates reconvene next Sunday—and the convention's choice may be a surprise, it was rumored today.

Speaking of an increase in personnel in both houses this year—we notice that the charming young lady who boasted of her fresh experience in the legislative halls of the land where the tall corn grows—Iowa to you—has now adopted Minnesota as her home—at least during the legislative session. She is working as a stenographer at \$5 a day, and yet they say there is no chivalry left between sister states.



TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1935

*Venus set at 7:59, the day before a new moon;
the legislators sat all day—on soft chairs.*



AN aftermath of a month of harangues, forensic fireworks, and personal verbal thrusts between Gov. Olson and Sen. A. J. Rockne, the \$10,000,000 relief bill passed the senate and the house today to become a law upon receiving the signature of the Governor. In addition, the \$2,000,000 seed loan bill, also a subject of much controversy and debate, likewise went sailing through to victory.

This should bring to a close the whisker-pulling, back-biting, sophomore-freshman tug of war that has been going on in both houses, and which has resounded throughout the state, penetrating as far east as official Washington. The Rockne-Olson clash on the question of relief has furnished most of the excitement in the 1935 legislative session, excepting, of course, the investigation of the state departments, which is always good for a laugh.

At the beginning of the session the Governor tossed the relief rope in the center of the arena, daring the Zumbrota whirlwind to grab the other end, which was unnecessary, as Sen. Rockne anticipated the throw, was waiting and watching, eager and anxious for the fray. Then the pull began: Rockne on the side of cutting down state expenses, and the Governor on the side of the poor and the needy; they pulled each other all over the lot, calling each other names, each fighting valiantly for his cause. The Governor charged Rockne with not being interested in the state's unfortunates and with being more concerned with the banks, the insurance companies, and the corporate taxpayers. The Zumbrota senator retaliated, fiery and stormy, insinuating that Olson's appointees in the SERA were squandering relief funds, which, of course, made the Governor sore.

Finally the federal government, which pays the largest part of the relief bill anyway, got tired of watching the tug of war and cut off relief appropriations for Minnesota for the month of March, winding up by sending an ultimatum to the state legislature that it had better get busy and act, if it expected to get any support from Washington on the subject of relief. Anyway, the fighting watchdog from Zumbrota, dropped his end of the rope, called in the senate finance committee yesterday, and rushed the bill out on the floor and now everybody seems to be happy, although for a time it was a tough, tooth-pulling proposition.

Now that the farmers have been taken care of by the enactment of

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both seed and feed relief measures, and that the poor and the needy will receive ample protection for the next two years, 10,000 embattled farmers will invade the Capitol tomorrow, lunches in hand, determined to get action on legislation that concerns their immediate welfare. It would appear, however, that the rough and ready sons of the soil are little too late, in view of the speedy action on the part of the legislative gentlemen the past two days. Relief or no relief, the farmers are coming anyway, according to John Bosch, president of the Minnesota Farm Holiday association, who said nothing short of an old-fashioned blizzard will stop the march. Gov. Olson and Milo Reno, national president of the farm group, will be among the speakers. It was on the occasion of one of these marches two years ago that Gov. Olson told the farmers he would call out the militia if necessary to see that no Minnesota citizen went hungry.

Farmer-Laborites herald the passage of the relief measures as another glorious victory for Gov. Olson. Once again, they say, this fighting blond Viking, undaunted and unafraid, smashed his arch opponent, Sen. Rockne, into smithereens.

With seats at a premium, the state senate investigating committee proceeded again last night to peep into the activities of the SERA. Bespectacled with black horn-rimmed specks, former preacher Oscar Behrens, now head of the transient relief division of the SERA, was the cynosure of all eyes, must of them laughing, when Prosecutor Thomas Mouer extracted many humorous and amusing answers from the former gentleman of the cloth. As a graduate from a half dozen theological colleges, the names of which he recalled by looking at notes, Behrens admitted that inmates of the transient camps were being given a diversified education through the reading of various types of literature, including books on free love, red revolutions, and sundry subjects. The former man of piety blushed from ear to ear, a crimson color sweeping over his usual ash-gray countenance, when it was discovered that Behrens' family spent five weeks in an elaborately-furnished transient camp cabin upon the breeze-swept shores of Medicine Lake most of the summer. The blush turned from crimson to a deeper red, when it was further disclosed that Behrens paid the luxurious price of 50 cents a day for the accommodations. As a witness, Behrens was easy meat for Prosecutors Carley and Mouer, and the Merry-Go-Round suggests that if there are any more coming up like Behrens, the federal administration better give them a one-way ticket to Cuba.

J. L. Peterson, Capitol custodian, who a few weeks ago was pushed out of his offices in the Capitol down into the basement by Sen. A. J. Rockne, now finds himself all the way out. For it was learned today from a reliable

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source, net even denied by the Governor's office, that Mr. Peterson has resigned, a sweeping victory for the broom pushers, who couldn't get along with him.

At the same time, we find a new official has taken office. He is Joseph T. Johnson of St. Peter, former judge of probate of Nicollet county, who will be given the title and the thankless job of supervising patronage for the Farmer-Labor administration. It appears that Republican holdovers are still holding jobs and Farmer-Laborites are getting fired—so Mr. Johnson's job is to put reverse English on this situation. Mr. Johnson's immediate boss is none other than Dutch Strout, who acquired his technical experience for budget director by checking numbers on box cars, which also run into big figures.

It was proposed in the senate today that the actions of Julius Emme, secretary of the State Industrial commission, be investigated, to ascertain whether or not he spoke out of turn recently in addressing a labor gathering at Austin. Mr. Emme allegedly told workers at Austin "to make it hot" for District Judge Fred W. Senn, who sentenced eight men in the Potter Foundry labor strike. Well, maybe the senate won't have to go into that, because this afternoon the industrial board voted unanimously to fire Mr. Emme because of his utterances.

The house committee on commerce, manufacture and retail trade has called a public hearing for 7:30 p. m. March 13, on the proposal of Attorney General H. Peterson, to double the chain store tax. The committee will also hear citizens on bills to extend the chain store tax to restaurants and gasoline filling stations. The attorney general is pushing these measures to save the independent merchant from going out of business, he said.

Speaker George W. Johnson of Duluth was honored at a testimonial dinner sponsored by business men and civic organizations of that city. Speaker Johnson said the mining companies are virtually dead as a tax source, and urged citizens of Minnesota to get behind the tourist trade, which he characterized as a promising revenue-producer. "We must become more tourist-minded and less tax-spending minded," Mr. Johnson declared, referring of course to towns on the range. The speaker also believes that the sale of frogs from Minnesota sources is going to become a great industry, since he sponsored a bill permitting their legal in and out shipment, previously barred by law.

All household goods and small farm machinery will be exempted from taxation, under the terms of a bill recommended for passage by the house committee on taxes. This carries out the wishes of the people who voted

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a constitutional amendment to this effect in the last election. The vote was 16 to 10 in favor of passage, members of the committee being split over the question of limiting the value of such taxable goods. The bill as recommended, however, exempts all household goods, and all farm machinery, except expensive apparatus.

If the house public welfare committee has its way, needy blind persons of Minnesota will get a pension of a dollar a day from the state. Those with an income of less than \$480 a year will be eligible for the pension. The committee approved the bill, which needs the O. K. of the house appropriations committee before being sent to the floor for a vote.

Sen. Victor Lawson of Willmar, Farmer Laborite, and newspaper publisher, is an interesting figure in the senate, having served several terms with a creditable record. He is an anxious reformer and believes that mankind can best be changed by a bill in the senate. The good senator is a tiresome speaker—but that's no defect, because most speakers in the senate are tiresome. He has lulled many a colleague to sleep while orating on the evils of John Barleycorn. His thinning hair is worn long, like Bill Borah's—only better combed. The senator has secret gubernatorial aspirations—and always has an ear cocked to the call of the people.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1935

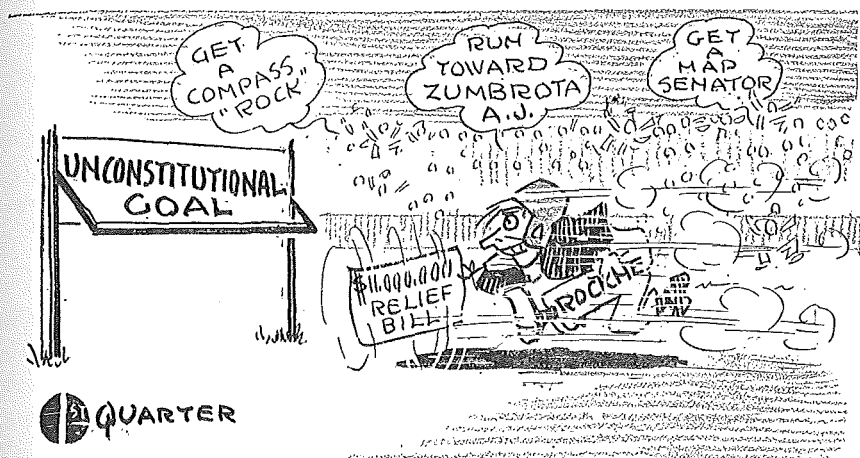
*Rain was predicted for the day, the portent coming from
the aching corns on the solons' feet.*



IT WAS our impression that the Rockne-Olson relief feud, considered the outstanding duel of the session, had been settled once and for all with the passage of the \$10,000,000 relief bill and the \$2,000,000 seed loan, enacted at yesterday's session. However, apparently such is not the case, for today, while thousands of farmers were running the situation at the Capitol, the Governor refused to sign either of the bills, on the grounds, he said, of unconstitutionality.

It appears that the relief tug of war has developed into an argument on constitutional law, brought about, the Governor charges, by Sen. Rockne, who it is claimed, through zealotry and ambition to defeat administration progress, struck out the portion of the bill which provided for the administering of the relief funds through the state board of control, an Olson unit of the state administration. Instead, thereof, the state executive council, Republican-dominated, was specified as the agent through which the funds should pass to the SERA. W. H. Lamson, secretary of the executive council, announced today, that he agreed with the Governor that the bills in their present form are unconstitutional. This, it was pointed out, is in view of the fact that the executive council is so restricted by law, as to prohibit it from acting as a transferring agent. In addition, the Governor further charged that Rockne altered the source from which the relief funds would be obtained, namely, that liquor and beer tax revenues, the source of previous relief funds, were struck out of the original bill, and the provision for levying certificates of indebtedness directly against the general revenue fund, were substituted therefor. This, also, the Governor declared to be unconstitutional.

In the opinion of the Merry-Go-Round, it is about time that the legislature ceases to play politics with the miseries of the people. It is obvious to close observers that the whole relief mess is a political grandstand, with the Zumbrota thunderbolt generating most of the lightning. Sen. Rockne, throughout the session, has been blowing up storm clouds on the slightest provocation, and has deliberately tipped his hand as to political intent when the relief bill was so amended so as to circumnavigate Olson-controlled state departments. He is said to be so insanely jealous of the Governor, and so fearful that the Governor might gain more popularity and gratuity by securing relief appropriations, that he forced the remodeling of the bill



Relief-back Rockne runs to wrong goal three times

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so that the monies would pass through the hands of a state set-up engineered by his political colleagues, State Auditor Stafford King and State Treasurer Julius Schmah. Which, of course, is a ridiculous gesture, as in either case the departments handling the funds would act only in the capacity of messenger boys—merely deliver the cash to federal relief administration. All of which, incidentally, is of little concern of the people, who don't give a snap of their fingers who carries the cash down to the FERA—Olson's board of control or Rockne's Republican executive council.

Sen. Rockne is a seasoned corporation lawyer, well posted on constitutional law. If he erred in remodeling the bill—an honest mistake—he is to be pitied and the large corporations for whom he acts as counsellor are to be congratulated for the lucky manner in which he has piloted them through twenty-five years of legal difficulties. While on the other hand, if the Zumbrota senator deliberately changed the relief bill, knowing it to be unconstitutional and with knowledge of the consequence and possible hardships to be inflicted upon the state's unfortunates, he should be chastized severely and reprimanded by a mandate of the people. It would seem to the Merry-Go-Round that the public should become sick and tired of Rockne's wind-blowing and supercilious acts on the floor of the senate.

Rep. Roy E. Dunn, burly, florid-faced house leader from Pelican Rapids, stormed around the Capitol looking for the police today. The representative, big enough to lick any five half-starved farmers from the drouth area, dashed into the Governor's office, and excitedly asked diminutive Vince Day, the Governor's secretary, for police protection in the house chamber during the stay of the visiting farmers, who incidentally arrived in town today by the thousands, making legislative whoopee, and demanding their rights. Little Vince Day, five foot-four, looked up at Rep. Dunn, six foot-two, ash-white with fear, and said, "What are you afraid of, Roy? If you find any tough ones; send 'em in to see me." However, Mr. Dunn must have called the police, as uniformed officers, their brass buttons glistening in the lamplight, paraded up and down the Capitol halls during the afternoon.

The house argued long and loud all day yesterday on the question of reducing automobile license fees—but accomplished nothing. The question is still very much up in the air, especially since the senate motor vehicles committee has recommended a bill to keep intact the rates in effect for the past two years.

So tomorrow the gentlemen of the house will try it again. A companion bill is expected to be passed, extending the penalty date from March 15 until April 15. This will give motorists a break—so they won't be penalized

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for not buying their licenses while the legislative gentlemen are wrangling over the amounts they are to pay.

Whatever happens, the minimum rates of \$5 and \$7.50 are expected to be retained. The fight hinges on the retention of the basic rate which was cut two years ago from 2.4 per cent to 1.2 per cent of the factory price. The house wants the old basic rates restored, while the senate wants to keep the reduced basic rate.

While the fight goes on over license fees, a move is on foot to raise the gasoline tax from three to four cents. The legislature must provide sufficient highway revenue to match federal aid—whether it comes from automobile licenses or gasoline taxes—or stand to lose \$7,000,000 in federal support in the next two years.

Speaking of highway revenue, the counties were given a break today when the senate motor vehicles committee recommended for approval a constitutional amendment which provides that gasoline revenues be split equally between the counties and the state trunk highway fund. As now constituted, the state fund gets two-thirds and the counties one-third. The large cities are opposed to this because they claim they put more into the fund than they get back—which is quite true.

Well it looks like taxpayers of Minnesota will have to pay their income tax after all. The department was tied into a knot because it ran out of money and couldn't buy postage stamps, so the legislature came to the rescue today with an appropriation of \$20,000 to send out blanks to the customers. The house passed the senate bill, which now goes to the Governor for signing.

Sen. Val Imm, the large-framed be-spectacled gentleman from Mankato, is a newcomer to the senate, but he has big-time ideas. He would reduce the size of the legislature from 67 in the senate to 44 and that of the house from 131 to 88. His bill was approved by the senate committee, but when it came on the floor on general orders today, it was all but killed. Rather than risk certain defeat on a vote, Sen. Imm passed up the bill—which may come again or perhaps never again. The Merry-Go-Round predicted the legislative gentlemen would never vote themselves out of jobs—not as long as the poor taxpayer is willing to foot the bill.

Sen. B. G. Novak of St. Paul, who sells pickles and potatoes to neighbors out on Van Buren street, believes that special delivery messenger boys should not pay gasoline taxes. Why the good senator singled out messenger boys for exemption is more than we can understand. Anyway, the senator meant well, but the committee killed his bill. Let the messenger boys ride bicycles, all members agreed.

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It is every broom sweeper's ambition to become a janitor; it is every janitor's ambition to graduate into custodian. Judging from the long lines in front of the Governor's office, and the office of the new personnel director, Joe Johnson, every broom sweeper and janitor in Minnesota, neglecting their own duties, would like the job of Capitol custodian at \$225 per month.

The office of custodian is one of the jobs to be filled since J. L. Peterson of Proctor resigned Tuesday. Another position is the vacancy left by the discharge of Julius Emme, of St. Paul as secretary of the state industrial commission. Mr. Emme now claims he was misquoted on his speech in Austin, where he allegedly told a labor meeting to put heat under Judge Senn of Albert Lea—and has threatened to thrash reporters who reported his speech.

Handsome Carl R. Erickson, state commissioner of purchases, has turned down a Hollywood contract—but he got into the movies anyway, attired in his usual sartorial splendor and with a beautiful red carnation in his coat lapel, which proves that you can't keep a good man down.

He was "shot" this afternoon by a newsreel cameraman in the act of buying the first Ford automobile assembled at the St. Paul plant, since its re-opening. Mr. Erickson, together with other state and city officials and business men of the Twin Cities, visited the plant as guests of the Ford management.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1935

*The astral spaces were wild on this day, so was the legislature;
the Navy moves in.*



HE investigation of the SERA by the senate committee, headed by Inquisitor James A. Carley and Prosecutor Thomas B. Mouer, Minneapolis attorney engaged for the occasion, proceeded along its usual course last night, when it was revealed that the United States navy had moved in lock, stock, and barrel to direct the affairs of the state's relief agency.

With the appointment of Casper T. Fredrickson, out-of-state naval reserve officer and sailor on the good old ship Paducah, as director of the financial division of the SERA, fellow comrades of the salty air, eleven in number, swooped down on the relief offices and grabbed off the plum jobs, according to testimony given last night at the prodding of nasal-toned Attorney Mouer.

It appears that once the men of the sea, or at least one of them, had landed in port safe and sound, the signal was given in good old fashioned navy style to rush the joint and seize the drinks, which was effected by firing a dozen or so good old loyal relief workers, who are now kicking up an awful rumpus and are offering themselves as enthusiastic witnesses, or at least informers, to the committee.

Additional testimony indicated that the multi-buttoned hammock-sleeping braves of the briny-deep had lost none of the traditions of the Navy and still retained their old tricks when it was brought out that Commander Casper, wearer of the gold braid in his country's naval reserve service, was not at all bashful in collecting expense accounts. The commander and his roving legs, accustomed to traveling far and often, kept in perfect practice, while directing the financial details of the state's million dollar relief set-up. For with the stout heart of a seaman, he journeyed to Washington on official business for the Navy, and also, it seems, official business for the SERA, for the commander of the sloop Paducah, from the port of Duluth, collected his expenses both ways, from both the Navy and from the SERA.

Then again the old weather-beaten Paducah, rollicking in the rough waters at the head of the lakes, frequently needed the attention of the SERA's navy crew, who it appears never neglected the good old ship or the good old navy and were on hand to see that its decks were scrubbed and scoured. It was disclosed that Commander Casper T. Fredrickson, in addition

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to collecting his salary of \$375 a month from the SERA, to say nothing of the swindle sheets, was paid the sum of over \$1,000 by the navy department for reporting to drill once in a while and administering to the sloop Paducah.

In the meantime a paradoxical situation has arisen in the investigation of the SERA. Unbeknown to Sen. Carley and Mr. Mouer, whom the Merry-Go-Round believes to be of the intent to discredit the Olson administration, these two diligent inquisitors are really aiding the Governor. For the past two evenings, Mouer has been extracting evidence from SERA witnesses to the effect that Fredrickson and the navy boys brought about the discharge of a number of relief employes, whom Mouer referred to as efficient and able workers. Now it appears that employes who were fired were loyal supporters of Gov. Olson, and that the navy boys, knowing no geographical lines and never having heard of the Governor before their arrival, moved in and seized the choice jobs, with "let the chips fall where they may," as their motto. Well, anyway, it now appears that the navy is pulling anchor and that Commander Fredrickson is to be canned, along with others.

Oscar W. Behrens, former secretary to ex-Mayor Anderson of Minneapolis, and now head of the transient division of the SERA at a salary of \$300 a month, paraded once again before the investigation committee last night. Mr. Behrens was queried regarding the management of the transient camps, the kind of literature furnished to down and outers, and various other kindred subjects including beer and beans. It appears that officials of the relief offices held a party at the Minnesota valley transient camp, consuming two hundred and forty pounds of beans. The number of officials involved in the bean-eating contest was not disclosed by Mr. Behrens. Innuendoes that Behrens was obliged to send a truck to Shakopee to drag back the boys who couldn't walk were introduced by Mouer. However, Behrens did not substantiate the prosecutor's assertions, but he did say that he proposed to sell the beer at the camp canteen and thereby in all probability avoid the necessity of long-way transportation for the heavy imbibers. Pudgy-faced and horn-rimmed be-specked, Behrens left the witness stand wearing the silly smile of a twelve-year-old school boy, called to the head of his class for the infraction of placing a tack on the teacher's chair.

The Olson-Rockne feud, which flared up again over the Governor's refusal to sign the relief bills on the grounds of unconstitutionality, which claim was supported by Attorney General Peterson, appears to have been settled once, again. Today, following a statement by Rockne that an error in drafting the bills was due to the hasty manner in which they were rushed through the senate, the house is reconsidering the measure, and speedy action is promised. In the meantime the federal government has cut off ap-

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propriations, but the Governor says that relief will be administered as before, by writing rubber checks which will be met by federal funds before they bounce.

The highly agitated and much disputed bill to reduce automobile license fees was passed by the house late today, an outstanding victory for the minority, which opposed the rates in effect for the past two years.

The bill passed today keeps the minimum fees of \$5 and \$7.50, but returns the basic taxation rate back to 2.4 per cent, where it was two years before the general cut. Thus, drivers of the smaller cars will receive the benefits of a reduced minimum fee while automobiles in the higher classifications will be taxed at the old rate. The minimum fee on a Model T truck was fixed at \$7.50 and then the rate leaps to \$15, and then up to \$30.00.

This compromise measure was opposed by house leaders, raw-boned Roy Dunn of Pelican Rapids and quick-tempered L. E. Brophrey of Minneapolis, and its passage is a decided victory for the minority, composed largely of Liberals.

Whether this compromise measure becomes law, however, depends on the dignified, self-contained and slow-moving senate, which favors the reduced rates in effect for the past two years. The basic rate during this time was 1.2 per cent, so that the higher priced cars received the benefits of the slash along with the cheaper automobiles.

The compromise bill passed by the house increases the highway revenue so that a good portion of it will match federal aid. However, a gas tax may still be needed to match entire federal allotment of \$7,000,000 for the next two years.

Sen. George Sullivan of Stillwater has passed on, but his prestige still lives—reflecting favorably on the late senator's law partner—Karl G. Neumeier, who led eight candidates in the primaries for the vacant senatorial seat from Washington county.

Mr. Neumeier led the field, followed by Reuben Thoreen. They will fight it out March 13. Among the defeated candidates were H. O. Peterson, Farmer-Laborite, and Chester Wilson, Republican, former assistant attorney general.

Alexander Woolcott, the "Town Crier," big and corpulent, be-spectacled and double-chinned, and who admits that he beats little children, steals pennies from blind men, and is generally an old soak, addressed the legislative gentlemen in the house late today. Fresh from New York, Mr. Woolcott spoke earlier in the day at a University of Minnesota convocation. Mr.

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Woolcott refused to be interviewed on his arrival, but permitted reporters to say anything about him, provided they spelled his name right. Mr. Woolcott, with barbed quips, added considerable spice and comedy to the legislative session.

The senate was startled out of its staid dignity today when Sen. Charles Hausler of St. Paul read a letter stating that a man could make a little dough by furnishing information desired by Sen. Jim Carley for the senate investigating committee. The letter was allegedly written by Harold Peck of Deer River, former state senator, to Phillip Williams of Nashwauk.

The letter created an uproar. Sen. Hausler stormed at Carley. "I don't think the investigating committee needs any volunteers to help spend the \$5,000 appropriated for the investigation and I don't think Sen. Carley should delegate a citizen to come here and testify for a little dough," Sen. Hausler shouted.

Sen. Carley, his bald pate a crimson red, answered meekly: "I am pleased to have any matter involving such dirty stuff come to my attention." Well, well, such are the vicissitudes of life, even for a Governor and a governor's aid, for this morning while the chief executive was being piloted to the Capitol by his faithful factotum, Major Morris Rose, known as the baron while traveling incognito, a police squad car, with a wailing siren and screeching brakes, commanded the major to halt. It appears, however, that it was a mistake. The police were looking for a car of the same make with one less digit on the license plate, supposed to be occupied by bank bandits. The major said: "Were their faces red, when I flashed my badge and pointed to the Governor!"

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1935

Neptune shone brightly all night, so did some of the legislators.



AS SOON as it apparently became known to the senate investigating committee that the course of the testimony revealed in the SERA probe was beneficial to the state administration and that Chief Committee Leader Carley and Chief Prosecutor Thomas B. Mouer had steered the investigation ship upon the rocks, a new line of attack was taken last night.

For the past week Carley and Mouer had attempted to bring out malfeasance and misfeasance in the office of the SERA through the exposure of padded expense accounts, the importation of eleven members of the naval reserve, and the discharge of honest, willing and competent employees. Now it develops that the naval reserve men, sent here at the request of some Washington officials, are anti-Olson men, and that they came into the offices of the SERA, fired loyal Olson supporters, in most instances Farmer-Laborites, and ran hog-wild in good old navy fashion. While the relief inquiry lasted, it looked like a smearing proposition for the Governor, but imagine the embarrassment swallowed by the staid old committee, when it was disclosed that the discharged employees whom the committee was upholding, were Farmer-Laborites or Olson supporters, and the navy boys, subject to scorn by the committee, were anti-state administration.

Hence the committee dropped the relief investigation like a hot potato and left the relief department flat, to take on last night the Minnesota department of highways, hoping, of course, for a more lucrative field in the discovery of campaign material. Some crushed-stone jobber, most likely a friend of a committee member, must have lost out on a contract for furnishing the material for the construction of a state highway from Rochester to the state line. At least an awful rumpus was made last night when red-faced and cigar-smoking Mouer fenced with good-natured N. W. Elsberg, state highway commissioner, over the relative value of various types of crushed rock used in highway construction. Speaking back and forth in the parlance of engineering, it was too much for Prosecutor Mouer. Although the committee's attorney made a desperate effort to discuss abrasive powers, logarithms, limestone, quartzite, and other engineering terms as if he knew what he was talking about, it was a pitiful sight. Between puffs on his cigar, Mouer distorted his lips, leaned back in his chair, surveyed the galleries, and with the cocksuredness of a seasoned engineer, proceeded to shout questions in the vernacular of a man of the transits and the slide-rule. When

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Elsberg was talking about limestone, Mouer thought he was talking about quartzite, and vice versa. The more questions Mouer asked, the deeper he sank, until finally he gave up in disgust, the committee knowing less about crushed rock after Elsberg left the stand than before the meeting convened.

But Mr. Mouer was not to be without his day, for the next witness on the stand was a 22-year-old freshly graduated attorney, E. A. P. Chapman of Grand Marais, who, it was brought out, was used as a dummy for the sale of right-of-way property. At this point the going became good for Mouer, and the sight of boyish Chapman sitting meekly in the chair, a Tom cat before a tiger, rejuvenated Mouer defeatism into his customary braggadocio manner; questions poured from his lips like molten lava from a volcano. The cocky and brow-beating committee attorney extracted an acknowledgment from the young witness that one A. V. Johnson of Grand Marais, a real estate dealer, was the fellow that sold the property to the highway department and had used the witness as a straw man through which two sales passed.

Upon calling Mr. Johnson to the stand, the spectators expected to see a gaudy, flip-of-tongue Babbit arise and march forward. They were quite mistaken, however, for the Mr. Johnson in question turned out to be a humble, modest countryfied gentleman, who arose from the rear of the chamber at the call of his voice, to walk nonchalantly, brief case in hand, bowing to the right of him and to the left of him at highway officials to whom he had sold real estate. He sat down at the witness table with the greatest of ease and responded fluently to queries of Prosecutor Mouer, who attempted to show that Johnson had sold, through men of straw, highway sites to the state at exorbitant prices. It was revealed today that the land in question contained valuable gravel deposits, a fact that was not brought out at the hearing last night. It was also disclosed that Mr. Johnson and his brother are staunch Republicans, who managed Martin Nelson's campaign in the Grand Marais district last fall. However, today, Real Estate Man Johnson told the Merry-Go-Round reporter that he's getting fed up on the Republicans and that he's likely to become a radical, considering the silly manner in which the Republican-controlled investigation committee is acting. He said it irks his real estate acumen to see perfectly good business men dilly-dallying around, night after night, smoking cigars and talking about nothing.

Country stores may now go on, peacefully selling patent medicines and other drugs—and drug stores may continue to peddle hot dogs and light lunches, all because the senate public health committee killed the much-disputed 'druggists' bill today.

This measure gave pharmacists exclusive rights to deal in drugs and medical supplies and virtually barred all other stores from handling the

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same. So the patent medicine manufacturers and the general stores countered with a bill to bar druggists from selling food. The upshot is that all stores will sell everything—and everybody is happy.

Now that the \$10,000,000 relief bill and the \$2,000,000 seed measure have been sent back to the legislature for re-passage, because of certain unconstitutional provisions, Sen. A. J. Rockne of Zumbrota has re-affirmed his stand that Minnesota is furnishing too much money as compared with Wisconsin, which appropriated \$5,000,000. Sen. Rockne said he will query Washington to see if Minnesota's contribution can't be slashed in half. Whether this latest move on the part of the senator will further delay relief is a matter of grave concern. In the meantime, committees from both houses are in conference trying to whip the bill into proper shape while Washington served notice it wouldn't budge with a penny unless Minnesota kicked in its share.

Just as we predicted the senate will refuse to swallow the compromise automobile license fee bill passed by the house Thursday. At least that's what Sen. William (Thunderbolt) Roepke of Faribault said today after the senate passed a bill extending the penalty date from March 15 to April 15.

Sen. Roepke is author of the senate bill to keep the emergency rates charged for the past two years, with minimums of \$5.00 and \$7.50 and a basic taxation rate of 1.2 per cent. The house in its compromise bill passed yesterday, kept the minimum fee but put the basic rate back where it was two years ago—2.4 per cent.

"There will be no compromise," Sen. Roepke said today. Rep. Roy Dunn, majority house leader, is also opposed to a compromise, and fought the measure. Rep. Dunn says there are too many highway department employees now—and that increased fees are unnecessary.

Thus it is clear that politics pervade the whole question. The federal government has \$7,000,000 ready to give to the state of Minnesota for highway work during the next two years—but won't turn it over unless the state matches that sum. And the state can't match it, it is said, on the basis of license fees charged the past two years. In the meantime, motorists are not buying licenses waiting for the legislature to make up its mind.

Only one thing is certain out of the whole mess—automobile drivers in the lower classifications will pay minimum fees of \$5.00 or \$7.50 and no more.

The legislative gentlemen can go on fighting each other and forensic blasts may resound through the great open chambers—but one thing is certain, they must quit by April 25. The last day for the introduction of a bill is April 1, and measures hurled into the hopper after that day will

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require the Governor's O. K. If their so-called accomplishments thus far are any criterion, the dignified gents might just as well close up shop now and start homeward.

Defeated members of the legislature, like worn-out fire horses, which in the old days ran to every fire, pulling vegetable carts, coal wagons and so on, just can't stay away from the Capitol. Some are fortunate in securing jobs where they can stick close to the firing guns. In this class is W. C. Doerr of Winthrop, this year's sergeant of arms in the house. Bulky Mr. Doerr, however, pays little attention to police duties prescribed by his new position. He sits at his desk, following every bill and like the fire horse of old he runs to every fire . . . but like the worn-out fire horse of old, he's pulling a vegetable cart, not fire equipment, because he hasn't got a vote.

MONDAY, MARCH 11, 1935

*The moon was in sight of the goat; Stroemaker
invaded Hollywood.*



REMINDFUL of the stirring days in 1917 when the Red hordes of Russia, rallying to the banners of Lenin and Trotsky, stormed the Winter Palace at Moscow, 10,000 men and women marched on the Minnesota State Capitol today to the tune of the Internationale, demanding of the legislature the passage of an unemployment insurance law and the enactment of other social legislation.

Originally planned as a demonstration on behalf of labor, in which thousands of well-intending men and women joined in with honesty of purpose, it appears that the Communists took possession of the show, when it was discovered that Red Karson and Walter Frank, Minneapolis agitators, were running things to suit themselves.

Shortly after one o'clock this afternoon, at the direction of Frank Karson, and other Communist leaders, a long line of marchers, carrying multicolored placards bearing inscriptions demanding unemployment insurance, free Tom Mooney, down with capitalism, and so on, proceeded up Wabasha street to join several thousand persons already assembled on the Capitol steps. Headed by a loud speaker-equipped automobile, in which sat an announcer who issued pep messages at frequent intervals, the procession, holding up street cars and automobile traffic, continued up Wabasha street, to make an oblique turn up the sidewalk approach that leads across the spacious Capitol lawn. At this point, the announcer's car took on speed and moved up the mall directly below the Capitol steps, where the master of ceremonies recited with pathos and fervor the lines of the Internationale while waiting for the comrades to come within hearing distance. When that time arrived, he placed a phonograph record on his loud-speaking apparatus, and the militant and revolutionary tunes of the Internationale filled the chilly March air, while lusty voices in the vanguard of the parade shouted the destructive song of Lenin and Trotsky—a challenge that has probably never been heard before within the palatial hall of our state government, built by a free people—a challenge that certainly must have sent a feeling of disgust through the hearts of the thousands of honest American workers who had innocently joined the demonstration. There was one consolation, however, the Communists had strategically assembled their members in the foremost ranks, which was noticeable, as with the passing of the first couple of hundred persons, the singing of the Internationale ceased.

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It was a strange crowd of men and women, a mass of humanity, that jostled and pushed its way through the marble pillared rotunda of Minnesota's artistically appointed state house. Sincere and honest laborers, out of work, pleading for help from the government, mingled with shabbily dressed women—women old and gray, with strangling wisps of hair protruding from beneath antiquated hats. There were saucy and flippant youths, always looking for a fight, wise-cracking and intimidating the 30 St. Paul policemen, night sticks in hand, stationed at the Capitol for the occasion. And to say nothing of the professional Communist agitators with their customary breed of soap box oratory, like generalissimos on a battle field, whipping up unfortunate people into distrust and hate.

After listening to a half dozen of these Communist orators, the crowd swept into the House chamber, took possession of the speaker's rostrum, called the roll, and proceeded with further oratory to wind up eating coffee and doughnuts as guests of the Capitol co-operative cafe. The cafe managers gladly furnished the food this year on invitation, as two years ago the food was seized, tables and chairs smashed and a general disturbance brought about. However, no serious violence was reported today.

There was no advance heralding of trumpets to announce the demonstration today, but judging from the size and enthusiasm of the crowd, the farmers' march last week by comparison was a friendly backyard fanning bee. Gov. Olson addressed the farmers and was scheduled to speak at the demonstration today, but when the chief executive found out that the Communists had stolen the show from bona-fide labor organizations, he turned thumbs down on the invitation.

As the Merry-Go-Round predicted last week, a "Dark Horse" candidate was nominated by the Farmer-Labor convention to run for mayor in the coming primary contest in Minneapolis. He is Thomas E. Latimer, lawyer and former professor, who received the unanimous support of the convention, breaking a hopeless deadlock. Mr. Latimer was nosed out by only a few votes two years ago when the Farmer-Labor vote was split between himself and Mayor Anderson—now with the party solidly behind him, Latimer will be a formidable candidate. It looks like a real battle, with no holds barred.

The genial and serious-minded commissioner of banks of the State of Minnesota, Elmer A. Benson—the Appleton lawyer, banker, business man and war veteran who made good—today hailed as a decided step forward the federal government's move in stripping national banks of the power to issue money, reserving that privilege to the U. S. treasury, where it belongs. It's a gesture towards inflation with no effect on your dollar or mine—

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Commissioner Benson said. "A dollar is still a dollar, in any poker game," he commented.

Confirmation of the appointment of Frank Yetka of Carlton as insurance commissioner to succeed Garfield W. Brown was recommended today by the senate insurance committee. A motion was made in the committee to have the senate act immediately following the favorable report, but the matter was laid over a day in accordance with senate rules. Mr. Yetka's term runs until Feb. 1, 1941. He was originally scheduled to take office on March 1, but the senate held him up until his qualifications for the job could be determined, so apparently he fills the bill O. K.

All election ballots handled by any person other than a qualified judge would be automatically thrown out as void, under the provisions of a bill introduced today by Sen. Walter P. Wolfe of Minneapolis, who believes our election laws are loose. This is in line with a general move to tighten up election laws, but this happens at every legislative session and nothing is ever done about it.

Its provisions amended to remove all doubts of constitutionality, the \$2,000,000 seed loan bill was unanimously passed by the senate today. The vote was 57 to 0. Passage by the house is a foregone conclusion, and then the measure will go to the Governor for his signature. Meanwhile the \$10,000,000 relief bill was still tied up in conference to iron out unconstitutional features pointed out by the Governor and confirmed by the attorney-general. Despite this, however, the federal government released the March allotment of \$3,000,000 to Minnesota, having been assured by Gov. Olson that the state's contribution would be forthcoming.

Hundreds of employes and members of their families who face loss of their jobs and possible return to the relief rolls will jam the senate chamber Thursday afternoon to tell their side of the story at a public hearing on the Minneapolis patrol limits fiasco. Thirty-seven retail liquor establishments beyond the patrol limits are still operating, under the protection of a federal court order—but their ultimate fate hinges on legislative action. Unless the legislature wipes out a silly charter provision more than 75 years old, the citizens of Minneapolis will go thirsty, hundreds of thousands of dollars in costly bar equipment will be scrapped, and scores of employes will lose their jobs.

The legislative gentlemen will pay their annual visit to the University of Minnesota tomorrow. They will be the personal guests of President Lotus Coffman at luncheon meeting, and then the solons will be taken on inspection tour around the campus, including the farm school.

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Gov. Olson today signed a joint resolution asking congress to permit the 48 states to tax national banks on a fair and equitable basis. There is no machinery at present to tax national banks—and congress doesn't seem too anxious to do anything about it.

Former Congressman Francis H. Shoemaker, now dethroned and a member of the army of unemployed, seeks fame and fortune in Hollywood. The fist-swinging Farmer-Laborite says he has written a scenario covering his political life, from prison to congress, and wants to get into the movies. Publicity-seeking Shoemaker has swung often with his right, but he usually missed, except on one occasion when he hit 110-pound neighbor Cohan in the eye—and landed in jail. One thing is certain—if Shoey fails to make the movies, some producer in Hollywood is also sure to get a Shoemaker sock right smack in the eye—if he doesn't miss again.

TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1935

Jupiter arose at 11:20; the boys played football;

Rockne ran to the wrong goal four times.



ACCORDING to Rep. J. R. Sweitzer, pilgrim-faced parson-appearing St. Paul contractor, the 1935 legislative squad is the fastest, hip-swinging, touchdown scoring aggregation seen on the Capitol gridiron in years. Mr. Sweitzer objects to radio propaganda which characterizes his team, particularly ten-letter men like himself of running to the wrong goal, fumbling the ball on the one-yard line, kicking opponents in the shins, and otherwise acting in a manner unbecoming a big-time college football team.

The representative's remarks are evidently directed at the Merry-Go-Round, which calls a fumble a fumble and a foul a foul, certainly he could not have meant Cheer Leader Hitchcock, Republican propagandist No. 1, who twice a week, attired in a red-striped sweater, skull cap and megaphone in hand, distorts his rangy frame, preparatory to leading a yell for the home team, which he hopes will make All-Americans out of third string scrubs.

The representative probably has forgotten the play in which Fullback Rockne attempted to dropkick the \$10,000,000 relief bill from the 40-yard line, only to stub his toe on a rock four times in succession, which necessitated abandoning field-goal strategy and required the swathing of Rockne's toes with corn plasters. However, Fullback Rockne, undaunted by the injury, took the ball on the next play, a perfect pass from the senate finance committee, dug his cleats in the turf, shook his bulldog head, and swung around right end behind perfect interference for a touchdown, only to be called back by the referee on the grounds that the play was unconstitutional. Which, of course, made the fullback sore.

Immediately the Four Horsemen, Rockne, Carley, Mackenzie and Lightner, the last name of which indicates speed, but which is a misnomer, yelled foul, and charged Gov. Olson with sneaking on the field and tripping up the ball carriers.

Before a packed grandstand of thousands of cheering farmers who expect seed for spring planting, the four horsemen once again lined up in block formation, with tobacco-chewing D. D. Murphy, Blue Earth automobile dealer, holding down the pivot position at center. Rockne called the seed-loan signal and waved to the cheering farmers. The ball was snapped back with great alacrity from Rockne to Lightner, to Mackenzie to Lightner, to Carley to Rockne, to Lightner, to Rockne, to Carley, and so on. It was simply

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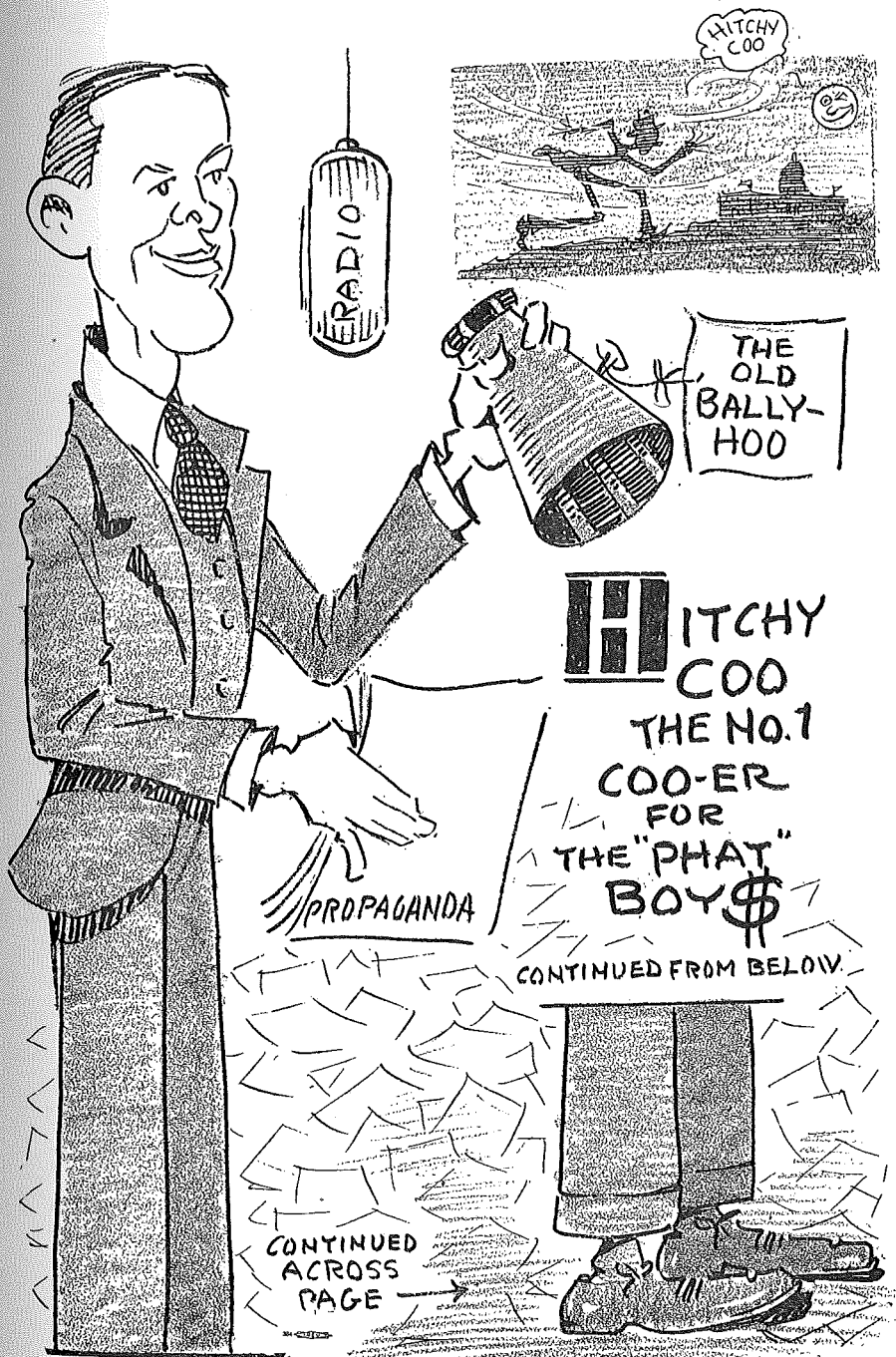
dazzling. After it was all over, Rockne was seen standing behind the goal posts receiving the acclaim of the frenzied farmers, who were so tickled over the play they threw pitchforks and haystacks in the air. General bedlam broke loose. However, just as the scorekeeper was recording the touchdown, it was discovered that the ball never left Center Murphy's hands, but that he had passed his headguard instead. Imagine the dismay of the farmers in the stands. Three times in succession the four horsemen scored, allegedly, on the seed-loan play. The latest attempt was made today, and the farmers in the stands are waiting to find out whether the score sticks or not.

Butter-fingered football predominated in the execution of the mortgage moratorium, the four horsemen fumbling on the one-yard line five times in a row, to say nothing of the time Fullback Rockne ran to the wrong goal on that particular play. In fact, the play has become such a jinx to the squad, the cry, "Change Signals," is usually voiced when the play is suggested.

Right Tackle William B. Roepke of Faribault, inventor of a trick play all of his own, the reduced automobile license fee bill, is having the time of his life getting recognition on the scoring possibilities of his concoction. He is seen at every session, begging one of the four horsemen to let him carry the ball, but so far he has facilitated the progress of the game only in the capacity of water boy.

In the meantime, Sen. James A. Carley, Plainview sleuth, has decided that the game can't be won by straight football, so the enterprising senator, in keeping with the shrewdness exemplified by his sharp-pointed nose, set up an investigation committee with the hopes of stealing the signals from the other team. Night after night, week after week, the signal-hunting squad, headed by Captain Carley and Head Coach Thomas Mouer, said to have a way about him in digging up trick plays, has been peeping behind the scenes of the Olson administration, hoping to reveal that celebrated Olson double shift which seems to fool the voters on election day. But so far the peep has been more or less of a flop, resulting in the dismissal of a few minor employes in the SERA, the latest of which the Merry-Go-Round is informed is former preacher Oscar Behrens, graduate of a half a dozen colleges and head of the transient division of the state relief body. It has been learned today that Mr. Behrens has been given the ax, right where the chicken got it, square in the neck, following his insipid appearance before the committee last week.

Following the insurance committee's recommendation, the senate today confirmed the appointment of Frank Yetka of Carleton as state insurance commissioner, succeeding Garfield W. Brown. Now that the senate has



Rufus does his stuff for the good old G. O. P.

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shown it was the boss, at least for a short while, Mr. Yetka will probably proceed to wield the ax on about 15 Republican holdover employes to make room for loyal Farmer-Laborites. Dewey W. Johnson, that cherry and corpulent ex-representative of Minneapolis, whose permanent wave is the envy of all femme eyes, is to get the place of C. P. Diepenbrook as deputy commissioner.

A bill that would have abolished the personal injury rights of guests riding in automobiles was killed in the senate judiciary committee today. Under provisions of the measure, all guests riding in a car would have been prohibited from collecting damages from the driver, irrespective of the question of negligence. This would certainly have been nice for the insurance companies, but thanks to a few alert and public-spirited legislators, the trick play failed.

The present state law that ties the hands of cupid and makes anxious couples wait five days before they can get a license to take the fatal plunge into matrimony was assailed today by Rep. A. L. Hogan of St. Paul, who introduced a measure repealing it. Preachers and justices of the peace, and clerks of court are losing a lot of business because of the 5-day law, according to the good solon, who says many couples, unwilling to wait, go to neighboring states for their marriage licenses.

The senate named a committee of five today to find extra space in the office building. That is, they will investigate to see whether wastebaskets and cuspidors occupy more space than usual. The idea is to find necessary room for homeless state departments.

Automobile drivers may wait until April 15 without risking a penalty under the terms of a measure passed by the house today. The bill had previously passed the senate and now it goes to the Governor for his official O. K. The penalty was extended to give the legislature more time to iron out the question of license fees. The chambers are split; the senate wants the old reduced rates and the house wants a compromise scale, keeping only the minimums of \$5 and \$7.50.

The legislative gentlemen laid aside their heavy business this afternoon to visit the University of Minnesota, look over the fair co-eds, not to mention the interesting buildings on the campus, and then break bread with President Coffman and other university dignitaries. This visit is supposed to promote good will between legislators and university authorities, but, ironically enough, the boys usually come back to the Capitol and slash the school's appropriations.

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The house general legislation committee has approved the bill establishing horse racing and pari-mutuel betting as legalized sport in Minnesota, but it has decided to hold a public hearing on the measure before sending it out on the floor. The church elements have their guns aimed at this bill, so its eventual passage is considered doubtful, much as sportsmen may desire it.

The senate passed a bill sponsored by Sen. George Siegel of St. Paul, today, barring walkathons, danceathons, talkathons and all forms of endurance contests except six-day bike races. The measure now goes to the house.

Handsome George W. Johnson, speaker of the house, has his troubles. Before the session is over dapper Mr. Johnson will probably have set a new all-time record for stenographers in his employ. The latest girl to go to work in the speaker's office is Pearl Jorgenson of St. Paul, Stenographer No. 4, succeeding Lucille Cark of St. Paul, No. 3. Thus, having employed a blond, red head and brunette, Mr. Johnson promises to emulate Nat Goodwin, who had more wives than he could remember. It's either the speaker's temperament or the girls' inefficiency, but Mr. Johnson refused to be quoted.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1935

*Legislators bearing the sign of the zodiac, Virgo, orated
vociferously on this day, while those of the
scorpio slept soundly in their chairs.*



HE Minnesota legislature has placed into operation an espionage system which makes General Von Bleucher's war-time German intelligence force appear as amateurish as a group of mail order detective-school students running down mythical clues.

Organized at the suggestion of wheel horses in the senate under the direction of an investigating committee for the purpose of probing into the activities of Olson-administered state departments, Farmer-Laborites charge the quiz with degenerating into a dirt-gathering expedition. They say the whole mess is becoming an outrage, in which even common decencies have been discarded, and want to know who is paying the bill.

In order that the work of the peeping committee be speeded up with dispatch, the legislature appropriated \$8,000 for the cause, which has been virtually used up. Under the direction of Commander James A. Carley, detectives were employed right and left. Fired or disgruntled employes, upon hearing of the golden opportunities offered in sleuth roles, brushed up on their Sherlock Holmes, rushed over to the committee and secured jobs at \$100 a week. No less than fourteen such persons are now on the committee's payroll. Then again, amateur detectives, heeding the call for men who can start with a scent and wind up with a bank robber, rushed to the committee headquarters to be interviewed by the astute commander of the senate's secret service. Those who qualified were given a magnifying glass, a set of false whiskers, and told to go to it.

In fact, it is said there are few unemployed detectives in the state, most of them are snooping through Capitol halls eavesdropping over luncheon tables, shadowing this or that person, and in many instances, because of their numbers, shadowing one another.

When day is done and state employes are harbored snugly and safely in their homes, Carley's men and women of mystery rush down to the committee headquarters—a lavishly furnished apartment of quite some magnitude in a downtown hotel—to report their findings to the chief. It is said that Commander Carley expects efficient work from members of his secret service. He paces the floor madly; a crimson hue flushes the crown of his bald head, and his nostrils dilate like those of a high-strung race horse, as he eagerly awaits word from his operators in the field.

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After reports have been made and the day looks like a success, Commander Carley, the committee, and the detective force sit down to a feed of oysters on the half shell, fresh from Baltimore, and three-inch thick steaks, smothered in mushrooms, winding up with various flavored parfaits, saturated with cherries and whipped cream—paid for, of course, by the taxpayers.

In addition to the crew of undercover operators, Tom Mouer, Minneapolis attorney and former campaign manager for Tom Davis, was engaged as chief prosecutor at the comfortable salary, it is said, of \$40 a day. Mrs. Jean W. Wittich, former high official in the Olson administration, the Merry-Go-Round learned today, also has been engaged by the committee, and is now in Washington digging into relief figures.

Rumors, persistent but unconfirmed, have it that former Well Driller A. C. Townley, arch enemy of Gov. Olson, and general all-around man at stirring up trouble, is back in town, accompanied by his gang of rumpus raisers. Where they will fit in the legislative picture is a matter of conjecture. It is reported that the Townley invasion is the advance guard of Sen. Tom Schall's flying wedge, aimed at Gov. Olson—a sort of a premature skirmish for the 1936 senatorial race.

So far the investigation has revealed but little. It brought out that a group of naval reserve men had swooped down on the SERA to hold a field day by firing employes, thereby making room for more men of the navy. This point fell flat, however, when it was disclosed that the persons fired were Farmer-Laborites and that navy men apparently had taken an anti-Olson viewpoint.

Max Sloan, president of the Sloan-Pettibone Co., was accused of selling raincoats to the SERA at super-high prices. Sloan vehemently denied this charge and pleaded with Sen. Carley that he be called to the witness stand to which Carley turned a deaf ear. Testimony was given regarding padded expense accounts, the sale of highway rights of way at questionable prices, and so on. All in all, the investigation to date has revealed nothing but minor irregularities—irregularities which might be found in any kind of a business institution, especially when brightened by the spotlight of a huge detective force.

Another meeting of the investigating committee was scheduled for tonight, but it was called off due to the development of an impediment to Prosecutor Thomas Mouer's larynx. The prosecutor, who sits directly opposite witnesses during hearings, could just as well speak in a whisper. But in order that the galleries get full benefit of his jabbing questions, he has been acting more like a college cheer leader. The strain was too great, apparently; the larynx ran out of oil, resulting in postponement of the proceedings.

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Well, well, the legislative football team made a touchdown today. It appears that all of the players were on side, the signals were clear, and Rockne's toe correct, for the team scored by passing the \$10,000,000 relief bill, which is now ready for the Governor's signature. The Merry-Go-Round hopes the spirit of victory will go unconquered for the remainder of the session.

Its constitutional defects eliminated, the \$2,000,000 seed loan relief bill passed by the house for a third time today. The senate is expected to pass the measure tomorrow, after which it will go to the Governor for his signature. Farmers are in a quandary because of the confusion surrounding this bill, kicked and buffeted about the legislative chambers for the last four weeks. Farmers must have their applications for seed loans perfected by May 1, otherwise they will be ineligible for relief; and they are urged to keep in touch with their town boards for information and details how to get the loan.

The house tax committee today recommended for passage a tax limitation measure which restricts the taxing powers of all governing units, including townships, villages, counties and cities. Under the terms of this bill, levies would be cut from five to 10 per cent to a definite taxing maximum. Public employes who may lose their jobs and civic organizations which fear the elimination of important auxiliary functions of government, such as schools and public health, are fighting this bill.

The senate today turned down the recommendation of its judiciary committee, and placed upon the calendar the bill which absolves all automobile drivers from liability for injuries to guests riding in their cars. The committee killed the bill yesterday, but a minority report, signed by Sens. Patrick Farnand of Hibbing, O. J. Finstad of Windom, and Milton Lightner of St. Paul, brought the issue to the floor. The minority won and had the measure put on the calendar—to come to a final vote later.

Counties in Minnesota are authorized to issue emergency relief bonds without a vote of the people, under terms of a bill passed by both houses today. The Governor is expected to sign it.

The senate crime committee today expressed its confidence in Melvin C. Passolt, head of the state bureau of criminal apprehension, by recommending for passage a bill which increases his force of operatives from 12 to 40, and authorizing the bureau to enter any county of the state without the sheriff's request. The committee, by its action, indicated it would recommend confirmation of Mr. Passolt's appointment, which is temporarily held up.

Any noble senator who wants to get his picture on the front page of the St. Paul Daily News, and his name on the paper's honor roll, need only

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apply to the editor. The Daily News is fighting Senate File 303, a commercial fishing bill, which it is claimed, was passed in a hurry without ample deliberation. So, any good senator, willing to reconsider his vote on the bill, can get good publicity—and right on the front page, too.

Having vented his spleen on the senate investigating committee, lo, these many days, Gov. Olson took time off today in his daily newspaper article to urge the enactment of a joint federal-state program for conservation. The chief executive has proven quite versatile with his pen (he writes his own stuff, incidentally), so he flits with ease from a vitriolic discussion of Sen. Carley's snoopers to a dissertation on birds, the forests and wild life.

Thirty-seven retail liquor dispensers outside of the patrol limits of Minneapolis were ruled in violation of the law today by Municipal Judge Youngdahl. With this decision, the dealers must look to the legislature for immediate relief. A public hearing will be held tomorrow afternoon in the senate chamber to straighten out the mess, if possible. Hundreds are expected to attend.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1935

The weather was frosty, which we expect can be attributed to Saturn rising at 3:33 while legislators were sleeping it off.



TWO THOUSAND Minneapolis liquor dealers and their employes, whose establishments are located out of the patrol limits stormed the Minnesota state senate this afternoon, demanding legislative consideration, following an opinion by the Minneapolis municipal court that they were operating their business illegally.

The decision of the court is based on an antiquated law, enacted in the horse and buggy days, over a half century ago, when high-helmeted policemen twiddled night sticks, and the portion of the city south of Sixth street was ruled out of the patrol limits. Whoopee raisers and seekers of night life were obliged by law to confine their activities within the bounds of Sixth street and the river—the great white way, where bustled-hip ladies and stove-pipe hatted gentlemen stepped from red-plushed carriages to imbibe freely of the nectar of Bacchus—always within easy reach of foot policemen and their swinging night sticks.

Down through the years this law remained on the statute books of the state and nobody paid much attention to it. Before prohibition, drinking activities were confined within the patrol limits, and thirsty persons were satisfied to visit the then famous places about town—the old National Dutch room, now moth-covered and dilapidated, tumbling and tottering to dust, the scene of such revelry and joviality in the gay nineties, and the early 1900's; Lalley's Cafe and McCormick's where the President cocktail originated when Joseph P. Tumulty, then secretary to President Wilson, became so pleased with a drink mixed by the late Charley the Finn, that he ordered the beverage sent down to Washington bottled specially for the President. Its fame ran far and wide and celebrated travelers, upon visiting Minneapolis in the old days, never passed up an opportunity to frequent McCormick's Cafe.

But times have changed and Minneapolis has changed. With the advent of prohibition, the famous drinking places of the past closed their doors never to open again. The city spread to the south and with it went the town business institutions, skyscrapers, department stores, restaurants and places of amusement. Now with the return of the legalized sale of liquor, enacted at the last special session of the legislature, the same old patrol limit law remained on the statute books, but a temporary measure extending the patrol limits was passed at that time. Consequently the Minneapolis city council issued

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licenses to some 37 liquor dispensing establishments, whose places of business are out of bounds on the old law. This temporary measure expired recently, and the Minneapolis police department swooped down with raids in good old prohibition fashion, arresting bartenders who sold drinks, although the proprietors had purchased licenses.

It remains for the legislature to iron out the wrinkles, and with customary legislative dispatch, that of moving at a snail's pace, it is so doing. However, the petition of these liquor dealers and hundreds of their employes most likely will have some effect upon the august body, for if there is anything that the legislative gentlemen fear, it is heat, especially when the heat is turned on collectively by a group or a crowd.

A flurry of oratorical puffs swept the house chamber today when shiekish, round-faced Ray Anderson of Gilbert objected to a certain story appearing in the Minnesota Leader, official Farmer-Labor newspaper. Anderson read the story to the members of the house, with the exclamation, "What do you think of that!" He was so peeved about the whole deal that he urged that Minnesota Leader reporters be barred from sitting at the press tables. In retaliation, curly-haired Harold H. Barker of Elbow Lake, read a story from a local daily, asserting, "If we're going to bar reporters, let's bar 'em all—one is as bad as the other."

The legislature fumbled the ball again today on the \$10,000,000 relief bill, just when it looked like a certain touchdown. The measure, passed yesterday by the house for a third time, and previously passed twice by the senate—was recalled again today, just as the senate was getting ready to vote on it for a third time.

On motion of Sen. A. J. Rockne of Zumbrota, the measure was recalled and sent to the conference committee representing both houses. The bill in its present form is constitutional, it is believed, but the objection this time was to a certain provision, Section 5, which provided that counties match the state's relief allotment, dollar for dollar. This would discriminate against many counties which are in bad financial shape and would force them into bankruptcy if they issued relief bonds to match the state's appropriation, according to legislative leaders.

The measure will be rushed out of conference tomorrow morning, and onto the floor of both houses, in time to assure its signing by the Governor on Saturday—so the relief money can be made available at once.

We hope for the sake of the people of Minnesota who are in dire need of immediate relief, the legislative gentlemen quit fumbling and playing politics—long enough to give those people a break. The success of this all-

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important measure to date—the legislature has been in session eight weeks—is a sad commentary on the efficiency of our law-making body.

Machinery for administering the \$2,000,000 seed loan relief act was being set up today, just as the Governor received the measure for his official O. K. Stafford King, state auditor, said today that forms are being distributed so that needy farmers may make their applications by May 1—the deadline. Farmers are urged to contact their township and county boards for information concerning seed loans. They may borrow up to \$300.

An echo of the bitter truck strike in Minneapolis last summer was heard in the legislature today when Rep. John A. Weeks of Minneapolis introduced a bill asking the state to pay \$7,650 to Mrs. Catherine Burns for the death of her husband, Emmett F. Burns, a national guardsman, who was killed in an automobile crash.

The voters of Minnesota will be spared considerable suffering in listening to political speeches and to the appeals of candidates if a bill now in the senate becomes a law. The bill provides that the date of the state primary be moved ahead from the third Monday in June until the third Monday in August. This will leave less time between the primary and the general election which comes in November—giving the people as well as the candidates a well deserved rest.

A public hearing on the question of taxing natural gas five cents per 1,000 cubic feet will be held in the house chamber at 7:30 tonight. Since natural gas is being used extensively in Minnesota now as the result of pipe line connections into the Southwest panhandle—this measure concerns gas consumers very much, inasmuch as they may be forced to foot the bill in the long run—that is if the bill becomes law.

Minnesota's genial and good-natured liquor commissioner, David R. Arundel, is the latest recruit to the army of Kentucky colonels. He was officially notified of his commission today by Governor Ruby Laffoon of that commonwealth famous for its blue grass, thoroughbred race horses, and beautiful damsels. There are several thousand colonels scattered throughout the country, ahead of Mr. Arundel, but the title is a distinction nevertheless, as the prime qualification is that of being a gentleman—and a judge of good whiskey.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1935

*Waxing moon, Mars is the morning star. We still insist
that people can have worms; use our Vermifuge.*



FOLLOWING a report that a resolution is to be brought before the Minnesota legislature for an investigation of the senate investigation committee, Minnesota's twelve-man minstrel show is taking time out to rehearse its lines, brush up on its vocal numbers, unlimber rusty ankles and sluggish toes, and otherwise attempt to improve its repertoire, which to date has been more or less of a flop.

It is reported that End Man Carley is furious over the conduct of Interlocutor Thomas B. Mouer, campaign manager to Tom Davis, Minneapolis political race horse—good old Tom, he's run for practically every major office in the State of Minnesota, but like the crippled-up old pony, with the halts and the heaves, and the mange, he always stumbles and falls and has yet to cross the tape first.

You know at one stage of the Minnesota minstrel show the present End Man Carley was the Interlocutor, but it appears that he was more or less amateurish; he forgot his lines, mixed up his end men, tangling up the whole performance to such an extent, that Boss End Man, Sen. A. J. Rockne, known as the watch or bulldog of the treasury, became peeved and demanded a new interlocutor, it is said. Results: In walks Mr. Mouer, red-faced, partly bald, wearing balloon-tire specks, chewing on the end of a cigar, to take over the job for forty dollars a day. Not bad! Interlocutor Mouer, with a voice of the magnitude of a Big Bertha siege gun, but lacking marksmanship, in measure, overshadowed his predecessor, who was reduced to the rank of an end man. It is said that Carley feels slightly offended to think that he should have been shoved out of the picture, especially in view of all of the head lines that the committee was likely to receive from the daily newspapers. Carley was pacified, however, according to reports given to the Merry-Go-Round, by the bulldog of the treasury, with the assurance that it was still his minstrel show, and that he could run it in any manner he pleased. This is manifested every now and then during performances when End Man Carley leans over to some witness who hesitates to answer a question put by Interlocutor Mouer, draws his thin lips into a cynical scowl, and peeps out in a high squeaky voice, "Answer that question." That's the point right there—it's the question of voice in all probability that caused the demotion of Carley to end man and the appointment of Mouer as interlocutor. Carley's voice hovers around high C. While on the other hand, Mr. Mouer's method of

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expression is comparable to the blasts of an umpah—thundering reverberations that circulate around the senate chamber at least four times before fading, a decided advantage to the spectators in the gallery, and incidentally to the committee.

Well, under Interlocutor Mouer's direction, the minstrel show held sway in the big tent for six consecutive weeks, playing to a packed house, although putting on a bum show, culminating with a complete washout last Monday night when the end men lost their cues and the interlocutor lost his voice. This situation created such a rumpus that end man Carley, peeved beyond description, ordered the whole company back into training with explicit orders to Interlocutor Mouer that rehearsals be held daily and that no further performances be put on until the interlocutor knew what he was going to talk about.

It came to pass during the proceedings that Naval Reserve Officer Casper T. Frederickson, while appearing as a witness, as an employe of the FERA, informed the committee that a certain theatrical project financed by the FERA was more or less of a failure, expending some \$15,000 in federal funds. The organization in question is the American Art Theatrical association, headed by Arthur Breen of St. Cloud. This organization, it appears, traveled throughout the South at government expense, playing Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, and the Ivory Door. Commander Casper Frederickson, being a navy man, thought light of the Shakespearian actors, and so told the committee, which, of course, is not surprising. Now it developed today that the senate investigation committee, experts as black-faced comedians, have called in Actor Breen, who can recite the lines, "Boil and Bubble, Toil and Trouble," with the fervor of E. H. Sothorn, immortalized in Shakespearian roles. This minstrel committee is going to find out just what kind of performers of Shakespeare these American Art Theatrical players are, and they're going to bring Mr. Breen before the committee—a paradoxical paradox—like Eddie Leonard, famous in the art of black face, judging the qualifications of Sothorn in the role of Hamlet.

Breen told the Merry-Go-Round today that his theatrical organization is composed of unemployed actors, working under a government relief project, endorsed by all Minnesota congressmen and senators. He said that the troupe has just completed a tour of the South and that he has in his possession hundreds of newspaper clippings lauding the cast.

The fumbling of this inquisitorial body is characteristic of the legislature as a whole, directed by Conservatives, whose constructive accomplishments after eight weeks of dilly-dallying, are just about nil.

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The only outstanding achievement thus far is the passage of the mortgage moratorium, which was signed today by Gov. Olson after the bill had been sent through both houses three times. The chief executive termed the bill "unsatisfactory" because it failed to permit a farmer to pay off his debt "in kind," that is in crops, if he has no cash.

The \$2,000,000 seed loan bill has been enacted into law, of course, but not until after four fumbles by the legislative gentlemen. The \$10,000,000 relief bill was passed for the fourth time today, too, and will go to the Governor tomorrow.

With cattle starving on the drouth-seared plains of western Minnesota; with farmers begging for help, and with thousands of Minnesota citizens on the relief rolls frantically appealing for their allowances, so that their families won't starve—the senate investigating committee, apparently unmindful of these pitiful conditions, has been spending the taxpayers' money right and left, hopelessly trying to dig out some campaign material to be used in the next state election.

Eight thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money has been appropriated for this joint inquiry, but thus far, strange as it may seem, there has been no financial accounting by the committee; so this new move to investigate the investigating committee should be welcomed by all—especially by the taxpayers, who seem to be forgotten, as usual.

That the committee is apparently trying to cover up its lavish expenditures was revealed by the Merry-Go-Round today when it was learned that abstracts in the comptroller's office show that only \$805 has been spent to date, although the investigation has been going on for seven weeks. No voucher has come through the official state records for salary of Mr. Mouer, variously estimated at from \$40 to \$100 a day; or the 16 expert sleuths, directed by Chief Sleuth George West, who get from \$10 to \$15 a day; or for the salaries of scores of stool pigeons in the state Capitol, office building and highway department, who draw from \$7 to \$10 a day—not to mention the cost of a palatial suite in a downtown hotel, where members of this far-flung espionage system gorge themselves on thick steaks, chicken and fancy trimmings and other accoutrements calculated to appeal to the jaded appetites of gentlemen who work little but get good pay.

If the committee actually has spent only \$805 of the taxpayers' money so far—as shown by its failure to submit cost vouchers—then it should reveal to the people of Minnesota the identity of the outside sources who are supplying the cash.

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Sen. Archie Miller of Hopkins believes certain power and light companies in the state are unfair in making a so-called service charge of from \$1 to \$7, irrespective of the amount of electricity consumed. So he introduced a bill today asking for an investigation of these companies by the state railroad and warehouse commission, and making it a criminal offense for them to assess the charge.

Sen. Charles Orr of St. Paul offered a measure to make national banks in Minnesota pay their taxes on a compromise basis of 75 per cent—congress has been asleep in this case because it has never amended the national banking law to permit full and equitable taxation of national banks.

The employes of the Minnesota house entertained the representatives last night at a gridiron party, assisted by local newspaper men, who put on a show, imitating their big time brethren in Washington. The boys did the best they could, but fell short of professional style. Rep. L. E. Brophy, Minneapolis fire-cracker, who blows up at the slightest spark, and Roy Dunn of Pelican Rapids, were the subjects of the newspaper actors. It is needless to say that the lines were poorly spoken and the costumes deplorable, but what can you expect of newspaper men west of the Alleghenies.

MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1935

*The storm of the equinox was brewing, so depressing that
Mouer blew up, went to Chicago, returned with
cake of ice on head.*



THE Minnesota state senate investigating committee, following a languorous week, will renew its hearings Tuesday night, under the scrutinizing supervision of End Man James A. Carley and Interlocutor Thomas B. Mouer, that is providing Mr. Mouer returns from some place out of town, where he has been resting over the week end.

It appears that a little dissension has found its way inside of the committee; that things haven't been going so well with the members who have set about to pry into the affairs of several state departments; and that a general inside revolution is now under way, and that a bitter jealousy between Carley and Mouer has brought about a breach difficult to heal.

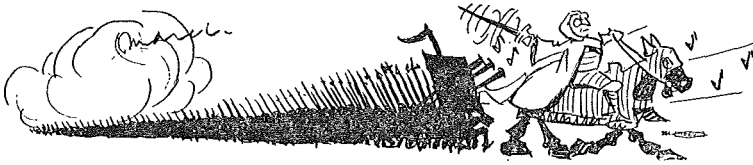
This was indicated a week ago tonight, the last meeting held by the committee and which culminated six weeks of playing ring-around-the-rosie, when it was reported that Chairman Carley was very much dissatisfied with the manner in which Prosecutor Mouer was conducting the hearings. It is said that Carley, has face crimson with anger, demanded that Mouer spend more time in preparation for the meetings, which it must be admitted to date have revealed nothing but a few minor irregularities in the operation of state departments. All week long the breach widened. Another hearing was to have been held last Tuesday, but it was called off. Another one was set for Thursday, and it was called off. For reasons, it is explained: Mouer just couldn't produce the stuff.

The flare-up terminated at the end of the week, when Prosecutor Mouer, manifesting true operatic temperament, blew up altogether and left town for parts unknown, much to the chagrin of Mr. Carley, who today was looking high and low for the interlocutor of the minstrel show. However, it is reported that more diplomatic members of the committee have poured oil on the injured parts, and that the wounds will be sufficiently healed so that the investigation will proceed, although it was rumored, a persistent but unconfirmed rumor, that Carley had threatened to resign as the committee's chairman. It is known that Sen. A. J. Rockne, often referred to as the bulldog of the state treasury, persuaded the Plainview solon to take the job as the committee's head, pointing out the possibilities of heroship the opportunity afforded; that all kinds of revelations detrimental to the Farmer-Labor Party would be disclosed; that he, Carley, would become the state's out-

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standing man, the man who single-handed and alone would still forever the influx of Communism, red scares and free love, silly attributes attached to the Olson administration by horrified Republicans, bankers and mining operators.

Sensing the prospects of fame, with ambitions aglow, Sen. James donned the glistening armor of knighthood, flashed his falchion in the gleaming sun of publicity, and to the heralding of trumpets, headed his crusading army against the imaginary foes of Communism and free love. On to the field of battle marched the senator and his brave crew of twelve colleagues, with banners unfurled in the morning breeze, and sabers flashing in the sunlight, they sallied forth to the thundering of horses' hoofs to slay the pagan foes—Communism and free love. Thrice they sallied, four times, and even six, to meet the oncoming foe. With the battlefield strewn with dead and wounded, Sen. James, his robe smeared with grime and dirt, his shield punctured and his saber broken, sounded the bugle call of retreat, to disappear behind the hill, where a hurried council of war is now being held, preparatory to a new attack, which the senator hopes will be more successful.



Tonight in the house chamber at 7:30 will be held a public hearing on the Weeks bill to postpone the coming Minneapolis city election for a year and a half. A storm of disapproval has greeted the bill. Church leaders charge that it is an attempt to perpetuate open town conditions in the Mill City.

Just as the Merry-Go-Round predicted, the senate motor vehicle committee today turned thumbs down on the compromise license fee bill passed by the house two weeks ago. The committee wants to keep the reduced rates charged for the past two years, while the house bill provides for retention of the minimum fees of \$5.00 and \$7.50, and restoration of the basic rate of 2.4 per cent of the list price of the automobile.

The house bill is expected to reach the senate floor Wednesday. In view of the committee's action today, the senate will reject the house amendments, and then the measure will go to a conference representing both branches of the legislature.

Although both houses are controlled by Conservatives, never has an issue so sharply divided the legislature as the question of automobile license fees.

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Each branch is determined to have its way, with no progress being made by either side, so the bill is almost hopelessly tied up. The penalty date has been extended twice, so motorists won't be penalized while the legislators are fighting. The deadline now is April 15, just ten days before adjournment, and a decision is imperative by that time. There can be no more extensions.

Gov. Olson, Farmer-Laborite, and Mike Holm, Republican, both had their say about the situation today. The chief executive favors the house bill with the reduced minimums and the old basic rate of 2.4 per cent. In his daily newspaper article, the Governor said a man who owns two Lincoln automobiles is one of the leaders in the fight to keep the basic rate down. It's just another plan to soak the poor for the benefit of the rich, the Governor said. Secretary Holm, on the other hand, favors the old rates, because, he says, Minnesota should go slow on its road construction program, in view of present conditions.

A serious drawback to the senate's plan is that Minnesota will lose \$7,000,000 in federal aid in the next two years if the state fails to match the government allotment. This money is collected in Minnesota by the government through the medium of the federal gas tax; and if the state fails to match it, Minnesota will find itself in the paradoxical position of having her motorists pay for road construction in other states with good Minnesota money.

It's about time the legislative gentlemen quit haggling and stalling and get down to business on this vital question. One thing is certain, however, the fellow with the small car, will pay no more than \$5 or \$7.50 for his license, irrespective of which plan is adopted by the legislature.

The senate civil administration committee today indicated it would recommend for passage Sen. George Siegel's bill to set up a state NRA, with Gov. Olson as the administrator. The plan is not to regulate all industry in the state, but primarily the trade services, such as barbers, beauticians, launderers, cleaners and so forth. Many of these industries are said to be in favor of a state NRA to stamp out chiselers, and they have the backing of their employees, and labor organizations.

Sens. J. V. Weber of Slayton and Richard Gardner of Staples would repeal the law that legalized the activities of so-called industrial savings associations. Weber says they are loan sharks and charge exorbitant interest rates, even though, outwardly they are complying with the law.

The Merry-Go-Round feels highly complimented today because it made the front pages of the St. Paul newspapers through the vocal medium of Sen. Carley of inquisitorial fame.

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The good senator referred to Rome Roberts as a fictitious character and yet in the same breath he said he may summon him before the senate investigating committee to learn where the Merry-Go-Round gets its information. Apparently, the senate's ace snooper is of the belief that he is going to subpoena a phantom—only to have him show up in the flesh on the witness stand, and then talk, like any human being.

Your commentator wants to assure Sen. Carley, and you, members of the radio audience, that the Merry-Go-Round program does not come to you by electrical transcription.

As Rome Roberts, I can well appreciate the senator's subtle humor—and he will have his little joke. Why the good senator should be so anxious to call me is more than I can comprehend, when such expert witnesses as glib-tongued Gov. Olson, handsome Carl Erickson, and diminutive Maxie Sloan, have all offered to testify—only to be denied the opportunity.

Now, senator, if you are really serious, I challenge you tonight and shall continue to challenge you to call me before your kangaroo court—and I want to reassure you that I am not a phantom.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1935

*When ducks quack loud, look out for rain; when legislators
roar, look out for a hurricane.*



SENATOR James A. Carley, flamboyant head of the senate investigating committee, following seven weeks of wild pitches, finally blew up today, which, of course, has been expected for a long time. The red-faced firebrand who hails from Plainview has been collecting steam in the investigation boiler with great rapidity of late, until, alas, the pressure exceeded the safety mark, the boiler exploded and Carley's steam poured forth throughout the senate chamber, much to the amusement of a packed house and packed galleries, who twittered and laughed as the Heap Big Chief of the investigating committee hurled his tomahawk right and left at everybody and anybody who dared to defy the sanctimonious prerogatives of his twelve apostles.

The whole show started following a demand by Sen. Charles A. Hausler of St. Paul for an accounting of the expenditures of the committee, which was defeated by a close margin, 24 to 21. Carley, frothing at the mouth, fingers clutched on an adjoining desk, launched a tirade such as is seldom witnessed on the senate floor. He charged interference, intimidation and misrepresentation by radio commentators, administration press agents, and what not—a decisive indication that the good senator, now in a squeeze, just can't take it. Heavy-set Abraham I. Harris, Olson's publicity man, was the main object of Mr. Carley's disaffections. He accused Harris of snooping around the senate halls and sending out disparaging news releases about the investigating committee. Assuming a defiant position on the floor, with eyes flashing like a cornered wolf, Carley read into the record a portion of Harris' newspaper release which said that Carley had a grizzly bear by the tail and couldn't let go, or else the bear might reach around and bite him.

Then the irate Carley, still fuming and boiling, switched to the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round and Rome Roberts, your commentator, whom he referred to as a fictitious person. The Plainview thunderbolt told the members of the senate that he was going to investigate the Merry-Go-Round proposition from top to bottom, on the charges that we are rattling the investigating committee, much like the ribber who sits near the first base line to hurl kidding remarks at a bush league pitcher. At this point Sen. Hausler took the floor and shouted that he, too, was receiving abuse from the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round, and cited an instance in which he was referred to as

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an undertaker. In this connection, however, the Merry-Go-Round wishes to make a correction. Sen. Hausler is an architect, although he is purported to own considerable stock in an undertaking establishment. Whether or not that makes him an undertaker, we will leave to the judgment of our listeners.

Then Carley went on to inform the members of the senate that the Merry-Go-Round program had made a deliberate misstatement of facts when we mentioned the sum of \$8,000 as the amount appropriated for the committee. He said that we were off three thousand dollars, and that only five thousand dollars was set aside for his committee's use. However, the now rattled head of the inquisitorial body seems to forget that he invited the house investigating committee to bring its three thousand dollars and come over into the senate's back yard to join in the game of investigating the SERA. In response to the invitation the house members have been meeting with the senate in this particular phase of the probe. Like the well-to-do boy who just moved into the neighborhood and possessed a new ball and bat, but couldn't play very well, Sen. Carley, in the role of the head of the gang down by the railroad tracks, welcomed the boy and took the bat and ball. That accounts for the other three thousand dollars.

A series of sharp debates was held in the house chamber last night over the Weeks' bill, sponsored by Rep. Johnny Weeks of Minneapolis, who would postpone the Minneapolis city election until the fall of 1936, when the election of state officials is held. This move created a furore on the part of the laboring classes, who claim that the purpose of the bill is to retain in office Mayor Buzz Bainbridge, who, it is said, will be defeated at the coming spring election. Various tax associations, rotary clubs, business pep clubs, and a mixed up assortment of after-dinner speakers appeared at the hearing and upheld the purposes of the bill, namely, that of reducing taxes by having all of the elections held at the same time. One by one, in prosaic tones, these gentlemen of the business world got up and gave Babbit speeches in favor of the bill. When the laboring boys retaliated, the fireworks broke loose, soap box oratory prevailed, and the representatives of the business clubs were in for a good lacing on the part of labor speakers.

Members of the house committee on public buildings, who are said to be in favor of erecting a new state office building to house outside departments, including the highway unit, were given some startling information Monday—the information of great interest to the taxpayers of Minnesota.

The representatives learned that it costs the state almost twice as much to operate their own building as it does to rent outside space. Figures were presented to the committee showing it costs the state \$2.23 a square

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foot to operate the office building, whereas rental of the highway building in Midway costs only \$1.06½ a square foot.

N. W. Elsberg, commissioner of highways, told the committee the highway building is peculiarly adaptable to the needs of the department, and suggested that the state buy the structure outright, instead of erecting a new building.

As long as the legislators are crying for more tax money, seeking to soak the people as usual, they should forget about constructing new buildings.

Speaking of taxes, the sub-committees of the house and senate tax groups, today approved a program of taxation that is designed to raise approximately \$25,000,000 a year to cut the burden on real estate.

The nature of the tax is a so-called gross income or sales levy and affects almost everybody who buys or sells anything or everything, except lawyers, dentists and doctors. Milk that feeds the hungry, food, clothing, furniture, cigarettes, soft drinks, ice cream and what—all will be subject to tax, under the terms of this program. The amount of the tax ranges from 2 to 10 to 20 per cent.

This tax plan is being sponsored by the Conservatives and in no uncertain terms has been attacked by Gov. Olson as a subterfuge to shift the burden of taxation from those able to pay to those unable to pay. Since the tax is designed to relieve the real property burden, it looks like the poor consumer who buys food or a meal or other necessities, will be paying a tax, while large corporations which own office buildings or other valuable real estate, will escape.

This tax program is a vicious one—and is being forced through at the instance of special interests who want the great majority of people to foot the bill, as usual. Gov. Olson has indicated that he would not sign such an outrageous measure, but the people should nevertheless be up in arms at this flagrant attempt to soak the masses for the vital necessities of life while the rich pay comparatively nothing.

Gov. Olson snapped at the legislative gentlemen today, told them to quit stalling, and pass a law to save the homes of thousands of Minnesotans. The chief executive called attention to the fact that the 1933 measure protecting against cancellation of contracts on homes, expires April 1, and unless something is done right away—the old law will revive, authorizing cancellation in 30 days.

Thirty-seven liquor dealers beyond the patrol limits in Minneapolis were denied relief in federal court today, Judge Molyneaux upholding the legality

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of the charter boundary lines. The dealers were given a ray of hope, however, when they mustered 88 votes late this afternoon to suspend the rules and pass a bill which permits them to operate until the people of Minneapolis have a chance to vote on the question at the general election in June. What the senate will do with the bill is problematical.

Sen. Carley and his sharpshooters resume their machine gun sniping in the senate chamber tonight. Although I have offered myself as a free and willing sacrifice on the altar of petty peanut politics, I am very disappointed that the good senator has not accepted my challenge to appear on the stand. Tut, tut, Mr. Carley, is it really true that your bark is worse than your bite.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1935

*Full moon on this night; try our vermifuge, we've been
expelling worms for years and years.*



HE state senate investigating committee, with interlocutor, Thomas B. Mouer, and its end man, Sen. James A. Carley, both in bad form, fell to a new low last night with the tire cutting the rim, much to the disappointment of a crowded gallery, which in keeping with the unanimated spirit of the committee dosed off into a state of apathetic languor.

The interlocutor, who just returned from a week-end spent in Chicago, was way off key. He appeared at the meeting late, his countenance shrunk and shriveled, drawn like a person who had just emerged from four Turkish baths in the same afternoon. His voice was at an extremely low ebb, one of those weak and feeble morning after, empty vocal expressions, the kind usually attached to a person whose head feels like a balloon and whose stomach pitches and rolls, craving for a bottle of milk of magnesia.

And End Man Carley was no better, a combination which made the evening a dull flop, much to the amusement of Abraham I. Harris, press agent, who sat nearby smoking his pipe, and laughing with glee over the series of blunders effectuated by both the interlocutor and the end man. Sen. James, sensing the interlocutor's off-form, butted in on the head man, and exhibiting a high state of nervous tension, threw jittery and ambiguous questions at the witnesses, which all in all, brought out nothing of any importance to the investigation.

Carley's flushed face, an indication that the Plainview inquisitor is being subjected to considerable heat, was plainly visible to all present. He squirmed and shifted in his chair, twitching and wiggling a half dozen times a second, his beet-red face reminding one of the old-fashioned housewife after a Saturday morning over the old wood burner, turning out bread, cakes and pie for the Sunday meal. Gov. Olson today referred to the senator as one suffering from jitteritis and suggested that Mr. Carley visit Mr. Mouer's physician, a Dr. Morrison in Chicago, and seek the same cure. In all probability the Governor has received misleading information regarding the interlocutor's trip to the Windy City. According to reports obtained by the Merry-Go-Round, Interlocutor Mouer went to Chicago all right to visit a Morrison, which we find, happens to be a skyscraper hostelry and not a doctor.

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The hearing last night proceeded along the same old lines, that of digging into the affairs of SERA, which of course, brought the navy back into the picture again, with a rehashing of the good old ship Paducah that sails the briny main. The committee seems to be much concerned about eleven naval reserve officers, who are now working for the SERA. Outside of that, nothing new in importance was revealed, with the exception, however, that End Man Carley became all fussed up over a small private dining room constructed by relief labor in the basement of the Capitol. A tiny, insignificant hole in the wall, within which about six people could crowd, brought the wrath of the gods out of the florid End Man, who fished and angled with Witness Peterson, retiring custodian, attempting to bring out information that the room was designed exclusively for Gov. Olson. Peterson said, however, that Miss Mabeth Paige, Minneapolis conservative representative in the House had used the dining room. This statement made Carley's red face redder.



In the meantime, administration officials point their fingers at United States Sen. Thomas D. Schall, as the nigger in the wood pile, who is stirring up the whole investigation fuss. They say that Schall moved in bag and baggage at the time of the last state election, armed with eastern capital, to carry on the war against the Governor, whom he anticipates as his opponent when he runs for re-election in 1936. Failing at this the story goes, the rough and ready United States senator, using his customary tactics of campaigning at the taxpayers' expense, instigated the investigation, hoping, of course, to pack his campaign knapsack with scandal and other juicy stuff that sounds great in political campaigns. The connecting links in the Schall-senate investigating committee chain, is indicated, these officials say, by the fact that swallow-tailed and wavy-maned Tom Davis, life-long political friend of Schall, who by virtue of his eccentric mode of dress appears like a lion tamer, is a moving factor in the investigation, and that Thomas B. Mouer, attorney for the committee, is also a friend of both.

Today in Washington, the bellowing Minnesota senator flew into a tantrum when it appeared that Postmaster James Farley, was sitting down on the senator's old game of franking out campaign material to the voters

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of Minnesota at government expense. That's an old habit of Sen. Schall, that of dictating long-winded speeches into the Congressional Record order the government to print a half a million copies, address the envelopes, and mail them out to the citizens of the state—all free to the senator. He's certainly a great representative of the people, this bluffing, boisterous, noisemaker, who has been absent from the senate more times than he has been present, whenever important matters appear before that body.

Gov. Olson today repeated his warning that he would veto a sales tax, such as proposed yesterday by the sub-committees of the senate and house tax groups. The tax program is sponsored by Conservatives in the legislature, and although the chief executive has threatened a veto, they do not seem disturbed over the prospect.

In fact, the Conservatives' strategy as revealed today, is to put the Governor on the spot by including his tax proposals in the omnibus program which was approved yesterday. Thus they are tying up the Governor's plans with the sales tax, so if Olson vetoes the sales tax he will necessarily kill his own revenue raising proposals. The chief executive has proposed to increase the inheritance, gross earnings, money and credits, corporate excess, iron ore, and chain store taxes, and these bills are incorporated in the general plan, which also includes the sales levy.

It's an amusing game of political poker between two arms of government, the legislative which makes the laws, and the executive, who enforces them. The stakes are the poor suckers, the taxpayers, who foot the bill.

This is another major issue that reeks with petty, partisan politics. The conservatives, mostly Republicans, seek to embarrass Gov. Olson, Farmer-Laborite. If the Conservatives succeed in hanging the sales tax on the Governor, it will make him unpopular with the people. On the other hand, if Olson vetoes the conservatives' whole tax plan, which embraces his own program, he will have no money to run the state. Then he will have to appeal to the executive council, which is controlled by Republicans, and then what. It looks like that fighting blond Viking is hanging on both horns of a dilemma. The Republicans have him on the spot, and it will be interesting to see if he can wiggle out on top with his characteristic, almost uncanny political acumen.

Another example of political horseplay of the variety just described was bared today with the introduction of a bill in the house, signed by a dozen Conservatives, abolishing the Big Three, and placing the personnel, budget-making and public examining duties in the hands of Republican Auditor Stafford King, the gentleman who fell off a horse in the Rose Bowl during the war. Needless to say, the Big Three is now controlled by Farmer-

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Laborites. The Republicans want the jobs now held by Farmer-Laborites, and if they can't get 'em by votes at election time, they'll try to snatch them through the magic of legislation.

The senate beat down an attempt to make the Big Three advertise for bids on all purchases over \$100. The issue came to the floor, but was voted down. Purchases up to \$500 are now permitted without advertising for bids.

The senate fight over the much-disputed automobile license fee bill failed to materialize today, so Sen. Bill (Thunderbolt) Roepke, promised to bring it up Thursday. The senate wants the reduced rates, in effect for the past two years, but the house has passed a bill keeping the \$5.00 and \$7.50 minimums, and raising the basic rate back to 2.4 per cent.

Witnesses who testify before legislative investigating committees will be granted immunity under the terms of a bill passed by the senate today. Only wilful perjurers will be prosecuted.

Reps. M. P. Lager of Bronson and E. J. Chilgren of International Falls introduced the prize bill of the session today, offering \$10,000 to anyone who discovers oil in Minnesota. We appreciate the humor of these legislative gentlemen, who need only look about them in the legislature chambers, where they will find not only oil, of the banana variety, but great reservoirs of hot air and natural gas, especially when my good friend Mr. Carley spouts on the floor.

Oh! yes, speaking of Mr. Carley, your commentator was pointed out to his senatorial highness, sitting right under his nose at the hearing last night—was my face red when the good senator turned around and gave me a dirty, dirty look. Naughty, naughty, senator, papa spank!

THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1935

The storm of the equinox arrived in full force; Carley asks Doughnut-maker McGlone, "who put the hole in the doughnut?"



HE state senate investigating committee stooped to desperate depths last night when they produced Alfred McGlone, Minneapolis concocter of foods, who pipe-dreamed a fantastic and grotesque tale about lavish expenditures by the state administration in connection with the now famous Capitol sub-basement private dining room.

McGlone, who at one time was considered as manager for the co-operative Capitol restaurant but who for some reason or other never got the job, said that Edward J. Pearlove, state comptroller, told him to purchase a \$500 rug, spinning wheels, colonial silverware, walnut-veneered tables, and other high class equipment for a private dining room, allegedly to be used by the Big Three, of which Pearlove is a member.

It was that juicy, saucy kind of testimony that Prosecutor Carley and Head Man Mouer have been trying to bring before the committee for the past two months; the kind of testimony that made staid old Rockne, the Zumbrota whirlwind, laugh with glee; the kind of testimony that for some reason or other changed the Mahatma Gandhi countenance of Sen. James from a vinegar sour to that of the victorious smile of Sciopio Africanus when he overwhelmed the Carthaginians on the plain of Northern Africa.

With little prodding from Prosecutor Mouer, who by the way was in tip top shape last night, his voice resonant and full of its usual biting sarcasm, Doughnut-maker McGlone snorted out the gossip, which incidentally sounded bad for the Olson administration. It was simply exhilarating to the staunch old committee members, that of sitting back and listening to Witness McGlone ramble along, particularly, of course, to End Man Carley, who had waited two months for this sort of a vindication. Carley laughed and Carley smiled, at first a sort of a weak, sickly smile, but as McGlone hit full speed ahead, and took the curves on one wheel, the Plainview solon's florid face busted wide open into one of those radiant, sunburst expressions of joy. But it was not for long, for shortly after the senator had settled down to what looked to him as an evening of enjoyment, a Western Union boy appeared in the chamber and handed Mr. Carley a telegram which contained the felicitations of Rome Roberts, your commentator. It is probably unnecessary to announce that the sunburst smile vanished with dispatch and

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that the Head Man reassumed his Mahatma Gandhi appearance, which he retained for the rest of the evening, regardless of the spiciness of Baker McGlone's testimony.

However, it developed today, according to a statement from State Comptroller Pearlove, that Baker McGlone was walking on thin air. Pearlove asserted that McGlone had never been in the employ of the Capitol restaurant, and that no such furniture or equipment as outlined by the Minneapolis chef, was ever purchased or considered for purchase. Pearlove said that he had asked Ramsey County Attorney Mike Kinkad for a grand jury hearing on the question, in which he seeks an indictment against McGlone on charges of perjury.

It would seem to the Merry-Go-Round that the investigating committee could have dropped down into the Capitol sub-basement and viewed the situation for themselves. This the Merry-Go-Round reporter has done, failing to discover any of the items described by McGlone. In fact, we located one dining room, that is one so-called private dining room, a little bit of



a cubby-hole affair, sans shower baths, rugs, and the other accoutrements outlined by the witness. Instead, a couple of ordinary lunch room tables, and a half dozen chairs of the restaurant variety adorned the place.

Last night's demonstration before the committee proved to be a fiasco of the most ridiculous type, and we might add a fiasco that is costing the taxpayers of the State of Minnesota a pretty penny. Altogether at the present writing the two houses of the legislature have appropriated \$8,000. For what?

As predicted by the Merry-Go-Round, the senate refused to follow the lead of the house, and today passed its own motor vehicle license bill, voting 40 to 18, to keep the reduced rates in effect for the past two years.

Final passage followed two hours of bitter debate, in which Sen. William (Thunderbolt) Roepke of Faribault, author of the senate bill, charged highway extravagance, and opponents of the measure declared that the state would lose \$7,000,000 in federal aid if the fees were reduced.

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The senate bill now goes to the house, where it will be rejected, and then a conference committee representing both houses will be appointed to try and reach a final decision. April 15 is the deadline, since after that time motorists will be penalized if they do not buy their licenses, at the old high rates in effect in 1932.

The heat from the folks back home is pouring in on the legislative gentlemen, in no uncertain volume, since the sales tax proposal made its appearance two days ago. That the tax is decidedly unpopular with the people of Minnesota is shown by the thousands of letters and telegrams and even phone calls that deluged the legislators, demanding they vote against this vicious measure.

Members of the house appear to be going forward with the outrageous plan, however, for they have called a caucus at a downtown hotel tonight to line up for the bill, thus avoiding a long drawn out fight on the floor.

Gov. Olson was bitter today over the sales tax move and denounced it as a tax on poverty—not on wealth.

The chief executive branded the sales tax as a "racket," and said it will not only cast the burden of maintaining government upon the frail shoulders of the poor, but make the poor pay double, treble and quadruple what the government actually sets out to raise in taxes.

The Governor said the only people who would benefit from the sales tax are wealthy owners of valuable properties, and the reduction in their real estate tax would be many times the amount they would pay in sales tax. The plan, then, he declared, is just a vicious device to shift the burden of taxation from the rich to the poor. That would be vicious enough in normal times, Olson concluded, but in this period of depression it is hitting below the belt.

We are pleased to note that even good friend Sen. Jim Carley, Democrat, who lined up with the Conservatives, openly denounced the sales tax on the floor today.

Thanks to the able and efficient administration of Elmer A. Benson, state commissioner of banks—the Appleton boy who made good—banks are opening in Minnesota now instead of closing. Commissioner Benson announced the issuance of charters to two new state banks, one at Elgin and the other at Comfrey. Only one bank has closed its doors since the memorable holiday two years ago, and that bank will pay 100 cents on a dollar to depositors, Commissioner Benson said.

Following Gov. Olson's demand for action, the senate judiciary committee today approved for passage a bill which extends for two years the



Roy (Sales Tax) Dunn trains on steaks and champagne

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moratorium on contracts for deeds. The bill is expected to be rushed through in time to make it effective by the expiration date, April 1.

With no less than 100,000 people looking for state jobs that don't exist, paradoxically enough, there's at least one job that nobody seems to want. That's the position of secretary of the state industrial commission vacated by the removal of that stormy petrel, Julius Emme. Wilfred Engdahl of Minneapolis turned the job down, and now it is rumored, Emory Nelson, representative of the Minneapolis Milk Drivers union, may be offered the position.

No high school pupil in Minnesota will be graduated unless he or she visits the legislature, under the terms of a bill offered by Rep. L. A. Campbell of Utica. Here's another legislative gentleman with a rare sense of humor that seems so characteristic of our public servants. It will indeed be a liberal education for our high school students to visit the three-ring circus in the Capitol and see the funniest assortment of clowns ever found under any Big Top. And last but not least, the bill should also provide that the students visit the inquisitorial chambers for a closeup of that great hero of the 1935 session—my pal, Sen. Jim Carley.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1935

*Spring began according to the position of the moon and the
Senate ball; Carley and the widow take first prize.*



ALTHOUGH ten weeks have elapsed since the gentlemen of the legislature settled down in leather upholstered chairs to tend to the needs of the people of Minnesota, very few measures pertaining to the desperation of the times have received the courtesy of that august body of multifarious shaped men who hail from all parts of the sovereign domain. Dilly-dallyism, sleeping sickness, wranglitis, and just plain lethargy seem to have been imbued in both houses, now resting on the oars in the palatial Minnesota State Capitol.

In the meantime, however, social functions have perked up a bit, which was evidenced last night when the employes of the senate acted as hosts to their dignified bosses and threw a party fit for the kings—one of those joyous occasions, when hearts beat lightly and cares flitter away to the strains of lilting music.

It was a gala gala affair, held exclusively for the members of the senate in the grand ball room of the Hotel St. Paul. Heavy-paunched and bald-headed old senators put their best foot forward, grabbed their ladies fair, and waltzed and waltzed and waltzed, until the wee sma' hours of the morning. Fifth avenue fashions held swap when swishing gowns and ostrich fans swept and swayed in a perfume-scented air, while laughter and gayety, sometimes reaching the point of hilarity, reverberated throughout the hall, into the corridors and way out into the street.

And, of course, there was a grand march, and what a grand march it was, headed by Lieutenant Governor Hjalmar Petersen. Dignified with legs swinging high, goose-step fashion, he headed the procession, round and round, firmly grasping the arm of his newly acquired wife, simply gorgeous in her "black as night" gown,—a Parisian creation, with three gold curtain-rings snugging her neck, interrupted by a sash of heavy black silk crepe that fell into a swag to the floor. The lieutenant governor shifted to the left occasionally to avoid stepping on the sash.

It was a great turnout, practically every member of the senate showed up, with the exception of Octogenerian H. H. Bonnewell of Hutchinson, who being too old to dance went home to sleep. Bewhiskered Herman Schmechel of Renville, dashed into the hotel early, his beaver flowing in the breeze. However, the senator, promptly and without hesitation entered the refreshment room, and, incidentally stayed there for the rest of the evening.

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Sen. Roepke, often termed the Faribault thunderbolt, created the sensation of the party when he appeared walking briskly on the arms of his fiancée, who wore a white ermine wrap. A stir went through the ballroom, when this magnificent couple grasped each other preparatory to swinging into the rhythm of Love in Bloom, then floating through the air from a half a dozen saxophones, punctuated with a few deedle-de-doots of a cornet. Ahs and



ohs were emitted from the lips of the ladies present, state fair fireworks reviewing fashion, when the couple reached the middle of the floor. The Merry-Go-Round reporter, excited by the outburst and fearful that someone might have gone into a faint, rushed in looking for the seat of the trouble, only to find that the lady's sheer Victorian frau frau had practically stopped the show—a lovely gown, masses of shirred violet tulle ending in a dooming ruffle over a violet taffeta petticoat, with the bodice anchored around the bust with a red ribbon.

Laughter swept through the crowd when Sen. T. H. Johnson, Fergus Falls tailor, attempted to do the carioca. Short, fat and squatty, Sen. T. H. had a difficult time shifting his roly-poly stomach to the oscillating tunes of the Spanish music. However, the senator did his best, at least making people laugh, including that pugilistic sergeant-at-arms in the senate chamber, who was on the same kind of duty at the dance, and who by the way attempted to eject the Merry-Go-Round reporter from the scene of joviality.



The prize of prizes on the highly polished floor turned out to be our sparring partner, Sen. James Carley, Plainview fire-cracker. The cognomen should now be changed, after the senator's display last night, to Jim Dandy, for he certainly filled the bill, right to the letter. Dancing with a charming platinum-haired widow from White Bear, the couple dipped and swayed to the tune of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," the senator, his head high, a defiant look in his eyes, was king for a day, far remote from the trials and tribulations of the senate investigating committee.

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Edward J. Pearlove, state comptroller, announced today that he would urge the Ramsey county grand jury not to indict Alfred McGlone of Minneapolis, who told a fantastic tale to the senate investigating committee, because of McGlone's own claim that he is suffering from mental disorders and dizzy spells and draws disability allowance from the federal government. McGlone is a war veteran.

Cut yourself a piece of throat seems to be the rule at this session as the business of putting somebody on the "spot" appears to be coming more and more popular—taking precedence over the business of looking after the needs of the people.

The Conservatives of the legislature have put Gov. Olson on the spot with the sales tax, and today the chief executive retaliated by sponsoring a bill through Sen. Charles Hausler of St. Paul, slashing the salaries of the legislative gentlemen from \$1,000 for the session to \$850, and cutting their mileage allowance from 15 cents to 5 cents a mile.

This isn't in direct retaliation on the sales tax, but a move by Gov. Olson to test the sincerity of the solons on the problem of governmental economy. The legislators are cutting the salaries of state employes 15 per cent for the next two years, and if they are really sincere for economy the solons should be willing to take a wage cut themselves, the Governor said. The legislators just won't cut their own salaries, but they will slash the wages of state employes. It's just another glaring example of the legislator's insincerity and ineptitude, and reckless disregard of the rights of the people who elected them to public office.

Speaking of the sales tax, 82 members of the house, more than the necessary majority, pledged themselves at a caucus at a downtown hotel Thursday night, to vote for the measure. The threat of the Governor's veto did not deter them. The senate is certain to pass the bill, and then it will be laid right on the Governor's doorstep.

Throwing down the gauntlet, the Governor accepted the legislature's challenge on the sales tax today. He said he will accept the responsibility for a veto, but declared it was not for the legislature to fix the responsibility, but rather up to the people of Minnesota.

"These Conservative leaders do not understand that, because they seldom think of the people," the Governor said. "They circulate in a very small zone of human life, and will find the people holding them responsible for any failure to enact a sound tax program."

The chief executive offered his own program, eliminating the sales tax, but increasing the tax on inheritance, utilities gross earnings, chain stores,

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money and credits, occupation and royalty iron ore, and the corporate excess tax.

That much-disputed bill loaded with political dynamite, the motor vehicle license fee measure, passed by the senate, was rejected by the house today. Both houses then named a conference committee, which will attempt to iron out the points of conflict. The senate wants the reduced rates of the past two years, but the house wants the old basic rate of 2.4 per cent restored on the list price of the automobile, with a retention of \$5 and \$7.50 minimums on small cars.

The \$2,000,000 seed loan bill, which was passed four times before it became a law, may have to be repealed, and repassed for the fifth time to eliminate certain ambiguous provisions which may prove fatal to the act, according to Rep. Carl J. Eastwood of Ortonville, who is considering the move. There's legislative efficiency for you.

Without a dissenting vote, the senate today confirmed the appointment of Melvin C. Passolt as head of the state bureau of criminal apprehension. Mr. Passolt has established a fine record, and today's action comes as an indorsement.

Members of the family of Judge Pat Morrison of Norwood, 68, senator from Carver county, have been summoned to his bedside at a hospital here, as his death is reported imminent. Judge Morrison, serving his second term in the senate, is a Republican. Death has already claimed two members of the legislature this session.

Sen. Carley and his inquisitors swing into action again tonight. Mr. Carley hasn't invited me, but I will be on hand, nevertheless, to lend my good friend moral encouragement. Happy landing, Jim, Old Top.

MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1935

*The sun set at 6:16; Carley blew up; Hitchcock sipped
on a bottle of pop.*



SMOTHERED under an avalanche of proposed measures, the Minnesota legislative flivver, groaning and grinding through the mud, after passing the two-third mark of its 1935 journey today, typical flivver fashion, shivered and shook, to reach an indefinite stall, a deadlock, with the tax bill and the auto license fee bill gumming up the machinery.

Among the thousand or more of bills now resting somewhere beneath the Capitol dome are scores of business vs. business measures, commonly known in the vernacular of the legislature as Mae West bills, "Come Up and See Me Sometime." The Dental society demands that no longer shall a dentist hold the end of the forceps and wrangle with the fang of a customer lured into his office through the power of advertising, and, of course, the advertising dentists are fighting back, blow for blow. The optometrists are up in arms because somebody got the idea of eliminating optical parlors in jewelry stores, corporations and the like, and brought about the introduction of such a bill in the legislature. Beauticians are at it hammer and tongs. Operators of beauty schools, fearful that a proposed law which would abolish the charging of a fee when a student marcel's milady's golden tresses, are storming Capitol corridors.

In fact, a heterogenous mass of business humanity, representing practically every phase of commercial endeavor, is hovering around the legislative chambers. Ice cream manufacturers are bumping into bankers, and real estate men by the hundreds brush aside the operators of permanent waving machines, who, by virtue of their professions lend a delicate scent to a tobacco-filled atmosphere, to say nothing of the odor of onions reeking from the hot dog stand, where Rufus W. Hitchcock, chief dispenser of information for the Republican party, is frequently seen, his long arms dangling on the showcase, sipping on a bottle of pop. Propagandist Rufus, by the way, may be characterized as the outstanding figure in the 1935 session. As ex-representative and newspaper publisher from Hibbing, he is always on hand to collect information for his radio broadcasts, in which he scourges the Farmer-Labor administration and Gov. Olson. Lean and lanky, he has often been compared to Ichabod Crane in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." A sight, indeed, is this unique figure strutting along the crest of Capitol hill on a windy day, his long torso swaying back and forth in a sort of hesitating

THE MINNESOTA MERRY-GO-ROUND

rhythm to a lanky stride, balanced by jutting elbows, which protrude at right angles, like those of a scarecrow.

In the meantime, while important business waits in the legislature, Sen. High-Power Harry Wing of Carlton stole the show today by the introduction of a bill which would terminate suits for alienation of affections within the state. High-Power Harry, who dispenses soup and other edibles while not legislating, also would do away with correspondents in divorce suits, asserting that he is out to put a stop to racketeering with human emotions. He said that several other states now have a similar law, including Indiana, where the boys about town may whisper sweet words of love into their darling's ear, without fear of recourse of damages through the courts. Sen. Wing said that he started out in life as a bootblack, traveled through fourteen states selling a chemical line, and wound up operating the King and Wing Cafe in Carlton, with enough time left over to finish two university extension courses, acquired while frying lamb chops and fricasseeing turkey giblets for hungry patrons up Carlton way.

The senate investigating committee, following a very orderly meeting last Friday night, sans Sen. James A. Carley, who was absent on account of illness, will meet again this evening under the supervision of Sen. H. H. Sullivan of St. Cloud. The committee tonight, it is understood, will delve into the affairs of the state highway department, with Dutch I. C. Strout, state budget commissioner and member of the Big Three, scheduled to adorn the witness stand. Although Sen. Carley will again be absent, Interlocutor Mouer will be on hand to shoot his customary vociferous questions at the witnesses, hoping perhaps that he will be able to find at least one person who crumbles and caves in when the cannon roars and the shell hits its mark. In this regard, the Merry-Go-Round again makes the same prediction—the mountain will groan and out will come a mouse. Interlocutor Mouer, it was reported, was quite peeved today when the Ramsey county grand jury treated him like any ordinary citizen and kept him waiting outside all morning. The interlocutor was called before the grand jury regarding the testimony of one Alfred McGlone, a shattered war veteran, given before the senate committee last week.

Albert H. Crombie, the unfrocked minister from White Bear Lake, who invaded the school, the home and the pulpit during the last election campaign, attacking the Farmer-Labor free textbook plank, was sentenced to 10 years in Stillwater penitentiary on a charge of second degree forgery.

Mr. Crombie confessed before Judge Hugo O. Hanft in Ramsey county district court today, that he had passed worthless checks totaling \$200 in the Twin Cities.

THE MINNESOTA MERRY-GO-ROUND

He is a self-styled lecturer and educator, and says he took to the platform after being ousted from his Presbyterian parish at White Bear Lake. During the last campaign, it was Mr. Crombie who assailed the state board of education as a hotbed of Communism. As a representative of the United Voters League he toured the length and breadth of the state attacking the free textbook plan as Communistic and un-American.

After passing the checks in Minneapolis and St. Paul, Crombie fled to Detroit, was captured and then brought back here. Commitment was stayed until Thursday.

Following the recommendation of the committee, the senate today unanimously approved the appointment of David Arundel as state liquor control commissioner. Mr. Arundel has made a fine record in the past two years, and only recently at a national meeting he was named vice president of the National Association of State Liquor Control Commissioners.

"Marry in haste and repent in leisure" will not be the rule in Minnesota—not for the next two years, anyhow, since the senate today killed a bill which would have eliminated the five-day waiting period. County clerks were interested in passing this bill because they claimed many couples refused to wait five days for a license, going to neighboring states—thereby depriving Minnesota of the license revenue.

Under the terms of a bill approved today by the house civil administration committee, the personnel of the state bureau of criminal apprehension will be enlarged from 12 to 40 men, and the power of the bureau broadened, giving agents authority to enter any county of the state, without the request or approval of local officials.

Chief Justice John P. Devaney appeared personally before the committee to urge approval of the measure, as one of the most important items in the program of the state crime commission, which made certain proposals to stamp out crime in Minnesota.

A lively fight is in prospect tomorrow as the dries and wets, swords in hand, square off on the question of rescuing 37 Minneapolis liquor dealers beyond the patrol limits. The house has already passed a bill, permitting the dealers to do business until the people vote on the question at the general election in June. Backers of the bill need a two-thirds majority in the senate to suspend the rules in order to bring the measure to a vote. The dries contend they will not only defeat this move, but claim enough votes to kill the bill on a regular vote.

There are altogether too many minors being turned into barmaids and bartenders, with bad moral consequences, according to Sen. Gerald T. Mullin,

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the fighting Irishman of Minneapolis, who introduced a bill today that would bar boys under 21 and girls under 18 from working on such jobs in night clubs and beer taverns.

In the absence of Sen. Carley Friday night, the senate investigating committee was headed by

Mr. C. A. Dahle, a Duluth Democrat
Whose ambitions are tall-ey
With hair parted in middle and specks to match
He hopes to be governor without a scratch.
Yet, if you'd ask us to give our opinion here
We'd say he'd be better at leading a cheer,
With skull-cap and pennant, white pants and cane,
Strolling down any old college's lane.



TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1935

Neptune shown all night; the Hibbing grasshopper mounts the old gray mare, Gunpowder; Dunn becomes passenger No. 1.



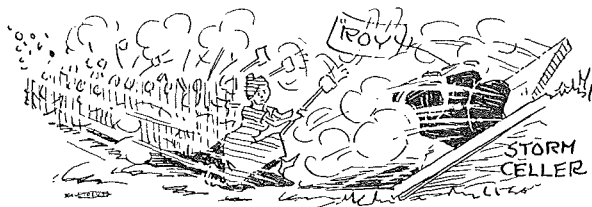
FOLLOWING a two-month free ride on our dappled gray pony No. 1 of the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round, Rufus W. Hitchcock, chief disseminator of propaganda for the Republican party, objecting to the cognomen "Ichabod Crane," politely attached to him by your commentator, blew up and called in reinforcements last night.

The Hibbing grasshopper, oscillating back and forth on the bony back of the old gray mare as she stiff-legged along the lane, vainly attempting to flee from the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow, yelled for help—a plaintive cry wallowing in the still night air, which brought forth the hero of the 1935 legislative session, bald-headed Roy E. Dunn, a representative from Pelican Rapids. The towering and bony-framed champion of the sales tax, incensed and infuriated over the opposition thrown against his pet bill, flared into a rage, borrowed Sir Rufus Hitchcock's radio time and went to it—a vociferous tirade against the Farmer-Labor administration, Gov. Olson, publicity agents, and what not, including the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round, and your commentator, Rome Roberts. Which, of course, warrants a position for Mr. Dunn on the Merry-Go-Round, right up near the calliope, or perhaps we might place him in the rub-adub tub, and give a good twirl, or on the other hand we have a nice spotted jack-ass, fresh from Missouri—he'd look great there, his bulky frame bouncing up and down to the tune of "Sleepy Time Gal." In any event, Mr. Dunn has become passenger No. 1.

The Goliath of the house of representatives, who three years ago attempted to bring about the passage of a tax on cigarettes only to discover that the tobacco people moved into his home town and gave him a good trouncing at election time, charged that Gov. Olson is behind this Merry-Go-Round program. He even went so far as to blame a clerk by the name of Sylvester T. McGovern, an employe of the state department of agriculture, as being the "Rome Roberts" in question. Your commentator, in sympathy with the unjustified abuse that Fullback Dunn has hurled at this underpaid government employe, strolled up to the Capitol today and looked him up. The poor boy was quite fussed. Not knowing what it was all about, he interrupted his daily routine of dealing with seeds, weeds and fertilizer long enough to admit that he was quite scared, fearful that the almighty power of Dunn and his colleagues might affect a reduction in his salary, or perhaps remove him from the payroll altogether. After being reassured several times

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by the Merry-Go-Round reporter that everything would turn out all right, that there was nothing they could do to him, as the whole thing was a gross mistake made by somebody down the line, he gathered courage and informed your commentator to advise the bristling powderkeg from Pelican Rapids, Rep. Dunn, that he shouldn't let McGovern's first name, Sylvester, fool him. In all probability that is why Big-Boned Dunn picked on the agricultural clerk, the sissy cognomen of some softy who could be bluffed into anything. If his first name had been Mike, Dunn would probably have shied clear, or called for the police, as he did when the farmers stormed the Capitol a short time ago.



Man-mountain Dunn, who in 1933, as a member of the legislature, introduced a bill to lengthen the working hours of women, but ducked for the storm cellar like a Kansas farmer when delegations of women's organizations visited the Capitol, charged that the Merry-Go-Round program is being financed with state funds.

In addition to numerous other charges, insinuations and references, the bald-headed solon from Otter Tail county, has the audacity to say that the Merry-Go-Round is playing an important part in what he says is wrecking the legislature. He admits that the boys beneath the Capitol dome are in a somewhat rattled frame of mind, suffering from heebie-jeebies, jitteritis and what not, and that his sales tax bill is being given a ride on the bump de bumps. In this respect, the Merry-Go-Round suggests that Mr. Dunn and his colleagues spend more time in the legislative halls, and less time at the Minnesota club, eating oysters on the half shell, thick steaks and parfaits, to say nothing of the champagne, mint juleps and other refreshments that are flowing so freely for the Conservative gentlemen.

The people should be interested in knowing why Mr. Dunn chose to attack me on the radio instead of encouraging the senate investigating committee to accept my challenge to be called, flung down two weeks ago and now gathering dust in Sen. Jim Carley's pocket.

I. C. (Dutch) Strout, short and rotund state budget commissioner and director of personnel, squirmed and writhed for two and a half hours last

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night under the withering cross-fire of Prosecutor Mouer of the senate inquisitorial committee.

Prosecutor Mouer was never in finer fettle; his blustering, resonant voice reaching the high galleries with unprecedented ease. Mr. Strout, on the other hand, spoke softly, his answers to Mr. Mouer's booming questions being just above a whisper, much to the disappointment of the galleryites.

The sum and substance of Mr. Strout's startling testimony was that maybe loyal Farmer-Laborites were given preference on jobs with the aid of a complex check system embracing red and white charts that gave the commissioner a line on every applicant. Mr. Strout wasn't sure, of course, because he forgot to tell the committee that many Republicans and Democrats have been given good jobs and that a large number of hold-overs from these parties are still on the payroll.

We hold no brief for the Farmer-Labor party, but the Merry-Go-Round wonders how long Farmer-Laborites would last on the job once the Republicans got back into power. The committee meets again tonight, with Mr. Strout back on the stand. Here's hoping he talks up, so we can hear him.

In his daily newspaper article, Gov. Olson today challenged Rep. Roy Dunn to investigate so-called political propaganda, the reported expenditure of public funds for such purposes, "to see who really has the propaganda machines, how they are financed, and to reveal to the people who are the masters of Mr. Dunn and his Conservative colleagues." The chief executive stated he would be the first witness. In fairness to the people of Minnesota, the Merry-Go-Round, the Conservatives and Gov. Olson, Rep. Dunn should not hesitate to launch such an investigation, following his ridiculous tirade of last night.



Before departing, let us say—
Rep. Dunn and his glistening bald pate,
Shook his raw-boned frame with a hymn of hate.
And with his thick jowls yapping,
At Rome Roberts went snapping.
He charged him with treason,
Intrigue, and no reason,
To which we must answer, for rest of the season,
Mr. Rep. Dunn, we will show you some fun,
At the receiving end of the Merry-Go-Round gun.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1935

*Last quarter of the moon; women reach for hair on Dunn's
bald head—but find none.*

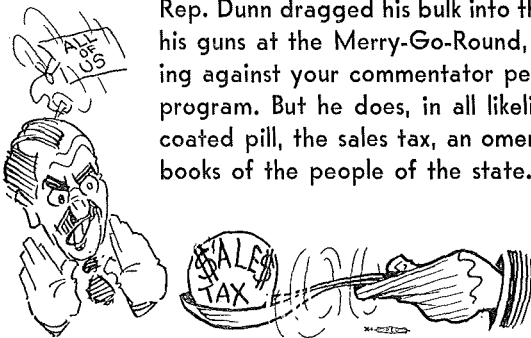


IN KEEPING with a statement issued by the Merry-Go-Round last night, Brawny Roy Dunn, Pelican Rapids member of the house of representatives by virtue of his attacks upon this program, has become passenger No. 1 on the Minnesota Merry-Go-Round.

It all came to pass because the bulky Mr. Dunn, his ambitions pointing skyward, walked up to the microphone Monday evening and in a high tenor voice, unbecoming to his physiognomy, preferred serious charges against your commentator and the sponsor, by asserting that the Farmer-Labor administration and Gov. Olson are defraying the costs of this hour, and that your commentator is an employe of the state government. Just for that we have placed Mr. Dunn in the lover's tub and we are going to give him a good whirl, one of those round and round and round whirls, which makes one dizzy, groggy, punch drunk.

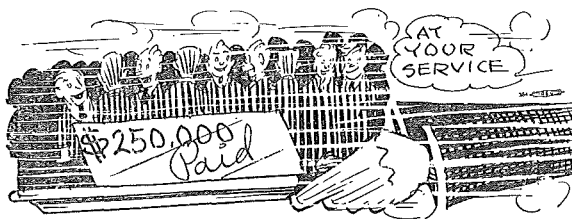
It's a long, long story, this story of Man-mountain Dunn and his brother colleagues in the self-styled Independent Progressive movement in the present session of the Minnesota legislature, which at the present writing has just about arranged for passage a sales tax measure. In fact, it will have to be done serially, in order that the people will have a comprehensive understanding of just why the bulky Pelican Rapids solon is so fearful of this program. It might take all week to complete the job, it might take all of next week, but the Merry-Go-Round reporter has been busy the past few days, and a juicy yarn is forthcoming, dealing with intrigue in connection with a scheme to transfer the tax burden from gigantic industries upon the backs of the rank and file through the passage of the sales tax. That in all probability is why

Rep. Dunn dragged his bulk into the radio station the other night to level his guns at the Merry-Go-Round, for certainly the gentleman has nothing against your commentator personally or the concern sponsoring the program. But he does, in all likelihood, fear the exposure of his sugar-coated pill, the sales tax, an omen of highway robbery into the pocket-books of the people of the state. He wants the public to believe that



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the Governor is the guiding light of the Merry-Go-Round simply because your commentator, possessing information injurious to the Dunn-Independent-Progressive bloc, a soft-sounding name, acquired in place of an unpopular political term, intends to carry on a vigorous campaign against the sales tax. Such a revelation, Mr. Dunn most likely feels, will take the edge off of neutral comments. The Merry-Go-Round is not fighting the battles of the present Governor of Minnesota, nor have we spared him when the occasion presented itself, but we must admit in connection with the question of sales tax, the Governor is on the right side when he opposes it.

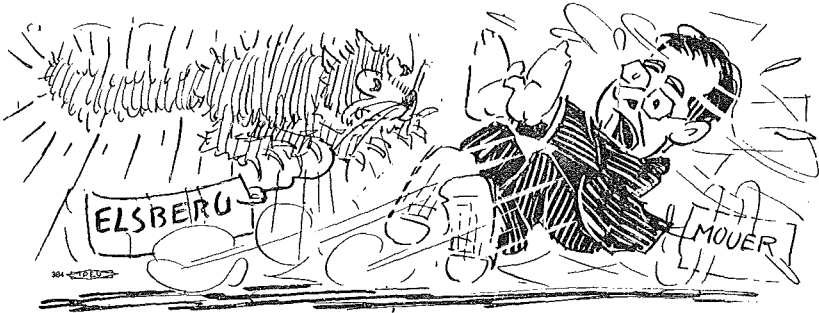


The present session of the 1935 legislature belongs to the solon from Pelican Rapids. It's his legislature, elected by his efforts and the efforts of his colleagues, following a much deliberated plot conceived well over a year ago. When the lords of industry in Minnesota became cognizant of a sweeping move toward the payment of taxes through incomes, something had to be done and done in a hurry, if the big boys were to save their necks. So they called in Stamp Tax Dunn, an expert at the sales tax, one who had been jockeying back and forth for a number of years trying to put over a sales tax in one form or another. The battle was on. Dunn set up headquarters in the West hotel in Minneapolis just prior to the election last fall, sent out his finger men to the four corners of the state, who garnered the best legislative prospects in each district, whispered in their ears, and the campaign was on, election funds coming from Dunn's headquarters in Minneapolis. It is needless to say that the compromise was simple. Dunn furnished the dough, for campaign expenses, the legislative candidate when elected, of course, then pledged to do Mr. Dunn's bidding. The Merry-Go-Round has reliable information that Dunn's legislative campaign cost in excess of \$250,000. I wonder where this money came from. No wonder the hefty Pelican Rapids solon is panicky over the Merry-Go-Round program.

The Merry-Go-Round demands that Rep. Dunn retract the insinuation that this broadcast is financed by state funds; retract the statement that Rome Roberts is a state employee; retract the assertion that the sponsor is only a blind for propaganda; and retract the charge that this program has any connection with Gov. Olson or his administration.

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Prosecutor Tom Mouer of senate inquisitorial fame, was badly outpointed by N. W. Elsberg, the genial and usually soft-spoken commissioner of highways, at the hearing last night. Prosecutor Tom was licking his chops over the way he manhandled I. C. (Dutch) Strout, budget commissioner, and when Mr. Elsberg took the witness stand blustering Mr. Mouer was never more confident. He was ready for another kill, but the quiet little mouse turned out to be a defiant wildcat, snapping and snarling, and almost devouring Mr. Mouer, much to the hilarious amusement of a packed house, which time and again let loose with resounding salvos of applause in favor of Mr. Elsberg.



In fact, it became necessary for pudgy-cheeked Sen. H. H. Sullivan of St. Cloud, acting chairman of the committee, to warn the people they would be ejected if they made any further display of their emotions. Mr. Elsberg almost stopped the show.

Chewing and puffing nervously on a long, black cigar, bellowing Mr. Mouer tried to make Elsberg look bad on a federal report which criticized maintenance of Minnesota highways during the past two years. Figures showed that the roads were in excellent condition back in 1931 and 1932 when the highway department was spending \$630 a mile for maintenance, but not so good when the department had only about \$450 a mile to spend for the last two years. This, Mr. Mouer was told, was the fault of the Republican-controlled legislature, which cut auto license fees in half for political purposes and refused to provide sufficient revenue for proper maintenance.

Even now, Mr. Elsberg said, the Conservatives in the senate want to cripple the highway department, despite the same federal report which states that restoration of the old license fee and increased gas tax may not be sufficient for new highway construction, with federal matched funds.

Both houses named conference committees to iron out the question of the auto license fees today. A compromise is expected with the retention of the minimums of \$5 and \$7.50.

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The omnibus sales tax was given to the house today, with passage assured because of a prior caucus. Gov. Olson snapped at this vicious measure again, asserting that owners of large property holdings in the downtown areas of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth, and the mining interests are sponsoring and financing this measure to shift the burden of taxation from themselves to the poor.

There is a representative named Dunn
As Champion of the Sales Tax
He is having much fun.
But two years ago, this blustering giant,
Headstrong and haughty and quite defiant
Sponsored a bill to make women labor without much favor.
Forty-eight hours or more he cried,
Which made thousands and thousands of factory girls wild.
And then came along delegations strong,
Angry and hurt, they reached for Dunn's hair,
But alas! they gave up in despair.
For just like the billiard ball,
There was none there.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1935

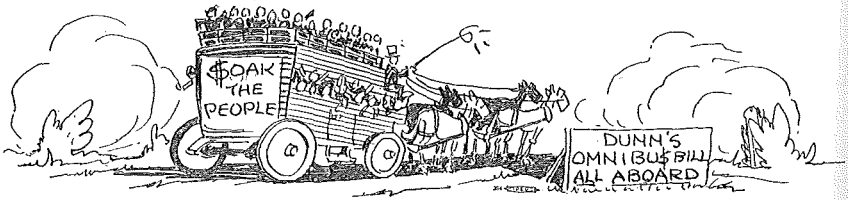
*Cloudy weather ahead; Dunn's sales tax tally-ho
lumpers in the mud.*



ITH the senate investigating committee, which started out eight weeks ago with the ferocity of a toreador entering the bullring, but which since has dwindled and faded away like a rose withering in autumn, the Minnesota legislators at the present writing have locked horns over the \$24,000,000 omnibus tax bill, now ready for action.

The four-horsed tally-ho, with various forms of proposed tax systems on board, including a sales tax, all propagandized together as a happy family, is ready to commence its journey down the rocky road of the legislative trail, spurred on by the cracking whip of house leader Roy Dunn of Pelican Rapids, the official coachman of the omnibus.

Coachman Dunn, big and brawny in his official livery, with high hat and swallowed-tail coat, has mounted the driver's seat, while four silver-caparisoned steeds prance and paw nervously, awaiting the signal, "Go," the culmination of a long thought-out plan to relieve the real estate tax burden from the large property holders, and place it where Mr. Dunn and his colleagues believe it should go—to the fellow who buys cigarettes, groceries and so on.



This highly-decorated tally-ho was conceived, manufactured, painted and wheeled long before the last election, at which time Mr. Dunn engineered a campaign to sweep into the seats of the legislature persons who would be favorable to a safe journey of this four-wheeled chariot.

With much heralding of trumpets and fanfare Coachman Dunn predicts a safe journey. Newspaper writers visiting other states and skating around on the ice of superficiality have brought back great tales about the proposed sales tax. The people of Iowa have reached out and embraced a sales tax like a long lost son, according to one member of the press, who, in all likeli-



"T. H." unlimbers the Caricoa at the senate ball

THE MINNESOTA MERRY-GO-ROUND

hood composed his stories reclining in ease in a comfortable hotel room, knowing before he left the borders of this state about which he was to write, and why, just the kind of a story Mr. Dunn would have written himself, if he were to do the job. Propagandist Hitchcock, his heart bleeding for the people of the state, pours out soft tales of the magnanimity of Coachman Dunn's tally-ho, asserting with emphasis how the small home owner will save something, the amount he knows not, when he pays his next tax bill.

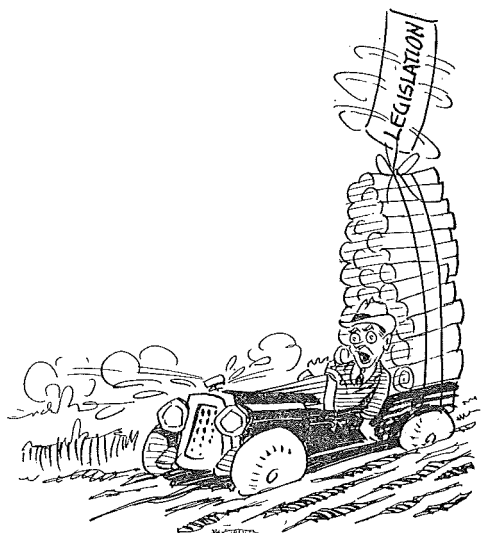
However, upon close examination of this camouflaged chariot one finds, that is, as far as the rank and file of the people of the state are concerned, that the wheels are creaky and wobbly and liable to collapse at the first revolution; that the shiny black steeds are old and feeble, foundered and wheezy; that they never will be able to stand the itinerary outlined by the coachman.

The Iowa ambassador of the sales tax asserted the owner of a \$5,000 home would be spared the sum of \$37, but forgets to add that under the proposed Minnesota law, cigarette smokers, where there are two in a family, would be taxed the sum of \$36.50 a year, the computation based on two packages of cigarettes a day at a 5-cent increase. While this is the contemplated excise on cigarettes alone, where is Mr. Citizen going to come out by the time he pays the sales tax on practically everything he uses or consumes.

Upon close examination by observers it is obvious that the sales tax is a skillfully designed maneuver on the part of the large real estate holders to shift the load. It is simple as A, B, C, when one stops to analyze a simple problem involving a large business concern. For example, let us take Mr. B, who is head of a corporation paying taxes in the amount of \$100,000 a year. The new set-up in taxes as outlined in the sales tax bill would in all probability reduce his taxes, let us say \$13,000. Now who is going to make up that \$13,000? Certainly it is not Mr. B, because he couldn't possibly spend enough buying cigarettes, groceries, cosmetics and so on, and it's not Mr. B's factory, for the purchases of raw materials, office equipment, furniture, and the hundred and one other things B's corporations buys daily in the conduct of the business is exempt from the tax. That's where the rub comes in. If Coachman Dunn were really in earnest to slice taxes from the home owner through a substitution plan, he would have incorporated the purchases of manufacturing materials, and not place the burden of making up millions of dollars of taxes saved to the corporations by the retail purchases of everyday necessities by the rank and file of the people. Mr. Dunn and his colleagues strangely evade this point in discussing their sales tax bill; why not ask him about it?

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The legislative gentlemen from both houses took the afternoon off for a little recreation, visiting Camp Ripley, national guard garrison, as the guests of Adjutant General E. A. Walsh. After the inspection tour, they will be dined at a banquet staged by business men of Little Falls. The newspaper boys went along, for this is one of the prize junkets of the session, with excellent food, good cigars and other accessories. It was a bad break, indeed, for the Merry-Go-Round reporter that he couldn't go along, for it's been a long time since he has had a ride on a special train.



The administration forces scored a smashing victory in the senate today, swift and unexpected, and surprising even to the Conservatives themselves. The test came on a minority report of the senate municipal affairs committee, to extend municipal power lines 30 miles from the city limits. The measure originally contemplated no limit, but this was amended to 30 miles. Sen. Victor Lawson of Willmar, Farmer-Laborite, led the minority fight to save the bill and have it placed on general orders. A vote was taken, and much to the amazement of all, the minority won, 38 to 22. Party lines were shattered as Conservatives lined up with Farmer-Laborites to save the bill, a pet measure of the Farmer-Laborites, at that.

Coincident with this victory, dapper Sen. Lommen of Eveleth, introduced a bill permitting municipalities to build public-owned power plants as part of the federal works electrification program. Gov. Olson addressed a message to the legislature, urging enactment of Sen. Lommen's measure.

THE MINNESOTA MERRY-GO-ROUND

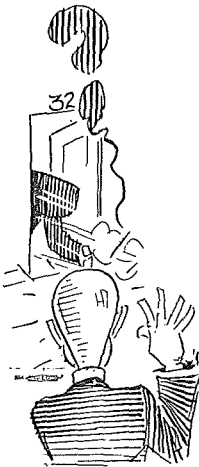
It's high time the legislators do something for the people on the matter of power and electric light rates, which are far too high. Legislation along these lines will either put the power trust out of business, or force it to slash rates.

The inquisition in the senate chamber was comparatively tame last night, many spectators wishing they had gone to a dime movie instead. N. W. Elsberg, commissioner of highways, and Joe Poirier, director of personnel, occupied the witness stand. Poirier told the committee that his job was to take the "heat" off Mr. Elsberg, as far as employment was concerned, so Bill could settle down and be an engineer. Politics did not dictate jobs, Poirier said.

Monday evening the house committee on public buildings will take up the proposal of the senate finance committee to appropriate \$200,000 to remodel that moth-eaten fire trap known as the old Capitol. Reliable figures have shown that it costs the state almost twice as much to run its own buildings as it does to rent outside space, but this apparently means nothing to the senatorial gentlemen. They cry for more tax money on one hand, and then can't lose time trying to spend it, on the other.

Sen. Lawson of Willmar is a sincere dry, and believes drinking and dancing don't mix well together. So he sponsored a bill today, barring dancing wherever hard liquor is consumed; banning liquor advertising of any kind; and prohibiting any person under 21 years of age from working where booze is sold.

Gov. Olson has a democratic disposition. He loves nothing better than to mingle and rub elbows with the common people. So imagine his embarrassment today when he entered the Capitol cafe for lunch, only to find every seat in the place taken. The big blond Viking had no alternative; he was put in a squeeze. He had either to go hungry or dine in the Hall of Horrors, Room 32, which, in case you haven't heard, is the famous private dining room de luxe, with the mural painting and the broken down chairs. And who do you suppose caught him sneaking in the place—none other than my pal, Sen. Jim Carley. Shame on you, Governor.



FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1935

*The moon was in an ascending node, prompting Gov. Olson
to write a bum play.*



THE Minnesota legislature rested on its oars, waiting anxiously for the approach of Coachman Dunn's tally-ho tax bill, Gov. Olson took time out today to mimic the style of the Merry-Go-Round by writing what he called a comic opera, but what we would refer to as a sophomoric attempt at a cross between a Shakespearian comedy and a Mickey Mouse cartoon, one of those things scribbled out by the freckled-faced high school lad and rated with a red pencil at 58 by the English teacher.

As a writer of comedy the Governor still remains a governor, although it must be admitted that the theme was perfect, but the execution was rotten, which, of course, probably brought chuckles of glee from Sens. Rockne, Carley, and our good old friend, Roy Dunn, the principals in the cast. The scene of this comedy of errors, or rather the first scene dates back to the year 1923, and is entitled "The Reform of the Elephant and the Virtue of the Age," whatever that means. Things run along smoothly for the ambitious playwright until he gets to the first lines of the first actor appearing on the stage, and then outright murder is committed, the English language is slaughtered and what a mess it is. However, we must give credit when credit is due and award to the distinguished Governor the laurels befitting a composer of drama by admitting that the case, the time, the place, and the girl are outlined in keeping with professional usage, copied most likely from some book on plays. The characters are set out under the Latin term, "Dramatis Personae," and as they are none other than Mr. Rockne and Mr. Carley, passenger No. 1 on the Merry-Go-Round until he got off at the last stop on account of dizziness and Roy Dunn took his place, it may be interpreted that the Governor had in mind a little subterfuge. Perhaps His Excellency, cognizant of the public's lack of knowledge of the Latin tongue, grasped the opportunity to call his arch enemies a few names.

Anyway, the story of the play is short and sweet, commencing with Scene One in 1923, at which time Sen. James A. Carley, his political alignment unknown, was also investigating, then, of course, younger and peppier and full of more fire. But at that time the senator was delving into the affairs of the Republican party, which was charged with spending a million dollars for its political campaign of the year 1920, and Carley was the Head Man, as he now is in the year 1935. According to the pen of the Governor, the

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G. O. P. elephant, in Scene I, fat and well fed, adorned with jewels and purple trappings, marches onto the stage bearing the Bulldog of the Treasury, Sen. A. J. Rockne, who was going strong as far back as 1923. Trailing behind the symbol of the Republican party, is a skinny, weazen donkey, so described, the Merry-Go-Round takes it, as an emblem of the then pitiful condition of the Democratic party. In fact, Author Olson represents this donkey as being so undernourished that Investigator Carley stayed his distance and shied clear, much as if the beast were suffering from leprosy.

Well, the trumpets bellow and so forth and so on, and so do both the donkey and the elephant, although the Governor did not make this point clear, but we take it there must have been some bellowing as Sen. Carley rushed to the middle of the stage and shouted: "The Republican party is charged with spending a million dollars in the 1920 state campaign," which of course, gave the donkey an attack of spasms or heaves or whatever donkeys get when excited. In answer, Sen. Rockne arose from his gilded throne on the elephant's back, tossed his jeweled mantle across his arm, politely and suavely answered the accusation thusly: "That is true, but we saved the State of Minnesota." From what or for what was not mentioned.

Such a pink tea answer made Carley sore, in fact so sore that he turned red, pulled a reader from beneath his cloak, took the center position of the stage, and with scornful finger pointing at Rex Rockne, still smothered in jewels on the elephant's back (we take it that Rockne never got off of the elephant) and yelled. He had to yell loud, as the scene calls for a large auditorium. Anyway, he yelled, "These Republican employes in state government have been forced to pay heavily into the Republican campaign fund," expecting, we imagine, that Rockne would become flabbergasted. But Rockne held his ground as cool as a cucumber, by once more arising in the elephant's canopy and admitting everything and asserting: "It is a good thing for Republican employes to kick in to the fund as a sort of job insurance."

Now we come to the last scene of the play, with the characters the same, the elephant, the donkey, Rockne and Carley, only the time has been changed to the year 1935. The overture is played, the curtain rises, the auditorium is darkened and in walks the elephant, skinny and hungry, sans jewels; while the donkey is fat and sleek. Well, to make a long story short, the question of soliciting campaign funds by the Farmer-Laborites from state employes brings horror to Rockne and Carley—a paradox, which, of course, is the moral of the play.

The legislative gentlemen finally came to the rescue of 37 Minneapolis liquor dealers situated beyond the patrol limits today. The senate passed the

measure under suspension of the rules by a 48 to 10 vote, and then the amended bill was approved by the house, which had previously passed it, by the one-sided majority of 89 to 23. It authorizes the Minneapolis city council to license these liquor parlors, until the question is determined by the voters themselves—probably at the next general election in June.

Reps. G. L. Finnegan of Grand Rapids and Richard Tighe of Wayzata would turn the state highway patrol into a constabulary—giving patrolmen the authority to arrest persons for commission of crimes on the state highways. At present, these patrolmen have no police power. Labor is opposed to this move because it fears armed intervention in strikes.

Taxpayers appealing to the courts the assessed tax valuation on their property would be required to pay 50 per cent of their taxes before starting a legal contest, under the terms of a bill introduced by Sen. Beldin Lofsgaarden of St. Paul.

The sub-committee of the senate judiciary committee today decided that the decision of the United States supreme court, invalidating the Kentucky chain store tax, does not apply to the Minnesota situation—so chain stores in the state will continue to be taxed, so much for each store.

Women in industry can work no longer than 48 hours a week under the provisions of a bill passed by the senate today. Slowly, but surely, the lawmakers are approaching the necessity of giving women an even break.

Cheer up, folks, you can have your shoes shined on Sunday now without fear of violating the law. That is if Sen. Edward Ribenack's bill, passed by the senate today, is approved by the house, which is considered certain. The measure makes shoe shining a legal occupation—so bootblacks can earn a few shekels, and you can have your pedal extremities adorned in lustrous coverings.

That eminent statesman from Pelican Rapids, Rep. Roy E. Dunn, majority leader of the house, not only works in the interests of all the people of the state—as he himself professed last week, but he takes particular care of his constituents. As witnessed today, the good representative introduced two bills to reimburse William R. Peach in the sum of \$144.50 and Gustav Gorenz to the tune of \$57.50 because raccoons killed some of their chickens. Thanks to Mr. Dunn, the raccoons got the chickens, and now the taxpayers get the bill. Nice going, Roy.

MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1935

*The moon was in perigee; Dunn and Hitchcock take to the dance.
For stiff muscles or Charley-Horse use our liniment; rub in well.*



AS MOST members of the legislature journey to their homes in various parts of the state on week-end adjournments to promenade up and down the main drag, shake hands with political henchmen, and otherwise look important, the ring leaders stick around in the big towns to tend to quasi-official business and social engagements, and otherwise alleviate the strain of being up against the grindstone for one solid week.

The last week-end was one of great hilarity and joviality—just one round after another of hip-de-do parties, where the tired gentlemen of the legislative arena blew off steam, unlimbered legs in dance and frolicked to the tunes of alluring music—with law-making cares banished to the four winds. Outstanding of all of these social tete-a-tetes was the Junior League cabaret in the Casino of the St. Paul hotel, where the young ladies of the Sainly City society cast aside broad A's, swaying fans, and parlor etiquette, to put on a show, Ziegfield Folly fashion, for the wheel-horses of the legislature, particularly senators, and more particularly Sen. William L. Roepke, the Faribault thunderbolt, who rushed right into the performance to assume the role of master of ceremonies.

The work of the senator is worthy of note, especially when he dashed to the head of the stage attired as one of the Marx brothers in night shirt to announce that the chorus will now do its bending exercises for the senators. It is needless to say that the senators were indeed pleased when the society lassies hop-skipped before the audience displaying well powdered bare backs and silk stockinged ankles, but that was all, which, of course, brought mumbles of disappointment to a few of the seasoned veterans who were used to a diversion of a more exhilarating nature.

However, the show proceeded with great alacrity as Misses Marguerite Schwyzer, Mary Johnston and Mary Louise O'Brien and Mesdames Tom Wheeler, Ralph Sharpe, John Williams, Cyrus Ford, James Orme, Beaupre Eldridge and John Kerwin, tiptoed lightly across the stage, arm in arm, and eye to eye, each scared to death that the girl on the right would make a mistake. On the straightaway the girls were okay, but when it came to taking the curves, well—that was a different matter. The simultaneous kicking of legs and waving of arms became more or less a garbled mass of twisted

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limbs, much like a recess pile up of boys and girls in a country school yard. This, of course, made the master of ceremonies sore. He regained his composure, however, when Mrs. James Orme did a three-revolution hand spring. Then, again, when Mr. Eldridge hit high C in the Italian street song, Sen. Roepke blossomed out like a full-bloomed rose, radiant with adoration and adulation, a well-deserving gesture for a difficult number well done.

In addition to the Faribault thunderbolt, other heavy feeders from the legislature were on hand for week-end celebrations in leading cafes and cabarets. In the same setting where Sen. Roepke gamboled, Sir Rufus W. Hitchcock, Republican publicity man No. 1, and Fullback Roy Egbert Dunn, and wives, galloped into the scene to create an atmosphere for fancy dancing such as the Casino has not seen for years. Leaving a table fortified with champagne and thick steaks, this foresome dashed out on the dance floor, and with simple grace picked up the rythm of the Isle of Capri—gracious, gracious, what a sight for sore eyes!

The Merry-Go-Round reporter was absolutely flabbergasted by the terpsichorean acumen of the legislative whip-crackers—Roy Dunn, big, bulky, and stiff, like an English butler with ankle-high action, gliding over the waxy floor. On the other hand, Sir Rufus was just the opposite, more like a jack-in-the-box without joints, who bounced and bounded a foot from the floor every time the drummer socked the tom-tom. In fact, the reporter's mind was carried away to Washington Irving's description of Ichabod Crane dancing with Katrina Van Tassel, when not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, the blessed patron of the dance, was performing before you in person. However, the reporter was immediately brought back to the year 1935 when he glanced at the size of the steak on Rep. Roy Egbert Dunn's plate, which we must confess contained more meat than the entire scrawny cow brought by irate farmers to the Capitol, from which Mr. Dunn, fearing bodily harm, called the police.

The suave and handsome State Commissioner of Purchases—Carl R. Erickson—had better look to his cinema laurels, for he is being closely pressed by the latest aspirant to Movieland—none other than our good friend Prosecutor Tom Mouer of inquisitorial fame.

Mr. Erickson may find some consolation in the fact, however, that Prosecutor Tom's talent is directed along different lines, so there may be room for both. Mr. Mouer would be a Hollywood press agent, with all the color and glamour that the title implies. And the Merry-Go-Round believes that Prosecutor Tom should lose no time in applying for the job; he'd be a

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howling success, as indicated by the sensational story he gave to the press over the week-end, revealing how important evidence had been stolen from the senate investigating committee.

The people will be glad to know the committee had some important evidence. They've been waiting anxiously ten weeks now, at their own expense, for sensational disclosures, but the investigation has been about as colorful and entertaining as a funeral dirge. Prosecutor Tom will have his little joke, however, because he admits he was saving the stolen evidence for a grand climax.

It appears that this evidence was stolen from the room of a former high-way department employe while he was attending the ice follies in St. Paul. Why the evidence was not guarded in a vault, or under lock and key, instead of a Washington avenue hotel, when it was so important, Mr. Mouer would not explain. But he is going to get to the bottom of the whole thing, says Tom, backed up by End Man Jim Carley, who is back in the investigating picture after a week of good rest. Both are going to call in the Hennepin county grand jury to find the guilty culprit.

What with conditions as they are, the senatorial gentlemen would impose no hardship on the mining companies. They will soak all the people with a sales tax, but that's all right—the people can take it, they say, but the poor steel barons can't. So they defeated a move by Sen. George Lommen of Eveleth to bring out of committee a bill that would throw into receivership all mining companies which refused to pay their taxes.

No less than 89 bills were thrown into the legislative hopper today by the senators. No measure may be introduced after today without the Governor's O. K.

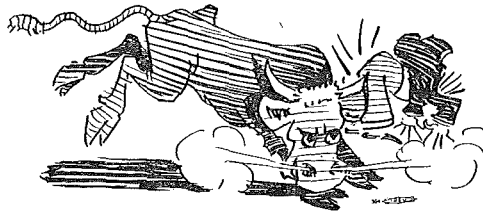
Blustering Tom Mouer, the Man of the Hour,
Set out to make a pie.
He stuck in his thumb and
Pulled out a Plum
And Shouted What a Great Man Am I.
At 40 per day,
He is making Hay,
Oh Me, Oh My, Oh My.
Where is the missing evidence, Yelled He.
I'll buy it back for a big fat fee,
I want no man to make a sap of me.
Teedle dee, teedle dum, dee dee, Oh Me.

TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 1935

Venus set at 9:20; a good day for bull fights.



EVIVED by the re-appearance of Matador James A. Carley, Toreador Mouer dashed into the crowded senate arena last night, to become the chief hero of one of the greatest bull fights ever staged north of the Rio Grande. The Toreador was a knockout, a dashing and imposing-looking figure, standing there in his silver-ornamented uniform with gaiters, smoking a cigar and waving his sword in the air. It was an heroic gesture to the crowd and a dangerous threat to the bulls in the pen, destined to be slaughtered by the pungent and vociferous vocal explosions of the senate's hired bull fighter, Toreador Thomas (Barnacle) Mouer, an expert at throwing the bull.



Promptly at the stroke of eight, Matador Carley arose from his seat, rang the bell and announced that the first bull be led from the pen. It was graciously coaxed in by the Toreador, who expressed one of those come-to-me-easy-meat looks as Dillon Peterson, a former highway department employe, took the stand. Mouer shook the red mantle, pointed the saber, and yelled, "Come on and fight, bull." But not a peep came out of the bull. He was as peaceful as a Jersey cow browsing in a green pastured meadow on a June morn. He walked right up to Mouer and asked that he be pierced right through the heart and proceeded to tell what he knew against the Farmer-Labor party, the highway department, and so on. He said that he was sent to the northern part of the state to aid in the campaign of Ed. Chilgren, who at the last election was a candidate for the house of representatives, and a desired candidate by the state administration, according to Peterson.

Ex-school teacher Peterson, one of those much talked about area foremen in the highway department, acknowledged several letters while on the stand, some of which he had written himself, as well as letters received by him from Joseph A. Poirier, highway director of personnel. The Toreador,

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however, failed to introduce into records information as to just why the former Prior Lake high school principal resigned from the highway department, which is a long story, of course, involving the nth degree of political intrigue.

It appears that Mr. Dillon Peterson deserted the ranks of the Farmer-Labor party last fall to join hands with A. C. Townley, stormy petrel of the Farmer-Labor political movement, who ran as an independent candidate for governor. At that time Gov. Olson's campaigners asserted that Townley was hired by the Republicans to besmirch his candidacy, of which there was no question, and Townley made a desperate attempt. Last night's hearing rejuvenated back-scene rumblings of the Townley schism, which not only created a furore in the ranks of the Farmer-Laborites, but aroused many Republicans as well. They became incensed over the Townley overture, which they claimed was the beginning of the end, when the crafty expert at political conniving would dash in and grab the reins of the Republican party, a duplication of his activities in North Dakota.

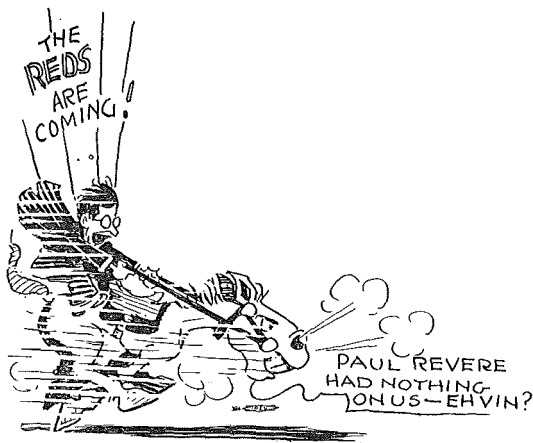
It was brought out at that time by Half-pint Daniel Richter, Minneapolis Republican, that Townley had filed for governor under a fake petition, which contained the forged names of prominent Minneapolitans, several of whom asked that the notary public, Miss Cecilia Cleary, who by the way, hails from Prior Lake and is said to be a close friend of Dillon Peterson, be brought before the grand jury. It was known that Miss Cleary skipped town and could not be located by the authorities until after election day. Now it develops that Mr. Dillon Peterson was doing a lot of campaigning while an employe of the highway department, but his campaigning activities consisted of running around the state disrupting Farmer-Labor organizations, as a right-hand man of Candidate Townley. Yet, the Toreador has the audacity to give the public the impression that Peterson was assisting the Farmer-Labor movement at highway department expense, which would appear to the Merry-Go-Round as a gross distortion of facts.

The second bull, Adolph Olson, also a former highway department employe, was a little tougher for Toreador Mouer, who waved his red flag lustily in the air, in answer to which the bull charged like a wild demon. Mouer pointed his sword at the bull's throat, the bull side-stepped and Mouer fell to the earth, which brought a laugh from the fans in the arena. This made Matador Carley sore, who stood up once again, and threatened to kick out the fans, which made the fans more sore. Anyway, it was a good joke; Adolph certainly fooled the boys. He told how Peterson's portfolio was stolen from his room in a Washington avenue hotel. As this handbag was purported to have contained much information valuable to the committee—

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at least that was the impression the Toreador gave—the chief sort of apologized to the fans for his inability to slay the bull. In desperation and frenzy, our heroic bull-fighter attempted to bring out of the witness, Olson, an admission that he organized Farmer-Labor clubs at highway department expense. But Olson stood his ground, asserting that this was still a free country and a man has the privilege to think and vote anyway he pleases, which broke up the bull fight and everybody went home early.

Believe it or not, good people, the red revolution is going to start in May, and right here in Minnesota, too, according to dapper Sen. J. V. Weber of Slayton, former Propagandist No. 1 of the Republican party, who today asked the senate to investigate alleged subversive activities of certain groups advocating the overthrow of government. We had no idea the revolution was going to start so soon, but apparently Senator Weber, looking smart under his tortoise shell specs, has an inside tip. He named the leaders of the Minneapolis truck strike last year, Sam Davis, Morris Karson, and others as the alleged conspirators working to foment a general strike, riot, revolt or what not.



Of course, the Slayton shiek had no reference to the rank and file in Minnesota, who are just about ready to revolt at our legislature, which has placed politics above the dire needs of the people.

The senate spent most of the day pushing along local bills. A short debate broke out on the proposal of Sen. Val Imm of Mankato to remodel the old Capitol at a cost of \$200,000 of the taxpayers' money. Sen. (Call me T. H.) Johnson, the fighting tailor of Fergus Falls, got hot under the collar during the debate, shouting in favor of the measure. Senator Charles Orr,

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majority leader, said it was folly to throw away the people's money on a rat trap, asserting it would be wiser to buy a building or put up a new structure.

The conference committee representing both houses met on the motor vehicle license fee problem last night, but no definite action was taken to break the deadlock.

If you're opposed to the sales tax sponsored by the Conservatives, who dominate the legislature, you may appear in person to voice your protest at a marathon public hearing to be held in the senate chamber starting at 1 p.m. tomorrow and lasting until midnight. It probably will be the longest public hearing on record. Our hunch is that the hearing won't mean so much; it's just a sop to the people, and Conservatives will go right ahead and pass it anyway.

The senate voted today to save the job of Oscar Sullivan as director of the rehabilitation division by transferring that unit from the state board of education to the board of regents. The house had previously passed the bill, and now it goes to the Governor, who will undoubtedly veto it.

Senator Fay Cravens, Milaca Liberal, startled members of the senate civil administration committee, when he charged offers of money had been made to him since he entered the legislature. It is refreshing, indeed, in this racketeering age, to find a legislator so naive. But here's the catch—the senator wouldn't say who offered him the dough or how much. Oh, hum, senator, oh hum.



WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1935

*New moon today, which affects Interlocutor Mouer;
he blows off more steam than usual.*



HE monstrosity of the ages, the proposed omnibus tax bill, which contains the sales tax feature, is occupying the middle of the stage as the 1935 legislative session turns down the home stretch, preparatory to adjournment April 25.

As the outcome of a well-designed and premeditated scheme on the part of Conservative members, with Coachman Roy E. Dunn of Pelican Rapids in the driver's seat, aided and abetted by professional propagandists of the Republican party, principally Ichabod Crane-Hitchcock, this bill seems to have run the gauntlet of regular procedure and is almost assured of passage.

When one tears the false mask of hypocrisy from certain legislative gentlemen strange and hideous faces are usually revealed—grotesque figures, that would send a shiver down the spine of any brave soul, and cause him to lose all faith in human nature. The best example is heavy-set Rep. Roy E. Dunn and his comrade in arms, Rufus W. Hitchcock, steel trust propagandist, who is making flag-waving speeches over the radio, asking the people to become patriotic and urge the passage of the sales tax, in order that corporate interests save some \$10,000,000 a year.

If one peeps a little further behind the scenes and analyzes the proposed tax bill, it must become obvious that somebody is pretty anxious to have it passed. This 50-page omnibus would inflict a tax upon virtually everything purchased by the people. Its sponsors claim that it will wipe out the state real estate levy, which amounts to about \$17,000,000 a year, which, of course, it will do, but of that state levy more than half of it comes from large corporations. So interpretation of the shift is simple. Large corporations will save about \$8,000,000 a year—but, here's the catch—the home owners will not only be obliged to pay back through the sales tax their own real estate savings of \$8,000,000, but the millions saved by the corporations as well.

It's a swell deal that Rep. Dunn and Mr. Hitchcock are trying to put over on the people—these two Fourth of July firecrackers, who, posing in the role of super-patriots, are going up and down the highways and byways to the tunes of blaring brass bands, their hearts bleeding for the people of Minnesota. Such sham and mockery! It is certainly disgusting to the Merry-Go-Round, especially when one has knowledge of the preparations laid for the event—\$250,000 to elect a favorable legislature, and now it is reported that

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there is a \$125,000 slush fund circulating around to secure passage of the sales tax.

A public hearing was held on the matter today, with the chamber crowded and speakers tirading for both sides. The august senators and representatives leaned back in their chairs, some chewing gum, others smoking cigars, others sound asleep while the oratory was in full sway. Every member of the legislature knows how he is going to vote on the bill, so the public hearing today is just a necessary evil—not even worth the price of the electric current used to illuminate the chamber.

As this hearing has reached what might be called the marathon stage and will continue until the wee small hours of the morning, it looks as if Sen. Carley's minstrel show will be out of luck tonight, as the hearing is conducted in the senate chamber; that is unless the troupe moves into the house.

However, nothing will be lost should the minstrel show postpone its performance, with the possible exception that Interlocutor Mouer will miss an opportunity to exercise his vocal chords—that hurts the Interlocutor immensely. In the meantime it appears that the interlocutor might lose his job, according to information obtained by the Merry-Go-Round, which has it that the Minneapolis city council is about to demand that Mouer either resign as a member of the civil service commission or give up his glamorous spot as the big bass drum for the senate investigating committee.

It appears that a Minneapolis city ordinance provides that no member of the civil service commission shall be employed in another capacity by any other branch of government, which, of course, leaves the interlocutor out in the cold. However, the Merry-Go-Round believes that Mr. Mouer, who admits that he has a hide like an elephant, will not give up the ship without a fight. It isn't very often that an attorney has the opportunity of sitting in a soft chair, smoking cigars, looking important and wise to a packed gallery, at a fat fee of \$40 a day. And Mr. Mouer is talking about persons being on two state payrolls.

The legislature was in a turmoil today, as senators shattered all party lines to pass the famous "North 40," Iron Range bill over the veto of Gov. Olson. It was the first veto of the session and the initial real out-and-out test between the two branches of government, the legislative controlled by the Conservatives and the executive directed by a Farmer-Laborite.

Seven Farmer-Labor senators deserted the fold to join the Conservatives in over-riding the veto by votes of 48 to 14, 48 to 15 and 48 to 16, leaving a margin of four votes to spare. The bill gave legislative approval to an agreement made between the mining companies and the voters of Hibbing,

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providing for payment of some \$5,000,000 in damage claims by the companies, in return for a reduction of taxes to the companies.

Gov. Olson in his veto said past experience indicated there was no assurance that the mining companies would carry out their part of the bargain, and stated voters of Hibbing had been misled in approving the agreement at a referendum. Opponents of the bill, led by dapper Sen. George H. Lommen of Eveleth, charged the measure would save the steel trust \$2,000,000 a year in taxes forever and give the people nothing in return.

The bill, after passage over the veto, reached the house, but no action was taken. In the meantime lobbyists for the mining companies were seen scurrying around the house chambers, trying frantically to line up enough votes to cross up the Governor again. There is no question that the bill favors the mining companies, and Gov. Olson showed rare courage in bucking these big interests to turn thumbs down on the measure.

The Conservatives have been trying for many years to put over this one—and it looks as if they may succeed.

The senate today confirmed the appointment of Francis W. Moudry of St. Paul to the state pharmacy board. Not a dissenting voice was raised against Mr. Moudry, but the senate, jealous of its prerogatives, held this appointment up just like the others—Melvin Passolt, David Arundel and Frank Yetka. This gives the public the impression there may be something wrong, but no, the senatorial gentlemen are just having a little fun. They put the appointees on the hot seat and then laugh as they squirm. Great game, this politics.

Atty. Gen. Harry H. Peterson is on his way back from Washington where he argued before the U. S. supreme court in favor of the constitutionality of the Frazier-Lemke moratorium measure. The bill means much to the people of Minnesota and it is hoped the supreme court will sustain it.

Special buses were chartered by the steel trust to take the legislative gentlemen to the Range for a little week-end lark with all the necessary accoutrements arranged. But it appears that the boys may not go, because the Governor by his veto temporarily spoiled the show. But if the house follows the lead of the senate and passes "North 40" over the chief executive's veto tomorrow, the party will be on again, bigger and better than ever. One great big jamboree of whoopee and whoopee, it will be you may rest assured, for the boys of the legislature are regular cut-ups—those rascals.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1935

*Many legislators had their palms read on this day;
they were quite itchy.*



SO WITH Chanticleer Rufus Hitchcock perched on the top of a gabled roof, his plumage all aflutter, crowing loud and wild for the passage of the sales tax bill, the steel trust lobbyists rushed around madly looking for votes for the enactment of the Hibbing "North 40" measure over the Governor's veto, to say nothing of Tom Mouer's and Senator Carley's incessant bellowing at investigating hearings. Meanwhile, things at the legislature are sizzling, party lines are smashed, and it's a regular free-for-all, with every man for himself.

Members of the lawmaking body are breaking out with the jitters, the heebie-jeebies, and what not, principally over the heat that is being turned on the boys, acetylene torch fashion, over the sales tax fuss. The solons got themselves in a nice jam on this subject. A majority of them had gone on record in favor of the bill some time ago, before the folks back home started the barrage, and now many of them wish they could wiggle out, as it is a foregone conclusion that a vote for the sales tax spells inevitable defeat at the next legislature.

Last night as usual, Sen. Jim Carley's minstrel show put on another performance with Interlocutor Mouer reading the lines, bombastic as ever and in his customary form. In fact, the interlocutor was a little above average, that is, if one uses the volume of his voice as a measuring standard. He was certainly roaring away like a Missouri mule bellowing for his mate, which incidentally aroused a smouldering fire within Sen. Carley. Jim evidently was not going to be outdone by the interlocutor, so he joined in the chorus, which bewildered Witness S. Rex Green of the highway department to such an extent that everything became a muddle. It was terrible, simply terrible, this discordant duet that circulated throughout the chamber, rumbled down the corridor, and could be heard as far out as the spacious Capitol Mall. It was a combination of nerve-racking wails, a hog caller's yell, and a side show crier's bark—a great display of lack of dignity on the part of the gentlemen of the senate.

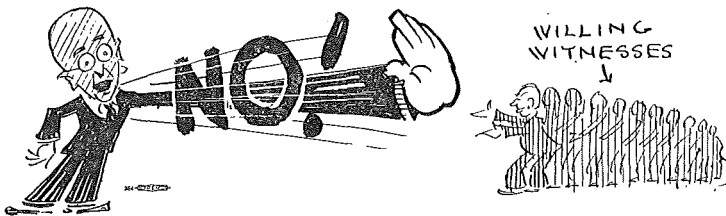
Of course, the Merry-Go-Round believes in the beatitudes, and that the greatest of these is charity. Consequently we set out to find what was wrong with End Man Carley and Interlocutor Mouer. We came to a conclusion that it must have been the three and one-half-inch thick steak

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the boys of the minstrel show consumed prior to the hearing. Mr. Carley and Mr. Mouer are men of no small appetite, it was discovered last night by the Merry-Go-Round reporter, who dined on a ham-sandwich at an adjoining table to our heroes, which in all probability caused a volcano in the gentlemen's stomachs, and gave them a kink in their disposition. But be it as it may, the boys certainly put on a tempest. Both minstrel show leaders were asking questions at the same time, and Witness Green chimed right in the show, until Mouer got sore again and asked Green to quit giving lectures, which was like the pot calling the kettle black.

The whole rumpus was the outcome of an attempt on the part of Mouer to show that the highway department purchased right-of-way lands at exorbitant prices, which Mouer referred to as being of no value to God or man, a sort of poetic expression coming from such a rough-and-ready man—one who admits he has "the hide of an elephant." It appears that the land in question was purchased by the highway department under the direction of former Commissioner C. M. Babcock, from T. Julian McGill, street railway official. Although it was obvious that such were the facts, Mouer attempted to drag this red herring across the doorstep of the present highway commissioner, N. W. Elsberg, an engineer of national fame, a man of too high a caliber to be dragged before such a ridiculous Pumpkin Center justice of the peace court—a fitting description of the Mouer-Carley minstrel show.

At the beginning of the hearing Fred A. Ossanna, Minneapolis attorney involved in the sale of right-of-ways to the state highway department, jumped to his feet and demanded of End Man Carley that he be called to the witness stand and be given the privilege to testify concerning the transfer of the Held property, which the previous night was purported by Mouer to



have been exchanged at an out-of-the-way price. Carley turned down Ossanna flat, by virtue of which Mr. Ossanna becomes a member of the ex-parte club—persons who have been blasted before Mouer's committee and then denied the right to defend themselves. Thus, Mr. Ossanna takes his place in the line that forms at the right, headed by Gov. Olson, Carl R.

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Erickson, and Max Sloan, St. Paul merchant—all willing witnesses, but whose testimony the committee prefers to keep hidden in the dark recesses of silence.

The fur flew fast as the house overrode the Governor's veto on the famous "North 40" bill, which the senate did yesterday, with the help of seven Farmer-Laborites who deserted the fold. They are Senators Pat Farnand, author of the bill; William L. Dietz, Herman Schmechel, George L. Siegel, J. Lawrence McLeod, Harry A. Bridgeman, and Richard Rice.

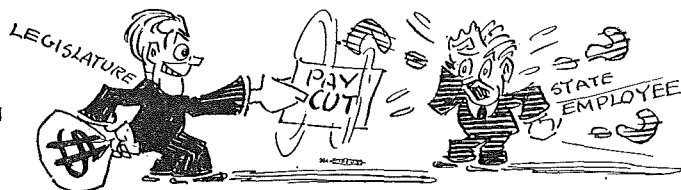
The steel trust was determined at any cost to put this measure over, because it means millions. Gossip was rife in the legislative corridors today that a vote was worth almost any price. Strategy for today's attack was mapped out last night at a meeting of the steel trust's lobbyists at a downtown hotel. Present at this illuminating session were Lynn Hossford, Sam Coulter, Elmer Blu, Bill Montague, and other celebrated figures in industry, politics, and high finance.

While Gov. Olson came out today and rapped the legislature's plan to cut the salaries of state employes 15 per cent, the Merry-Go-Round reporter learned that the bill proposed by Sen. Charles A. Hausler to have the legislative gentlemen slash their own salaries from \$1,000 to \$850 for the session, and to reduce their mileage from 15 cents to 5 cents a mile is gathering dust in a forgotten corner of the committee room.

Consistency, thou art a jewel. The lawmakers are eager enough to cut state employes because they are identified with the Farmer-Labor administration, and because it's no skin off their hides—but to pare down their own stipends, well that's another story.

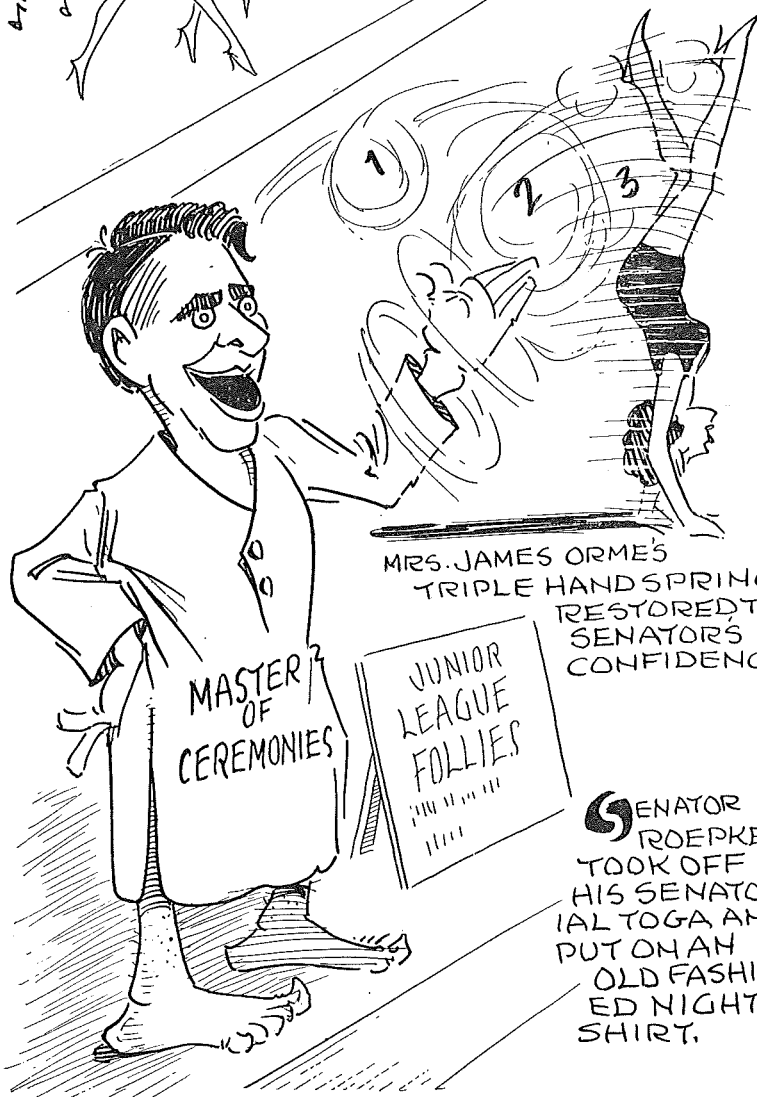
In opposing the wage cut, Gov. Olson cited the fact that the federal government had restored the 15 per cent slash to employes, and that the cost of living had greatly increased since 1933. You can't have prosperity by raising prices on one hand and reducing buying power on the other, the chief executive stated.

Here's something for the people of Minnesota to remember. If the legislators cut the salaries of state employes without the common decency





THE
CHORUS WAS
ALL OUT OF
STEP BUT
MABLE



MRS. JAMES ORME'S
TRIPLE HAND SPRING
RESTORED THE
SENATORS
CONFIDENCE.

SENATOR
ROEPKE
TOOK OFF
HIS SENATOR-
IAL TOGA AND
PUT ON AN
OLD FASHION-
ED NIGHT-
SHIRT.

Thunderbolt Bill doubles as master of ceremonies

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to slash their own—they should be properly rebuked the next time they ask the people to return them to the legislature. They should be relegated to the limbo of forgotten men instead.

Elmer A. Benson, state commissioner of banks, today assailed the proposed two cent tax on bank checks, as a definite economic step backward. Commissioner Benson said the federal government's failure to restore the two-cent tax after a two-year trial, proves that it was an unwise deflationary move, clogging up the wheels of commerce instead of accelerating them.

For the third time, the senate today extended the penalty date on payment of auto licenses, with the bill in a hopeless deadlock. You won't have to buy your license now until May 1, if the house says O. K.

Gov. Olson exercised his second veto today, putting thumbs down on the bill that would transfer the rehabilitation division from the state board of education to the board of regents. It would have saved the job of Oscar Sullivan. Passage over the veto is considered doubtful.

It appears that Sen. Carley lost some sleep, so—

Poor Jim Carley is all aflutter
He lost 20 sheep, sad to utter.
In the dark of night
With Jim out of sight,
Four bold robbers, big and strong
Said to the sheep, come along.
Poor Jim, sad to relate
Met a very unkind fate.
But fear no more,
Said Tom Mouer
I'm the Man of the Hour,
To you I'll restore,
With one loud roar
The Missing Woolies
Worth 500 or more.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1935

*Uranus was in conjunction with the moon; a lucky day
for the mining companies.*



IF ANY doubt still lingers in the minds of the people of Minnesota as to the identity of the interests behind the scenes directing and controlling the present legislature—it should be quickly dispelled. Overriding of Gov. Olson's veto on the infamous "North 40" bill with comfortable margins to spare in both houses, will save the mining companies on the range \$2,000,000 a year, supposedly for eight years, under the terms of the agreement—but actually forever—and, of course, the taxpayers will foot the bill.

Yesterday's action shows the legislators are representing the steel trust, the large chain banks, the railroads and big business generally, all allied and bound together in one common purpose—namely, to further their own selfish interests at the expense of all the people—with one in every five on public relief.

These same interests, in case you don't know, are behind the vicious sales tax bill, seeking to relieve themselves from the tax burden on their real estate by shifting it to the consumer who will pay a tax on everything he eats or drinks or wears. Gov. Olson has promised to veto the sales tax; but after what happened yesterday on the "North 40" bill, the Merry-Go-Round hasn't much hope. The sales tax, too, will probably be passed over the Governor's veto.

As an example of the thoroughness of this outrageous bill, which seems to cover everything, a provision specifies a tax on cigars, cigarettes, cigaret paper, cheroots, stogies, smoking tobacco, chewing tobacco, snuff, tobacco clippings, tobacco cuttings, sweepings of tobacco and other kinds of tobacco not mentioned. In other words, everything but snipes the bums pick up, will be taxed.

The mining companies, some of which have been on a tax strike, got another break today when the senate tax committee killed one of Gov. Olson's pet bills, which would have authorized the institution of receivership proceedings against corporations delinquent in their tax payments.

At the same time, the Youngquist limitation bill, a companion measure to the omnibus tax bill, was approved by the senate tax committee today. This bill authorizes the limitation of the state levy on real property.

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Farmer-Labor veterans are up in arms over the legislature's clowning, so they will meet in state convention tomorrow in Minneapolis to talk things over and pass a few stinging resolutions.

A newspaperman with a unique sense of humor asked Gov. Olson today if he planned to accompany the legislators to Hibbing where the mining companies are going to stage a big whoop-de-doo for the boys.

"No," replied the Governor, more sarcastic than usual, "I'm not going; and so far as I'm concerned, you can tell the steel trust to take the legislators—take 'em to Bermuda and keep them there."

And we imagine most of the boys won't know whether they are in Bermuda or Paris, one-half hour after they arrive. It might be a cold, cold day in Hibbing tomorrow, but it's going to be a balmy, balmy day for the solons.

MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1935

*Turbulent storms on Mars; when legislators roar it is a sign of rain;
soothe coughs the way doctors do.*



HE Minnesota legislature is in a jam, with hundreds of proposed measures, some important, others of no consequence, cluttering up the machinery to such an extent that the case looks hopeless—that is so far as constructive legislation is concerned.

The gentlemen of the circus have been walking the tight rope, swinging on the trapeze, and making faces at one another for nigh unto three and a half months now, and nothing has been accomplished with the exception of spending about a half million dollars of the taxpayers' dough, which, of course, should be pleasant news to farmers and home owners throughout the state.

Of all American customs, this state legislature takes first prize. Composed of a conflicting mass of men of the caliber of high school freshmen, the solons have set a record for numbskullism unparalleled in our state history. Enough words have been spoken on the floor of both houses to fill 155 volumes of Encyclopedia Britannicas; enough apples have been eaten to bring prosperity forever to the State of Washington; and enough crossword puzzles have been solved at the legislators' desks to keep lexicographers busy for the next two years thinking up new ones. And, of course, the people have been given a great break—a half million dollar bill for the entertainment of this Corn Center spelling class.

The automobile license fee bill which was introduced by Sen. William L. Roepke as senate file No. 1 is still bouncing around in both houses—the boys just can't make up their minds what to charge for that little maroon and gold plate. Social legislation has been given the air entirely, which was granted at the start; one can't expect social legislation from a bought and paid-for legislature. It seems that the only bills that make the grade are those sponsored by powerful lobbyists, who are on hand to help the solons along with their spelling, and to do a hundred and one other "little things" demanded of a lobbyist. Instead of measures to alleviate their distress, the citizens of Minnesota may look to a sales tax, which is destined to pass without a quiver—a sales tax designed as a part of a vicious scheme to shift the tax burden on the little fellow, under a cloak of course, as all such machinations are effected.

Well, this 1935 legislature ought to be a great lesson to the people of the country—an example of what will happen should the Old Guard be

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returned to power on a national scale. Here we are, still in the middle of an economic mess, and the Minnesota legislature, a majority of which are representatives of the Old Guard, are back in their old-time Hoover-Mellon form, cutting up capers with the people, as usual, completely forgotten.

In the meantime, while both houses are fiddling, Sen. Carley's minstrel show is scheduled to play nightly this week in the senate chamber. It is understood that Prosecutor Mouer has reached a stage of high nervous tension, following a long uninterrupted series of flops, and is going after Gov. Olson's department heads with a vengeance. Prosecutor Mouer, who incidentally receives \$40 a day for his skilled services, which include asking the questions, giving the testimony, summing them up, and then acting as judge and jury, is all set for tonight's show. Avoiding over-indulgence in food and drink over the week-end, the florid-faced prosecutor is said to be in perfect shape for tonight's performance; that is, outside of the said tension. On the other hand, End Man Carley is reported to have lost some of his jitters and will be there as usual, his bald pate reflecting in the flickering shadows—kaleidoscopic fashion—from the myriad electric lights in the fancy ceiling.

Tonight's victim, the lamb of the inquisitorial sacrifice, is announced as Gil W. Carmichael, golf champion, expert singer of Scotch songs, and director of the drivers' license bureau.

Music sweet is destined to filter about the senate chamber when Scotchman Carmichael burps out his burrs, Prosecutor Mouer roars like a sea lion, and End Man Carley, at a decided disadvantage, punctuates the duet with his customary cat-like screeches.

This investigating fiasco, which to date has cost \$8,000 of the taxpayer's money, has become the prime bonehead play of all times, not even worth the expense of the court reporter, who sent in a bill a month ago for \$808.00—a fancy fee for recording Mouer's sea lion roars. The prosecutor has become so wrapped up in his job at \$40.00 per day that he wants to continue the thing indefinitely and it looks as if the senate is going to accommodate him, for talk is floating around about an interim committee, which it is estimated will cost the taxpayers about \$50,000.00. A pretty kettle of fish, this lavish spending of state funds.

State officials charge that the investigating committee is holding back the actual costs of the peeping party. It is known that Mouer's abstract for \$40 a day is being withheld until the closing days of the session; when presented, it will give the state treasury a cold shiver and the taxpayers a jolt.

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Back from Washington where he argued the constitutionality of the Frazier-Lemke moratorium act before the United States supreme court, Attorney General Harry H. Peterson found himself face to face with a big problem in Minnesota—which he immediately set about to solve.

The legality of thousands of tax titles in Minnesota is imperiled by a decision of the state supreme court which declared unconstitutional the so-called bargain tax law, enacted in 1933, whereby payment of delinquent taxes up until the year 1930 was compromised between the taxpayer and the county on a reduced basis. So the attorney general, to meet this emergency, is now drafting a measure for submission to the legislature, ratifying and legalizing all tax titles on real property that may be affected by the invalid act. The bargain law itself cannot be cured unless the state constitution is amended, it was said.

The senate telephone committee today approved a measure sponsored by Sen. B. G. Novak of St. Paul that would shift the expenses of telephone rate investigations from the taxpayers to the telephone companies—where they really belong. The bill also places the burden of legal proof upon the companies; that is, the duty will be incumbent upon them to prove rates charged are fair and equitable instead of requiring the state to prove that rates are too high—as at present. Here's a fine example of progressive legislation sadly needed to keep the large utilities in line—but unfortunately, it is late in the session, and the bill undoubtedly will be lost in the frenzied jam.

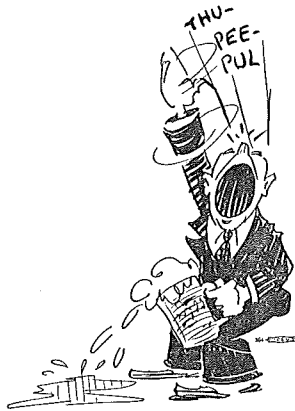
Several crime control measures recommended by the state crime commission, headed by Chief Justice John P. Devaney, occupied the house as a special order of business this afternoon. Special orders are the rule from now on—two thirds majority being required, due to the unprecedented pile-up of bills.

Dapper Sen. George H. Lommen of Eveleth threw the senate into a turmoil today when he took the floor and accused the tax committee, headed by a first-termer, Sen. Frederick J. Miller of Little Falls—of bad faith in tabling one of Gov. Olson's pet measures last Friday, while he was absent from the senate.

Sen. Lommen was author of the bill which would plunge into receivership all corporations delinquent in their tax payments. Aimed at mining companies, some of which have been on a tax strike, the bill was killed in committee last week. Sen. Lommen charged he had received no notice of the committee's meeting, which was a violation of senatorial courtesy and good faith, he said.

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After considerable fireworks, Sen. Lommen won his point so a public hearing will be held on a bill at 1 p. m. Wednesday—after which it will probably be killed again. Imagine our legislators harming the poor, bankrupt mining companies—heaven forbid.



TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1935

*Mars set at 5:43, at which time the lobbyists got in some good
licks with the boys at the bar, just in time to
brace up before the thick steaks.*



BEHIND the scenes of this so-called rule by representation which we of this republic so proudly boast is an invisible government—a "monarchy" which would make kings look askance—a handful of professional lobbyists who govern the destiny of 2,000,000 people of the sovereign state of Minnesota.

In the hands of these representatives of big business our duly elected legislators are mere puppets, Punch and Judys, who bellow and yell as a sham for the people back home, but when it comes to a vote, they put on the little act, just as the men behind the scenes desire, according to Hoyle, and according to dress rehearsals held in exclusive downtown clubs and hotels midst an array of sumptuous repasts and popping burgundy corks.

In order that the functions of a lobbyist may be better understood, one must consider the route by which proposed measures journey through both houses of the legislature, and incidentally, the procedure by which, to use the wartime expression, "they shall not pass". Upon introduction, into either the senate or the house of representatives, a bill is immediately sent to the proper committee. A number of committees are set up in both houses, such as agriculture, cities of the first class, taxes and tax laws, liquor control, banking, public utilities, and so on. Before a bill can be voted on, it must be brought out of committee and that's where the hitch lies; that's where the lobbyist gets in his licks, and that's where the all of this social legislation lies dormant and slumbering, never to see the light of day.

For example take a bill on public utilities; one, for instance, which would grant the people of the state a right to vote on the question of setting up a system of municipally-owned power plants. This bill goes to a committee, as such has been done for the last eight legislative sessions; the lobbyist for the power trust then gets on the job, wines and dines the members of the committee and otherwise curry their favor—and that ends the whole matter—the bill never comes out, it lies there, withers and gathers dust.

On the other hand, when the lobbyist is anxious for the passage of a measure, these tactics are reversed. In this respect, the Hibbing "North 40" bill may be cited as an example. Here the mining company lobbyists went through the same routine of wining, dining, and handling the committee, and

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the bill was rushed out with a recommendation that it pass. Of course, it's a tougher proposition for a lobbyist to secure the passage of a measure. He has the whole legislature to contend with—that is a majority, but these boys have a way, and they work fast and furiously as was demonstrated last week when they overrode the Governor's veto.

But the matter of killing a bill is a simple process. Hundreds of bills are killed at each session by these super-salesmen of big industry, rulers of the invisible government that makes laws and breaks laws to suit its will and whims—enough to make one disgusted with spineless senators and representatives who take an oath to stand back of their people, only to leave town as Dr. Hyde and to wind up as a Mr. Jekyll, five minutes after shaking the hand of a lobbyist.



The names of many of these lobbyists are carved in the marble pillars of the Minnesota State Capitol—lasting tribute to their ability and power, men who never fail, and like the Canadian Northwest Mounted police, always get their man. Astute and scholarly appearing Charlie Stewart, ace-lobbyist for the power trust, has yet to fail. With Charlie on the job, it would be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for an anti-power trust bill to leave one of the committees.

The steel trust has a lobby combination which functions like a Tinkers to Evers to Chance infield, and a pitcher who makes Christy Mathewson's fade-out look sick. With dapper and slick Sam Coulter, who knows how to look a newly elected house member in the eye without blinking, on the mound, the infield has little to do; although on the Hibbing "North 40" measure, the Governor knocked Sam's fadeout in the form of a fast grounder, which made the infield scurry around. First Baseman Rufus W. Hitchcock snapped into the play, his long leg holding down the bag. Shortstop Elmer Blu shifted his heavy bulk, scooped up the grounder, tossed it to Second Baseman Bill Montague, who in turn hurled it to Hitchcock who made a one-handed catch, and the Governor was out. The play was assisted by the coaching of thick-

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lipped and beady-eyed Lynn Hossford on the first base line, who yelled to Hitchcock, "If you drop that ball, I'll stop your pay, and send you to the showers".

When it appears that the legislature might pass legislation in favor of railroad workers, the railroad lobby backfield hops into the play, usually in tip top form, running the Notre Dame four horsemen a close second. Quarter back Alex Janes, who always wears a slouchy \$25 Borsalino hat, calls the plays, for the most part a hidden ball or a triple pass; while Al Christopherson, head of the fake Better Government association, catches a long pass from Ray J. Quinlivan, St. Cloud speed demon, which always ends in a touchdown, after which the railroad workers go back to their switch engines and cabooses. This play is always watched from the sidelines by psuedo-Senator (Sleepy) Harry Clarkson, who has a speaking acquaintance with each orchestra leader in every hotel in the Twin Cities.

Aware of the boldness on the part of lobbyists in the present session, Sen. Fay Cravens of Milaca today introduced a bill calling for an interim committee to investigate lobbying in the legislature. Sen. Cravens charged that certain members of the legislature are retained as lobbyists by the public utilities, which he says should be made known.

The senate education committee stole a page from a notebook of Sen. Jim Carley's inquisition last night, when it grilled three of Gov. Olson's appointees on the state board of education, who are up for confirmation.

As chief inquisitor, Sen. A. O. Sletvold of Detroit Lakes even made Prosecutor Mouer look bad. The appointees questioned by Sen. Sletvold were Mrs. Marian Le Sueur of Minneapolis, Miss Florence Rood of St. Paul, and P. J. Seberger of St. Cloud. All stated their qualifications, which seemed to impress everyone on the committee except Sen. Sletvold, who singled out Mrs. Le Sueur as the object of a verbal crossfire of questions, some good, mostly bad.

Snapping and snarling, Sen. Sletvold sought an admission from Mrs. LeSueur that she was a Communist. She laughed right in the good senator's face—which embarrassed him. Mrs. LeSueur said she believed in democracy and in the constitution, although she did not agree with some of the interpretations thereof.

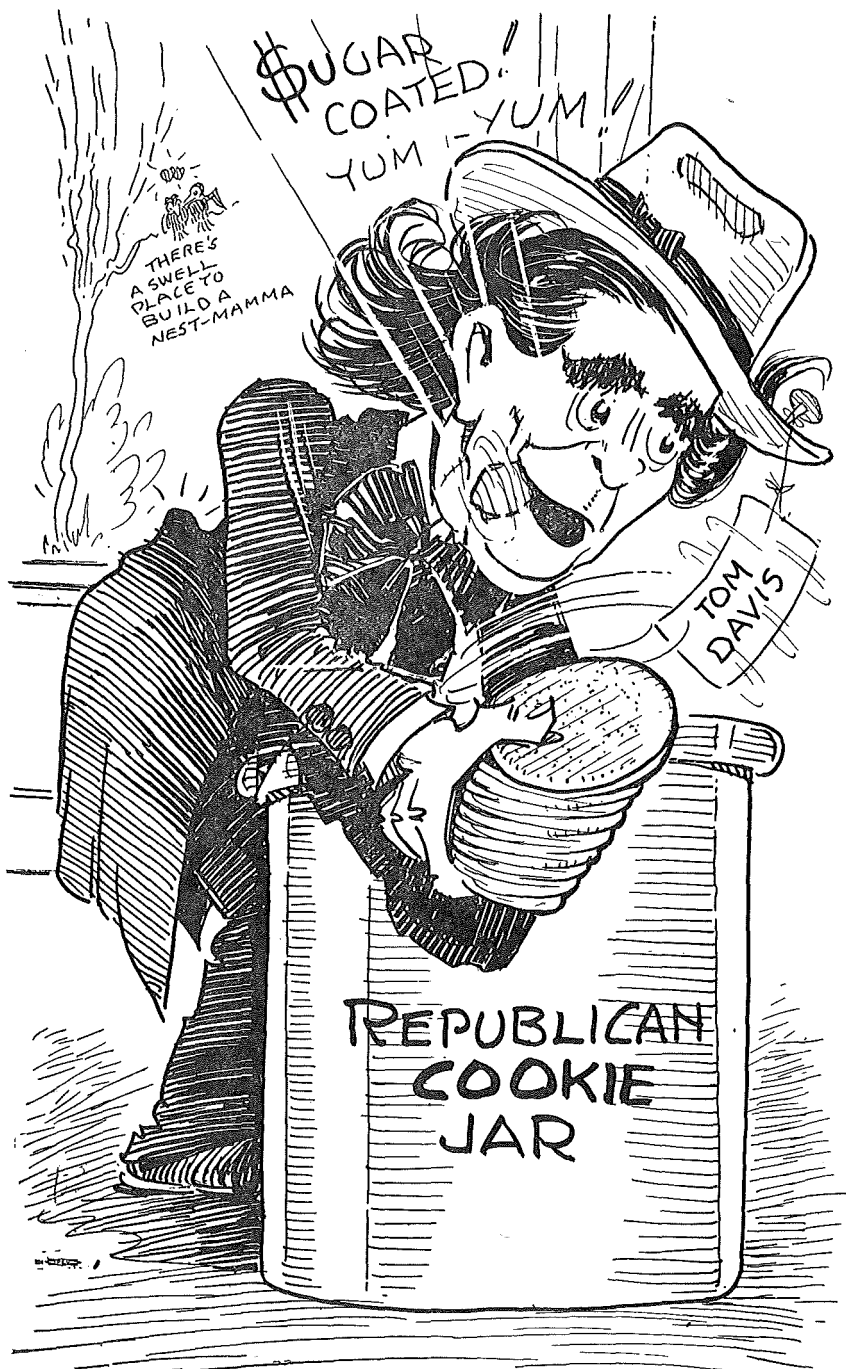
John Gunderson Rockwell, head of the state board of education, was also questioned at great length. He denied that he had been asked to join or contribute to any political party—but told the committee, after its high-handed and unfair demonstration—that he was going right out and do so.

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With only two weeks to go—politics is still the prime concern of the Conservative gentlemen. What matter the despair and distress of the people—who were forgotten on the day the boys were elected to the legislature. And to think that these same Conservative gentlemen are laying plans to capture control of the entire state government two years hence.

Sen. Charles Hausler of St. Paul, fighting Liberal, turned the heat on today—succeeding in forcing the senate civil administration committee to approve his bill which slashed the salaries of all legislators from \$1,000 to \$850 for the session, and cuts their mileage allowance from 15 to 5 cents a mile. The bill will never pass because the legislative gentlemen will cut the wages of the state employes but never their own.

The senate investigating committee conducted a chariot race last night in which the horses were lashed to a terrific pace. The race had no sooner started than Scotchman Gil Carmichael, head of the drivers' license bureau dashed into the arena in a gold chariot drawn by four charging steeds. A moment later the state comptroller, Ed. J. Pearlove, rounded the corner, also in a chariot, followed by the budget commisioner, Dutch Strout. It was a free for all. End Man Carley, attired in a Roman chariot racing habit, sandles, girdle and all, held one of the reins, while Head Man Mouer, attired likewise, held the other. Round and round they went, first Carley lashed the whip, then Mouer lashed the whip, until the steeds became panicky and the old chariot creaked and groaned; the wheels fell off and Mouer and Carley hit the dust—a sort of fantastic description of this senate investigation committee, but probably as fitting as anything else one might say about the farce of the session.



Medicine Man Tom deserts Farmer-Labor fold

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1935

First quarter of the new moon; half-pint conservationist flares up.



IN addition to putting up with whipper-snappers now careening and rollicking under a terrific load beneath the Capitol dome, Mr. and Mrs. John Public are obliged from time to time to deal with numerous pests—self-tyled publicity seekers who have a cure for every governmental ill. The latest of this species to flare up in the press is one O. L. Kaupanger, pseudo-conservationist, executive secretary of the Izaak Walton league, and general all-round man of the woods, that is according to his own interpretation of his own ability.

Mr. Kaupanger, who may be described as a half-pint in stature and whose professional duties aim toward a gathering of ducks in a flock so that the wild-shooting members of his league may hit the mark at least once during each session, is on a rampage. The diminutive sportsman bellowed loud and wild today at the boys in the Civilian Conservation Corps, who he claims, have chased all the jackrabbits out of the north woods; fished all the fish out of the lakes; scared the daylights out of partridges, and left a lot of newly constructed roads piled high with empty sardine cans, which he termed a terrible sight—an eyesore that is likely to rattle the marksmanship of the Waltonians on future hunting expeditions.

Conservationist Kaupanger, whom the Merry-Go-Round believes unable to distinguish an elm tree from a jack pine or a bull moose from a Jersey cow, is out to correct this horrible evil. He's going down to Washington to find out from the President; in fact, he announced he's going to put a stop to this mess of permitting the C.C.C. youngsters of making whoopee with Minnesota wild life.

He calls it wholesale slaughter, evidently conscious of the marksmanship of C.C.C. boys, who unlike Kaupanger's Waltonians, usually hit their aim. As an alternative, the bantam but cocky executive of the angling society wants the camps transferred to the southern part of the state with the boys delegated to the cause of erosion; that is, shovelling sand, building dams, and diverting streams, far away from the quack of the duck, the splash of the bass, and the rustle of the deer.

These prizes, according to Kaupanger, do not belong to the C.C.C. boys, who come from poor families, sons of widowed mothers or destitute parents who depend upon the lads for support—youngsters who, for the first time in their lives, are enjoying the recreation of the great outdoors, tramp-

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ing through the woods, angling in the streams, and otherwise embracing life in all its fullness—away from poverty and crime, the slums and the gutters of city streets.

Of course not! The wild life of the state, in the eyes of Executive Secretary Kaupanger, is the property of the members of his sporting club, which pays him a fancy salary to expound its theories. The ducks, the deer and the bass, the partridge and quail, must be preserved for properly equipped huntsmen, heavy-paunched and heavy armed, who march forth each year to slay with dignity the inhabitants of the wilderness. But boys of the poor, they're out by command of Conservationist Kaupanger, who even goes so far as to criticize the structure of the C.C.C., which is directed by the country's greatest authorities in conservation and forestry, men who are known the world over for their knowledge in woodcraft and preservation of wild life. This charge coming from a politician and a layman with no technical knowledge on the subject is just a great big laugh. In some instances, these so-called sportsmen's clubs are nothing less than cogs in a political machine, meddling, bothersome, and serving no public good.

Attorney General Harry H. Peterson and Knud Wefald, member of the state railroad and warehouse commission, Farmer-Laborites, who have been embroiled in a bitter feud for the past two years, figuratively kissed and made up last night while appearing before a sub-committee of the house civil administration.

The committee was considering two bills, sponsored by Rep. Leonard Eriksson, of Fergus Falls, one which would lop off a legal adviser from the staff of the attorney general; and another which would place him exclusively in the employ of the state railroad and warehouse commission. The attorney general accused Mr. Wefald of backing the measures, while the feud was at its height, which Mr. Wefald denied.

At the hearing last night, Wefald charged Peterson was nursing gubernatorial ambitions, and that was the reason for his appearance before the committee. Mr. Peterson promptly rejoined that he had been personally invited to appear before the committee—and that, furthermore, he was not a candidate for governor.

"Well, if you're not a candidate for governor, neither am I," Wefald asserted, whereupon both officials shook hands and walked out of the room arm in arm—all smiles. So now, all is peaceful in the Farmer-Labor camp, with speculation renewed as to who will be the Farmer-Labor candidate for governor in 1936, now that Peterson, the outstanding prospect, has dropped out of the picture.

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This, political dopesters say, narrows down the choice to Elmer A. Benson, of Appleton, who has established an outstanding reputation as commissioner of banks, and Lieut. Gov. Hjalmar Petersen of Askov, newspaper publisher.

Opponents of the vicious omnibus bill, mostly Liberals, bucked their heads against a brick wall today in a futile effort to amend the measure to eliminate the sales tax feature. Amendment after amendment offered by the Liberals were voted down with machine-like precision by the organized Conservative majority in the house, led by Rep. Roy E. Dunn of Pelican Rapids. Thus, it is a certainty that the sales tax will pass both the house and the senate. Opponents are banking on Gov. Olson's promised veto, however, and are marshalling their forces to prevent repassage over the chief executive's "No". It looked bad a few days ago, with repassage over the Governor's veto considered certain; but many of the legislative gentlemen are getting the heat from the folks back home—so they may vote for the bill's passage, but never to over-ride the Governor's veto. Over 36,000 retail merchants have signed a petition opposing the sales tax, and the Merry-Go-Round predicts that if Gov. Olson stands his ground in behalf of the people, the sales tax will never become a law in Minnesota.

Here's an orchid to L. P. Zimmerman, state relief administrator, who today asked the legislature to declare a moratorium on all old debts owed by persons by public relief. Mr. Zimmerman said that people on relief are being dogged by loan sharks and bill collectors; and that may have turned down jobs because of the fear and embarrassment of garnishments being slapped on their wages.

Now that the legislative gentlemen have made an outright gift of millions of dollars to the poor, maligned mining companies—by over-riding the Governor's veto on the infamous "North 40" bill—perhaps the boys can give a little thought to the downtrodden relief clients, and declare a moratorium in their favor. But your guess is as good as mine—it will probably never happen—relief clients have no organized lobby that furnishes thick steaks, champagne and other accoutrements!

